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I BELIEVE

A Creed for the Individual Who Has the Capacity to Help Himself

BY JOHN TOMAJAN

1. I believe in myself.
2. I believe in my own power to act to eliminate depression from the world by removing its causes
   (*a*) from my own private life;
   (*b*) from my own business or profession;
   (*c*) from the group with which I am in contact, whether it be my friends, my business associates, my clients or customers, or my competitors.
3. I will, myself, begin now to use my power to this end.
4. I will undertake to bring about action to eliminate depression on the part of those who are within my control or influence.

What Is the Present Condition?

As it concerns me, personally.

In order more clearly to see my course of action, let me review my own situation now.

For more than two years our country has been in a depression.

During most of that time I have been depending upon some force outside myself to change the condition from depression to prosperity.

In my willingness to let someone or something else push me out of the depression, I have done nothing constructive myself to bring about prosperity.

I find myself in a state of inertia.

It is a law of nature that a body remains at rest or moves in a straight line unless acted upon by an external force.

I have obeyed that law.

But I have failed to realize that nature has given me power — the power of my own mind — to move my own body to action, and to move others to action.

I have failed to think constructively

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about this external force which I possess and which can and will overcome the inertia from which I suffer.

Although I have had the power to overcome this inertia by applying this force of constructive thought, I have not used that power.

Nature insists upon growth. There is no standing still in nature. There can be no growth where there is inertia. The only alternative is death.

Growth is a surplus of return over expenditure.

In other words, growth is profit.

And, therefore, if I am to be in tune with the law of nature, I must always think and act profitably. I must grow.

There must be no standing still in my life.

I must end inertia in myself.

I must move forward.

The power of my mind is the force which can put an end to this inertia in me.

Although I have not been using this power, I still have it to use if I will. Nothing can take it from me. No one can use it but myself.

The question, then, is:—

How can I use that power to move myself forward and upward?

As it concerns my relations with others.

I find that I am not alone in this condition of inertia. Nor am I alone in my failure to employ the power of the individual mind as the force to overcome inertia. The general attitude around me seems to be beset with the belief that the evil is caused by a power beyond our control and that the cure must come also from a power beyond our control.

A real emergency exists.

It has been common for people whose opinions receive wide publicity to propose panaceas such as public building programmes, anticipatory industrial expansion, 'Buy to bring back prosperity' campaigns — in short, all manner of plans for expenditures which have neither a basis in actual present need nor any prospect for future profit. Their purpose is purely to provide a sedative during an emergency.

Too little thought has been given in these proposals to the fundamental principle that, unless a profitable effect is to be secured by these expenditures, the condition which it is sought to correct is likely to be made more acute.

If the purpose of public building programmes is simply to provide employment during an emergency, the same problem of unemployment will return as soon as the programme has been completely executed.

If railroads and private enterprises embark upon expansion plans not justified on the grounds of the profitable operation of their businesses, but only to perform what may appear to be a public duty in providing employment, they will not have solved the real problem. They will simply have deferred its solution.

Specifically, no business action should be taken in the depression which is in itself not profitable at any time. No action should be taken in the depression which would not have been taken if no depression existed.

If anything is done to relieve the *effects*, as distinguished from the *causes*, of depression, it should be done not with the idea of 'bringing back prosperity,' not for business advance, but with an honest realization that a social, not an economic, need is being met, and that the value of this action is palliative, not preventive.

There is no double standard as to what constitutes 'good business.' There is only a single standard. That same standard applies both in times of depression and in times of prosperity.

Where Is Advance Coming from?

From what source, or from what types of minds, is to come this external force which will end inertia and start growth?

Not from the Parasite. He seeks in all his activities to reap profits from the work of others, but is unwilling himself to make any useful expenditure.

Not from the Ignorant. His mind is incapable of studying the situation, distinguishing useful from wasteful action, or selecting the correct course to pursue.

Not from the Beggar. He will not work. He seeks to be supported by others.

Not from the Gambler. He depends upon chance to provide for his comfort and well-being.

This external force cannot be found in any of these types of minds.

It can come only from the Worker who has a logical, independent, initiating mind. He alone is the individual who can supply the external force to overcome this inertia.

I believe in myself as an individual who has this power. And, therefore, I willingly undertake the responsibility which rests with me as a logical, independent, initiating Worker.

But I recognize that the need is for skilled, not unskilled, Workers. Therefore, I must make myself a skilled Worker.

Prosperity and Depression as They Affect Me

Prosperity and Depression are terms which constantly come up in written or oral discussions. These two terms describe, rather than define, composite conditions. They are composites of the condition of every individual in the community.

Since I am attempting to find my place in a programme of positive advance, I must first define these terms as they relate to myself.

Prosperity is a condition in which there is available on the part of most people in the community a surplus of return over expenditure. This surplus is available for expansion in consumption. Expansion in consumption means higher living standards for everyone. This surplus, put into circulation, makes possible greater income for those through whose hands it passes. And, if all who are in the economic chain have their affairs in balance, each recipient of this surplus in circulation continues to keep it in circulation.

In other words, prosperity is a condition in which most individuals, and hence the community, have their affairs in order, with the result that there is a surplus of return over expenditure — namely, a profit.

It comes back to the individual. And therefore, if there is to be prosperity, I must, to do my part, look for profit in my activities.

Depression is a state where bodily and mental forward action has ceased. As considered here, it is caused by an economic condition. Again this is much easier to understand if I think of it in terms of *me*.

If my income is not sufficient to cover my expenditures, and if this situation continues, I become depressed.

This discouraged feeling taints all my activities and my attitude toward my work, my associates, my life.

So long as my income is not sufficient to cover my outgo, I become increasingly depressed.

And inasmuch as the community is made up of individuals, if the majority

of its members are in that same condition, there is a general depression — a generally depressed attitude.

In other words, depression is a condition during which most individuals — hence the community — are in a discouraged state of mind because their efforts are not yielding profitable results. They have no surplus of returns over expenditures.

Now to return to myself: —

It is natural for me to feel that of the two factors, income and outgo, the only variable is income. I am likely to feel that my expenses are fixed. Consequently I am inclined to conclude that I am at the mercy of income, which, by being *above* outgo, makes me rich, and, by being *below* outgo, leaves me poor.

This is not only incorrect. It is dangerous.

Control of profits for me lies in outgo, — expenditures, — not in income. There can be no return without expenditure. But profit lies in control of expenditure, a measuring of expenditure by the result to be obtained, and an exercise of that control to produce a steadily increasing surplus over the expenditure which has been made.

This requires me to secure quality of action.

I must postpone thought of quantity of profit growth until I am assured of its quality.

To repeat, outgo must be measured by results and must be controlled if profit growth is to be achieved. And my outgo can be just as elastic as income if facts are faced squarely and prompt application is made of whatever measures are necessary to adjust the expenditure to the return with a view to obtaining profit growth.

When it becomes my will, and the will of the individuals who compose the mass, that we shall make our own prosperity, — not wait to have it made for us, — surpluses will be built up. And because, under those conditions, most individuals will be in a position of growth, — of living within their incomes, — depression will disappear and prosperity will take its place.

What Should I Do?

If I agree to these definitions,

If I agree that the condition of the community is the total of the conditions of its component parts,

If I agree that I, as an individual, can control my own personal situation by applying myself the mental force that will overcome the inertia in me —

If I agree to all this, then my course is clear.

1. I must put my own personal affairs on a basis of liquidity. I must so arrange my affairs that nothing will depress me and hinder my progress. I must analyze every expenditure I make of time, energy, space, or money, and measure it in terms of the result to be attained. For growth, the effect of my action must exceed the cause. If in any of my expenditures I cannot prove that a surplus or a profitable result will be obtained, I must either eliminate those expenditures or revise them.

I must put my own house in order.

2. I must put my business or profession in that position.

3. I must act to help all those with whom I am associated, or with whom I deal, to arrive at that position.

4. I must give circulation to the doctrine of the power of the individual to control conditions.

5. I must act to neutralize the vicious doctrine of dodging individual responsibility.

6. I must exert my efforts to supplant that doctrine with one which demands that I do my part to help

make those with whom I deal prosperous, — that is, in a profitable position, — by seeing to it that I am myself in a position of liquidity — that is, one in which my action is free of depressing influences and produces growth.

What Can I Do?

It is relatively simple for me to cast a balance of income and outgo so far as my personal fortunes are concerned. I should know with reasonable accuracy my prospects for income. I should govern my expenditures accordingly. The problem is one of living within my means.

No less important is the problem of the individual business. The source of income in a business is sales — the distribution of its products to the consumer. The source of sales is consumption — that is, the use of the product. Therefore, in striking a balance between income and outgo in a business, it is necessary to determine with reasonable accuracy the probable consumption in that business — that is, the probable use of its product.

Many businesses, for one reason or another, have now become unprofitable. And many businesses are still waiting for a great miracle to transform their position into one of profit by suddenly increasing their volume of sales.

They are looking for action taken by others to push them ahead. They are not looking to increase the quality of their own work.

The external power which they should seek in order to advance is the mental power of the men who direct their affairs. It lies within themselves. It must be exercised. *There* lies the fundamental force for forward action. It must be applied from within. It will not come from without.

To repeat: —

There are two ways to profit — by increasing income or by controlling expenditure. Yet, while I mention them as two ways, they are not mutually exclusive.

The usual practice seems to be to do nothing about expenditures until all efforts to obtain increased income have failed.

The correct process is just the reverse. Control expenditures, — the basis of the returns, — and the returns are automatically controlled.

I do not say 'eliminate expenditures.' I do say 'control expenditures.' And when I speak of expenditures, I do not limit myself simply to money expenditures.

Any expenditure, whether of time, effort, energy, space, money, — in short, everything that goes together to make what I produce, — is a subject for keen scrutiny and rigid control.

Useful expenditure precedes profit.

Wasteful expenditure destroys profit.

The control of expenditures is wholly within the province of the individual or the single organization.

And it is my duty as an intelligent, independent individual to make the selection in the scope of my own activities, take action to eliminate wasteful practices, and control my expenditures and ensure their usefulness by proving, before any expenditure is made, that the results obtained will be profitable.

What Must I Do To-day?

The community is made up of individuals, and the condition of the community reflects the condition of those who compose it. In the same

manner, a business is the sum total of the work of those who are engaged in it. And its profitability as a whole depends entirely on the profit growth that each individual puts into the work he is doing.

It is true that, unless I am in charge of a business, I cannot have a broad influence in it.

But: —

I am in charge of my own work and my own life.

I am an individual.

I am the least common denominator of the group with which I am identified.

I am the single cell which, in combination with other cells, composes the body of the community.

I can influence general conditions in my group by the manner in which I conduct my own life and my own affairs.

Therefore: —

1. I must first put my own personal affairs in order.

2. I must see to it that in my own daily work, whatever it may be, I review it carefully, and skillfully eliminate all wasteful action, and limit myself only to useful action.

3. I must put my own daily work on a profitable or profit-producing basis. I must work to secure a proved surplus of return over expenditure.

4. I must propagate the doctrine that prosperity comes from within and not from without.

5. I must see to it that those who come within the scope of my influence will apply their efforts to the same end.

This is my creed — and all these things I can and will do, beginning today.

PEBBLES FROM GISSING POND

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I

I AM not a bibliographer; not even, in any exact sense, a bibliophile. I have a certain suspicion of those who are oversedulous of paper, bindings, types, and margins. Like any man in his senses, I prefer well-made, workmanlike books, legible, portable, durable. Yet sometimes I echo Tennyson's line from *In Memoriam:* 'So careful of the type? But no!' For what concerns me is the immediate impact of a book upon the mind. Anything in the way of rich ornament, excessive bulk, eccentric typography, or slovenly editing impedes the true purpose. And a first edition, especially one too prized for casual use, does not necessarily bring us any closer to the heart and mind of the writer. An autograph scrawled in polite complaisance is an escape, not a communication. What then? So tender of the author's mood? It is his tenth or hundredth printing, rather than his first, that brings him strength. Perhaps in the genial enthusiasms of editioneering there has sometimes been *trop de zèle.* Perhaps it is not untimely to say a few words about collecting the contents of books rather than their physical adjuncts.

In the 158th *Tatler* (April 13, 1710) you may read Addison's gay *scherzo* on Tom Folio, the 'broker in learning, employed to get together good editions and stock the libraries of great men': —

> There is not a catalogue printed that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is a universal scholar, so far as the title page of all authors. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. He thinks he gives you an account of an author, when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or, if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning, and substantial criticism.

You will hardly have missed Addison's sly pun on Tom Folio and tomfoolery. He knew that books exist primarily to be read, and to carry their noble ecstasies and anxieties to the mind. Virgil and Horace *are* more important than Aldus and Elzevir. Chaucer, Montaigne, Melville, remain of greater circumstance than the most talented of their typothetæ. The text itself concerns us more than the *mise en page.*

To soliloquize in so enormous a field of allusion has its dangers. It is like driving a car from Long Island into New York City over the miracle of the great Queensborough Bridge. On either side, glittering in diagonal light, are the bristling spires and terraced minarets of Manhattan, foreshortened, from that despicable vantage, into strange rhomboids of dazzle and shade. But the driver dare only divine them on the outer fringe of his retina. He must keep his car in line in that roaring stream of

traffic. So our only hope here can be to keep the steering wheel steady and follow the narrow little track we have marked for ourselves.

II

Of the technique of bibliography I know very little. It is a hobby for specialists, and has a symbolic notation of its own almost as intricate as algebra. It is full of fascinating dissensions and curious quibbles. It has a historic and mountainous literature. You can get some notion of its technical severities in a little book like Iolo Williams's *The Elements of Book Collecting*, which I esteem specially for its lively outburst against the naïveté often shown in the matter of bookplates. You may pursue it more informally in John T. Winterich's *Primer of Book Collecting*, which gives an accurate case history of a beginning collector. It would be almost too trite, except that new amateurs are born every day, to mention the most famous modern title in this field. November 1918 was doubly a division of epochs. The wars of Europe entered a new phase, and the book was published which begot a whole new generation of devotees. When that generation speaks of its ABC, it always means Mr. Newton's delightful *Amenities of Book Collecting*.

Bibliography, like mathematics, has two great branches: pure and applied. Pure bibliography, the exact science of describing and identifying books, requires in the student almost as complicated technical equipment as that of the medico-legal detective Dr. Thorndyke. Printers' and binders' casualties, which distress the author or reader, are the meat and drink of the scientific bibliographer. There is even a dissecting-room phase; the completely conscientious collator, to be certain of the history of the volume in question, may have to dismember it altogether in order to examine it signature by signature. This is the perfect analogy of the operation which is a brilliant clinical success, but the patient expires.

Pure bibliography, with its absorbing oddities of variant copies, cancels, watermarks, dust wrappers, advertisement insertions, misnumbered signatures, issues, impressions, Anglo-American priorities, I leave humbly on one side. My amateurish inquest I call applied bibliography, and avail myself of it only so far as it helps me to reproduce my author's mood. I am in low standing among rigorous collectors because I care little for 'mint state.' Unopened copies such as please the moguls are small joy to me. A book that has never been read has never been born. I like my copy to show signs of life and use. Literature is a form of companionship, and surely we do not love our friend less because he has a wrinkle in his coat or a crack in his shoe.

Also from active experience in the world of editing and publishing I know something (no one can know all) of the queer anomalies and accidents of the press and the bindery. I take many bibliographers' cherished 'points' with a sprinkle of salt, for I know how printed sheets get held, mislaid, shuffled about. First-printed does not necessarily mean first-bound, for in a small press-run the sheets that come latest from the press go earliest to the folding machines. Many sheets of an authentic first printing may not get bound until long afterward, and in a case of quite different material. If a book seems to be selling well, a second printing may be ordered almost immediately — before publication, even. When these copies come from the bindery they are piled on top of what remains at that time of the original stock. Orders as they arrive are naturally filled from the top of the pile. Perhaps

presently a third printing is deposited on top of the second. I know of at least one book which is usually listed at a modest premium by edition dealers, but there are several hundred copies of the first issue still in the publisher's stockroom, available — oh, how available! — at the published price.

Stark error may intervene to complicate the problem. A few years ago there was a book which seemed to be going briskly; the Christmas season approached, and the sales department wished to be sure there was enough stock on hand. They called for a count. There were 15,000 copies in the bins, but by a slip of the pencil the stock clerk reported 1500. This threw a spasm of alarm into the upstairs office. Fifteen thousand more copies were ordered printed and bound, and rushed through. By the time the error was discovered there were 30,000 copies in the stockroom; and just about then a phenomenon took place that no author can ever understand and which sometimes happens with mysterious suddenness. The sale of that book stopped. In spite of ingenious efforts, in which reprint publishers and tobacconists and eminent druggists like Mr. Liggett have borne their share, there are still some thousands of survivors of that fatal error in decimals. That is why, when about one hundred people buy that book at Christmas time, as every year about one hundred people do, they are surprised to note the date 1927 at the foot of the title-page.

There are occasions also when perhaps the numbering machine used for counting off limited editions is too faithful to its art. I remember the loud cry of anguish uttered by a conscientious bookseller when I called to his attention a de luxe volume he had on sale. It said something like this: 'This edition is limited to 950 copies of which this is number 2388.' Nor can the bookseller always be counted on to be without guile. I have a copy of Kenneth Grahame's *Pagan Papers* dated 1898 in which the page facing title speaks of itself as second edition; the copyright page is imprinted third edition; yet a renowned Oxford bookseller inscribed the front cover as *first edition, scarce,* and sold it as such to a confiding beginner. The genuine first, of which I also have a copy, was dated 1894.

III

The most cautious bibliographers are those who have had intimate printing-house experience. The serious student of these matters will acquaint himself with the *Bibliographia* series ('Studies in Book History and Book Structure'), a witenagemot presided over by Mr. Michael Sadleir, himself publisher, novelist, and critic. He has been probably the luckiest of all bibliographers, for his expert book on a great novelist, simply entitled *Trollope,* was undoubtedly bought by a certain number of customers who saw the title listed and thought it a novel of the demimonde. I remember that when there was a front-page scandal going on among New York ecclesiastics an alert bookseller down town managed to dispose of a long-lingering copy of George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* just by putting it in the window.

In the *Bibliographia* series one volume is by Mr. R. W. Chapman of the Oxford University Press, whom I like to think of as the ideal modern bibliographer: a printer, an editor, a scholar, an acute explorer among byways of ink, and a writer of exceptional grace. If you want to feel the full pulse of bibliophile blood, see Mr. Chapman's little book of essays, *The Portrait of a Scholar* (1920). Those beautiful studies, written in dugouts in Macedonia during the war, have more depth and sweetness of

feeling than most of us could compass in the quiet of an easy sanctum. Apparently Mr. Chapman has a special skill in doing his writing in surprising places. Once I had a long letter from him written at the Caledonian Hotel, Edinburgh, where he had taken refuge to compile his index of Jane Austen's letters. He dated it '12:9:26,' which by our customary American notation would mean December 9, 1926. But British usage on this point is unvaryingly logical: first the day, then the month, then the year. So Mr. Chapman's letter was not written on December 9, but on 12th September. I have seen autograph cataloguers go wrong by not realizing this difference in usage. One of the first requirements of the bibliographer in our language is a shrewd observation of Anglo-American divergences.

For instance, in A. P. Herbert's fine mystery story, *The House by the River*, he speaks of a character who was so insignificant that his death would be announced only on the front pages of the newspapers. To understand this you need to be familiar with the make-up of British journalism. An excellent English detective story failed of success over here because it hinged upon a feature of English railroading entirely unknown in America — a 'slip carriage.' Similarly I have seen British visitors darkly puzzled by a statement on a Long Island Railroad time-table about Daylight Saving. 'During the balance of the year, trains will operate on Eastern Standard Time.' 'What do they mean by *the balance of the year*?' said my Englishman. 'Is it the equinox?'

If you make bibliography your hobby, you are choosing not a bed of roses but a field of battle. There is nowhere more militant difference of opinion than that of rival authorities on 'issues' and 'states.' Collectors are by nature crotchety, sentimental, and humorous (in the Elizabethan sense), or they would n't be collectors. Furthermore, the will to believe is exceptionally strong in respect of one's own cherished copy. And the complex is inflamed by the frolicsome irresponsibility of many booksellers' catalogues, which often list fallacious 'points' on very inadequate scrutiny of the problem. The *London Times Literary Supplement* not long ago very justly reproached

> those booksellers who, observing some slight variant between two volumes — the date, perhaps, of an advertisement — leap to the conclusion that it is of important 'issue significance,' and, without the justification of real evidence or real reasoning, lend to their inference the oracular authority of a printed catalogue; the mistake is repeated in other catalogues or even in apparently expert bibliographies, and once the ball is set rolling there is no stopping it.

The happy credulity of some collectors has never been more genially described than by Eugene Field in his *Love-Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*. This is his diagnosis of the disease 'catalogitis':

> Every human being has 2 sets of bowels — physical and intellectual. The brain is the intellectual bowels. Catalogitis is a stoppage in the fanlike structure of the 4th layer of brain so the ideas are no longer cooled and the continuity of thought is interrupted. It is caused by a germ which grows in the cheap paper used by booksellers for catalogue purposes.

Even more than most of us the bibliographer has to refrain from leaping into the cathedral chair of dogmatism. There are some disputes, such as the colored-paper issues of *Leaves of Grass* or how many copies of *Alice in Wonderland* were dated 1865, that are unlikely ever to be settled. Sometimes there is no such thing as certainty. In the words of the philosophic London charwoman quoted by Professor

Mackail, 'There ynt no 'appiness in this world; we just got to be 'appy withaht it.' What standing, for instance, would the prenatal copies prepared for the Book Clubs have among collectors? These are usually galley proofs cut to page size, bound up and sent to the committees of the Book-of-the-Month Club, the Literary Guild, and so forth, for consideration. Like trial balloons I have set quite a number of these adrift through the Union Square Book Shop or Mendoza's on Ann Street, to puzzle connoisseurs and see what might happen.

IV

Peculiarly interesting is the task of the enthusiast who has set himself the job of compiling the bibliography of a living writer. We must assume that he esteems the work of his author, yet he has a natural desire to see his bibliography complete. A friend of mine, engaged upon such a catalogue, was appalled to learn that to round out his collection he must buy the whole set of the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, his subject having chanced to contribute an article to it. The author himself begins to feel an embarrassment in knowing that everything he publishes makes his bibliographer's task more complicated. He begins to suspect that, like Goldsmith's lovely woman who stooped to be conquered, there is only one thing he can do to help: —

When authors find themselves collected
And learn, alas, that men collate
Their books for errors unsuspected
Or copies in a pristine state;

To put the gilt upon the cover,
Complete the catalogue raisonné
And please the bibliographic lover,
What can they do? Just pass away.

Also, since authors are human beings and sometimes have a sense of mischief, they may enjoy playing tag with collectors. This has been suggested by William McFee in his vigorous preface to James T. Babb's bibliography. I knew when I first met Mr. Babb that he had the lion-hearted spirit required in a true bibliographer. It was a bitterly cold night just before Christmas; I had been giving a talk at the admirable Hampshire Bookshop, which is one of the not least valuable assets of Smith College. At the back of a roomful of young women I was startled to see two determined-looking gentlemen. These were Mr. Babb and a friend, who had driven all the way from New Haven to get some information about Messrs. McFee and Tomlinson, who were the subjects of their collecting zeal. After the meeting they seized the lecturer, thrust him into their well-ventilated vehicle, and said they would drive him, through the cold New England night, all the way back to Springfield, provided he would discuss some moot points of bibliography. The curtains were put down against the gale, and in that sinister journey Mr. Babb's bibliography of McFee, lately published, was really born. The meeting ended with coffee and Western sandwiches in a lunch wagon in Springfield, which averted a gathering rheum; it was followed by a generous parcel of medicament which arrived by express bearing only the dispatch identification 'Samuel Weller, New Haven, Conn.' It may be mere coincidence, but I have never yet met a book collector who was a Prohibitionist.

The old problem of the Wars of English and American Succession is specially interesting in the case of an author like Mr. McFee. They tell us that up to the time when he became an American citizen his English firsts were presumably more desirable; since then, the American firsts. But that canon

will not settle all problems. The usual sentimental reason given for the esteem of a first edition is that the collector likes to have the book in the format in which it was first seen by the author. Well, take the case of Stevenson; a book such as *The Wrong Box*, published practically simultaneously in London and New York. Surely it was the Scribner edition which reached him first, in Samoa? I consider my Scribner first, which cost me only a few cents at Leary's in Philadelphia, quite as intimate an association as the Longmans, Green edition could be. There is a lot of absurd nonsense fostered about Anglo-American priorities. I believe it is true that the English first of *Huckleberry Finn* antedates the American, and the other day I saw the English edition listed by a London bookseller at £40. But who on earth, unless the copy itself has special associations, would want an English first of *Huck?*

My interest in bibliography (if any) is toward its more human emanations. There are occasional books that effuse or emanate what Walt used to call eidolons — phantoms or electrons of personality. I remember André Maurois's anecdote of Rainer Maria Rilke, the Austrian poet, whose extraordinary *Journal of My Other Self* is one of the most fascinating duplicities of our time. I may remember it imperfectly, but the gist of the story was that a shy misogynist was perturbed one autumn to find himself greeted and followed on the streets by Viennese ladies who clustered about him without the slightest provocation on his part. Terrified, he found them sitting beside him at pavement cafés and offering him drink; beckoning him into crepuscular taxicabs. To prevent his nervous collapse an inquiry was held by his friends; it appeared that he was wearing an old overcoat that had once belonged to the emotional Rilke. So even the exuviæ of a great poet may ejaculate vibrations of their own.

I pass to another phase of our subject, only asking leave at this point to jot down two axioms. First, the most valuable first editions are those that never knew they were first editions. And second, the autograph most worth having is the one that was never intended as such.

V

I never thought of myself as a collector — except that I once hired a room in an office building to collect my thoughts — until quite lately. During a shelf cleaning among my books I found a cardboard box in which for several years, obeying some subconscious instinct, I had hidden small odds and ends that seemed too precious to throw away. I found there so curious an assortment of relics that I was startled. Evidently I was more of a jackdaw than I had realized. There were ticket stubs of many colors from an old theatre in Hoboken. There was a piece of copper wire, a silver-topped cork, a white quartz Indian arrowhead, sea shells from a Long Island beach, a mass of unidentifiable keys, buckles from broken wrist-watch straps, and a number of foreign coins. There were buttons, an eraser, old dog-license tags, and a fragment of stained glass from Chartres Cathedral. Every piece of this diverse rubbish, had we space to consider it, might be the theme of a story; added together, they would compile into an autobiography. As I contemplated them, in the rueful mood of an executor for several of my dead selves, it struck me that some of these trifles, poor to alien view but full of meaning to me, might be what Stevenson called moral emblems. They might even symbolize the various modes of feeling that impel us to treasure books.

The copper wire was from an old

telephone booth, now dismantled, which served for many years in a college dormitory as the sole outlet of romance. That wire, which seems in its somewhat tarnished color to show signs of atomic fatigue, had been used by many generations of Haverford boys calling up Bryn Mawr. How many naïve young electrolyses had passed through that soft metal! I said to myself that the copper wire might symbolize literature as Communication.

The silver cork, from a set of four little glass phials one of which got broken, — a gift from a Bourbon connoisseur, — suddenly revealed itself as a symbol of literature as Intoxication or Ecstasy; also as Narcotic or Sedative.

The Indian arrowhead was picked up on the front lawn of a Long Island home one blazing summer when, on account of drouth, the roots of the grass lay bare and one tended the turf more closely than usual. It had lain there, I suppose, since the red men of Paumanok were pushed off by the first Dutch commuters. It was still razor-sharp; it reminded me that books, too, are sometimes piercing missiles. This was literature as Penetration.

The scrap of stained glass, one of the bits of old mediæval blue that were broken when those noble windows were buried for safety during the war, was given me by the curator of Chartres himself. He sleeps alone with a dog in that cathedral at night. Sometimes I wonder what that blue west window may be like at full moon. Perhaps this fragment of color, dull until you hold it against the sky, suggests literature as a form of translucence. If we remember our Shelley, we are bound to be reminded of the complete white light of being reaching us through the colored panes of human emotion. This typifies the Mystic function of literature.

And in the cardboard box there was one more very humble item, so commonplace that I almost scruple to mention it: a minute corkscrew such as is supplied with the bottles of a certain much-advertised disinfectant. This suggests the antitoxic properties of our art — literature as Purification.

Obviously this schedule of symbols is haphazard and fanciful. I was about to say 'merely' fanciful; but what else is the privilege of letters but to let the fancy roam? I felt that these trivial emblems were chosen for me by some instinct wiser than myself. And at the bottom of that box of souvenirs were still two other small objects, two pebbles. One was from the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. When my friend Captain David Bone, master of the Anchor liner *Transylvania*, comes on soundings, approaching the Newfoundland Banks, the lead, which has a pocket of tallow at the base, brings up from the sea floor sand and shells and small brown pebbles. He was collecting the best of these pebbles with the idea of making a deep-sea necklace for his daughter. He gave me one of them and it amused me to keep it beside a little white stone I had found at the bottom of Gissing Pond, which is only a small pool in suburban Long Island, but which a dog called Mr. Gissing once mistook for the ocean itself. As I look at those two trophies, the pebble from Gissing Pond is more impressive than the other. It is often so in the soundings of literature. You cannot always tell at first glance which specimen comes from the greater depths. In our reveries we may bring up both kinds of pebbles — some from deep oceans (remember that out of the mere hearsay of a coral island Shakespeare edified his *Tempest*), some from shallow suburban ponds.

VI

I was pleased, the very day I was writing down these notes, to observe

the *New York Times* remarking that 'the real beauty of a book as an entity is obscured in the mad hunt for bibliographical quiddities.' I commend, as pastime for the collector of ideas, tracing back the spiritual genealogy of the books we love. I mean their genealogies in our own minds: when we first heard of them, first saw them, first owned them. Some are always tinctured for us by the special circumstances in which we first met them. We hear a great deal about 'association copies,' by which the experts always mean sentimental kaleidoscopes of the author. But we readers have associations, too; they are our own, and no one can dictate them to us.

By what long-delayed and queerly twisted approaches we have met the books that mean most! I cannot forget that it was in a Russian bookshop on the East Side of New York that I first met one of the greatest of American testimonies, Walt Whitman's prose. Not schools nor colleges nor the more fashionable bookstores of the Western avenues had brought home to my business and bosom the fact that Walt had written a whole volume of prose, perhaps just as important as his poems, and which, as Mr. Canby has said, we neglect at our peril. Walt has been admitted to the Hall of Fame, but that settles none of the problems he raises both for critic and for citizen. The familiar arguments are still urged against him. I was amused to see a letter in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* last spring in which a sturdy Philadelphian reproached the canonization. 'Residents of this city,' he wrote, 'remember Whitman simply as a picturesque, lovable loafer who used to be seen on Market Street frequently with a market basket on his arm and sans necktie. He was a poser, as his life's story will show; shirked his responsibility wherever possible, and the only thing that was commendable in his entire career was his work as a nurse during the Civil War.' Philadelphia, a great textile city, naturally resented Walt's not buying neckties, just as his generous hosts in Germantown did not relish his habit of dallying in the bathroom to sing. Yes, he made bathroom topics lyrical — which is naturally hard to forgive for those who are waiting to get in.

It was from a provincial bookseller in England that I first heard of Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp*, sweetest and most sedative of books. Yet I think it was fifteen years before I actually saw a copy: it was Mr. John C. Eckel, eminent collector in Philadelphia, who gave me a first edition (1863). Alexander Smith was born in 1830 at Kilmarnock in Scotland, a town that has a memorable sound in booklovers' ears. His father was a designer of patterns for Paisley shawls; is it too fanciful to see a similar warm color and fine weave in the son's prose? Alexander Smith was one of the first of those moderns who have made the grim city of Glasgow famous in the arts. But he seceded to her rival and became secretary of Edinburgh University. The career of university executives is an exhausting one; we are told that he died 'of overwork and anxiety' just past his thirty-sixth birthday. These memoranda would be justified if they did nothing more than introduce a few new readers to *Dreamthorp*.

These unasked confessions have the more candor because it chances that this winter, for the first time in several years, I find myself living in town, divided from my books, except fifteen or so needed as iron ration. Perhaps it is a queer sense of relief. Those loaded shelves had become a spiritual menace; they overhung my life. But, making a Gonzalo's choice, I was startled at their endlessly interlacing roots of

association. Once I read that the reason why sowing wild oats became a phrase of reproach was because the wild oat, an unimpressive plant itself, has tough tendrils that stretch thirty feet horizontally underground and can never be wholly eradicated. These books I love are my wild oats. Every one ejaculates whole nerve systems of human relationship.

I spoke, for instance, of the old bookseller in Suffolk who introduced me to *Dreamthorp;* more accurately, he introduced me to Mosher's *Bibelots,* where I first read of the book. That fine old gentleman (I have described him in *Shandygaff*) had known Edward FitzGerald, and remembered FitzGerald and Tennyson walking down the Woodbridge street together. He had known Bernard Barton, the Quaker banker to whom Charles Lamb wrote his famous letters. He had even known a soldier who stood guard over Napoleon at St. Helena. Again, a few years ago I used to see in Riverside Park an old gentleman who remembered Washington Irving. In our own Long Island village there was until lately a bookseller who lamented that the copy of *Leaves of Grass* Walt Whitman gave William Cullen Bryant disappeared for a dollar at a parish rummage sale. There is in that same village a Russian furniture dealer who grew up as a boy on Count Tolstoy's estate. He says the peasants did not think of Tolstoy as a philanthropist because he gave away his property, but just as a madman. Look where you may along a bookshelf, those wild-oat roots stretch in every direction. Shakespeare himself is only ten begats away.

VII

Since we have spoken of Gissing Pond, it is only mannerly to explain that name a little further. It was in Mosher's catalogues that I first heard of Gissing, but it was one of the staff of Brentano's bookstore, dead many years now, who started me reading him. I remember the blank look that went round the editorial circle of a large publishing house, about 1916, when I urged that it might be worth while to put some of George Gissing's novels back in print. True, it would have been a losing venture; yet among critics and collectors there has been in these fifteen years a remarkable revival of interest in his sombre talent. It became a habit with me never to visit a secondhand bookstore without looking for something by Gissing.

I like to think that there may even have been some hereditary influence at work. My grandfather was at one time a director of the firm of Chapman and Hall, Dickens's publishers. The literary adviser of the company was George Meredith. In an old scrapbook kept by my grandfather is a letter from Meredith asking him to read the MS. of one of Hardy's early novels. Meredith turned down a number of books that afterward became famous: *East Lynne, The Heavenly Twins, Erewhon,* and novels by Ouida and Mrs. Lynn Linton and Bernard Shaw. I feel a sort of perverted thrill in knowing that a novel written by an uncle of mine was declined by Meredith. But among the writers to whom he gave their first substantial encouragement were Hardy and Gissing. Since he and my grandfather used to exchange notes on such matters, I like to believe that the latter may have read some Gissing in MS.

At any rate, my own enthusiasm grew steadily. It chanced that on the day that a copy of *By the Ionian Sea* reached me our furnace man brought us a puppy in his pocket. The dog was christened Gissing. He was a dog with many theological overtones, and became the hero of a little fable which

was begun for the amusement of some children but changed itself into something rather different. When that story was made public I realized that it was outrageous to call its canine-human hero Mr. Gissing, and the little ocean of his adventures Gissing Pond. (Queerly enough, its name in local tradition is Black Ink.) Yet he would take no other name. I have often thought apologetically about this, for many readers have supposed there was some covert satire intended.

Gissing is one of the very few authors for whom I have deliberately gone to the dealers in rarity and bought first editions. My first of *The Odd Women* (three volumes, Lawrence and Bullen, 1893) cost me $15.[1] The first of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (Constable, 1903) is one of the modern books most worth coveting. It was Gissing's last completed work (*Veranilda* was unfinished at his death). *Ryecroft* was the book in which, after years of bitterness and struggle, happier conditions of life allowed some of his natural sweetness to emerge. It is n't an expensive book, considering its unique appeal; I saw it listed at £5 in one of Elkin Mathews's catalogues last summer. At the bar of a New York speak-easy, where talk had suddenly grown warm and confiding among the group of chance-met casuals, I heard a woman, not herself bookish in habit, speak of *Ryecroft* with passionate enthusiasm. She had forgotten both title and author, but the flavor of the book had remained vital in her memory. Presently we identified it from what she said, and she cried, '*Ryecroft!* That's it! How I could have loved that man!' He needed it. He was a sadly observant student of women, but those who read his stories attentively divine that he had benefited little by the supreme energies liberated in happy relations with the other half of humanity.

Those curious about Gissing can read much between the lines in the veiled biography of him — how accurate it is I have no idea — by his friend Morley Roberts. It is called *The Private Life of Henry Maitland* (1912), and interestingly precedes some later fashions in pseudobiography. The most personal association copy of *Ryecroft* is the one Gissing gave Roberts at St. Jean de Luz in the Pyrenees shortly before his death. It was the first copy he inscribed, and I believe it is adrift somewhere in this country. When Gissing was thirty he wrote to his younger sister, Ellen Gissing, apropos of the reviews of *Demos:* —

> I have got at last something of a standing. . . . I think of very little but art, pure and simple, and all my work is profoundly pessimistic as far as mood goes. Never mind; if I live another ten years, there shall not be many contemporary novelists ahead of me; for I am only beginning my work. . . . Scott and Thackeray did not begin till they were forty.

He did live those ten years; he died at forty-six, on December 28, 1903. In recent years St. Jean de Luz has become quite a favorite resort for American tourists; often cheerful travelers tell me of its *plage*, its casino, its lively little shops and villas, but I have never met anyone who remembered its association with the novelist of New Grub Street.

[1] Only two or three times have I paid more than that for a book. My *Religio Medici* cost me $25 — not a first, of course; the fifth edition, of 1659, but I believe the first to contain Sir Kenelm Digby's *Observations*. My Hobbes's *Leviathan*, a first edition of 1651, but rebound, cost me $15. My absolutely perfect Fuller, *Holy State and Profane State*, in its original binding of 1642, cost $22.50. Hobbes and Fuller are two of the great seventeenth-century writers who have n't been taken up by modern fuglemen; if they had become fashionable, you'd have to pay ten times those prices. Yet Fuller was one of Charles Lamb's favorites; and as for Hobbes, see what John Aubrey says about him. — AUTHOR

THE MEANING OF THE GOLD CRISIS

BY WILLIAM ORTON

I

To plain people there is an aura of mystery about gold; partly because, as money, they never see it. It sits in subterranean fortresses of incredible complexity, and from their gloomy silence works its queer alchemy upon the fate of nations by processes that only its hierophants can comprehend. Yet in the story of what has happened, this past year, to the finances of the Western nations the real protagonists are not mysterious and inexorable 'economic forces,' but ordinary — very ordinary — human beings, with passions and prejudices like our own, and certainly no greater store of wisdom. It is a story of intense and even dramatic interest as it moves through clashing motives from chaos to conflict; and it is a story that vitally concerns every American citizen.

Twelve months ago — in the early spring of 1931 — certain representatives of French capital and German industry were quietly talking things over in Berlin. Their conversations were unofficial and unreported, and nothing very definite was expected to come of them in the immediate future; but there was more than a chance that a better atmosphere would be established, out of which, in due time, an economic if not a political rapprochement might appear.

So, at any rate, thought M. Briand, watching matters hopefully from the Quai d'Orsay. For M. Briand there was a certain need to be hopeful. Times were not easy in Germany, were distinctly difficult in Austria, and were becoming critical in the agricultural states of the Little Entente. The restoration of Europe would not wait forever. But as yet none of the general nostrums had been applied. There were three of them on the shelf. Britain and the Scandinavian states had for years been pressing the case for a general tariff revision — pressing it at Paris, at Washington, at Geneva. They had got, in 1926, the bankers' manifesto to help them, with its emphatic warning that 'there can be no recovery in Europe until politicians of all territories, old and new, realize that trade is not war.' Lionel Rothschild in London and J. P. Morgan in New York had both signed that. The French would not oppose the general thesis. Economic nationalism was no doubt an evil — from the ideal standpoint; *mais, que faire?* The French, especially French heavy industry, had been advancing since 1925 an alternative policy: the policy of international cartelization. They had hoped that the World Economic Conference of 1927 might endorse that. But it declined the opportunity, coming down instead on the British side of the fence. 'The time has come to put an end to the growth in customs tariffs and to reverse the direction of the movement.' Which was all very well if the states could be per-

suaded to take action. M. Briand, with one eye on Washington and the other on his friends of the Little Entente, remained doubtful. Germany and Austria remained impatient. Finally — in the spring of 1930 — M. Briand had produced his own scheme: a scheme taking both the British free-trade thesis and the French cartelization thesis in its stride, but starting from the principle that *the economic problem must be subordinate to the development of political security*. Twenty-six European nations began arguing. There was plenty to argue about. Meanwhile the trade depression deepened, crop surpluses piled up, America enacted a new high tariff, and Austria drifted steadily toward bankruptcy.

Bereft of her raw materials by the peace treaties, and of her markets by the tariffs of the Little Entente, Austria found her national economy precarious at best. True, it had made substantial progress under the tutelage of the League of Nations; so much, in fact, that League tutelage was withdrawn at the end of 1926. Budgetary balance had been achieved, productive power expanded, and trade equilibrium brought appreciably nearer. On the strength of that and the funding of her American debt in May, Austria had successfully floated an international loan of $102,000,000 in July 1930. The loan was oversubscribed. New York took twenty-five millions; London, fifteen. Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, and Italy joined in. Paris would have none of it.

By the end of the year, Austria was facing her all-too-familiar problem. Her industries, expanded for an export trade, faced the double difficulty of universal tariff walls and a failure in the buying power of her agricultural neighbors. Credit for farmers had reached prohibitive prices. Crops could not move, and farmers could not buy. The southeastern states had talked through a whole series of conferences to no practical purpose. A League meeting in November 1930 got no further than a vague recommendation of bilateral agreements between industrial and agricultural states. A meeting of M. Briand's European commission in January 1931 established several more committees. Dr. Schober, Foreign Minister, came back to Vienna reporting 'not one iota of positive achievement.' Meanwhile Austrian foreign obligations pressed harder and harder on a shrinking revenue, and Austrian industry leaned harder and harder on the banks.

Germany, too, found her economic problem becoming acute in the latter part of 1930. Not only had European purchasing power declined. The cessation of foreign investment rendered an export balance more than ever necessary in order to supply foreign funds for transfer. To attain that balance still heavier sacrifices were necessary inside Germany. And the heavier the sacrifices, the more distant seemed the prospect of relief. A growing desperation showed itself in the drift to the extreme parties at the September elections; this in turn roused panic in Germany and fury in France. On the twelfth of October it was stated in Basel that the Reichsbank could defend its currency for only two weeks more. It had lost 10 per cent of its foreign exchange holdings in one day. Over fifty million dollars of its gold had gone to Paris. Immediate help was necessary. The Reichsbank appealed to the bankers, meeting in Basel. Dr. Curtius appealed to M. Briand at Geneva.

The bankers, led by the American house of Lee, Higginson, agreed to give Germany a credit of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars for six months, with an option of three renewals. The American group them-

selves took the larger share — seventy-five — and urged the French to take at least a nominal amount — say, five millions — to give confidence all round. Briand, persuaded by Dr. Curtius, personally urged the Premier, Tardieu, to put the French banks in. Paris would have none of it. On the very day the arrangement was made, the *Journal des Débats* drew attention to the large French balances still lying in Berlin, and added this: 'If we agree to use the pacific means at our disposal, we can be in a position definitely to promise the Germans that their rebellion against the peace treaties will inevitably be followed by a collapse of the reichsmark similar to that of 1923. Germany is free to run the risk, but in any case she now is warned of the consequences.' The *Journal* was not speaking without its book. The method had been used before. And Berlin was not the only capital in which those 'pacific means' had been accumulated.

II

But by February 1931 things were looking a little better to M. Briand. The German crisis had been staved off — with other people's money; and perhaps, after all, it had given the German industrialists a useful lesson. They were badly in need of capital; the Americans had stopped buying German bonds even more abruptly than they had started; the British market in 1930 had twice shown its weakness; Paris was well able to include German industry in the list of its long-term debtors. Perhaps something could be arranged.

In European politics an east wind is an ill wind; and at this juncture the east wind began to blow. The Vienna Protocol was announced, with startling suddenness, on March 21. That Austria and Germany should have plotted anything so definite as a customs union seemed little short of monstrous. One did not do things that way. One suggested a general idea and embarked on a correspondence course with a couple of dozen foreign offices. It had almost become a tradition — a very pleasant tradition so long as one's finances were flourishing. 'It is evident,' said M. Briand, 'that a halt has come to our relations with Germany.' M. Briand's diplomacy, M. Briand's position, M. Briand's European union, were affronted. More: they were threatened. For the errant powers had invited the adherence to their scheme of any who cared to join. And the invitation was not as promptly rejected even by the Little Entente as M. Briand had good reason to expect. M. Titulescu of Rumania, for instance, felt a 'distinct attraction' about the offer. Rumanian trade negotiations with Germany were actually going on; one hardly knew where they might stop. Rumania was also negotiating in Vienna with Hungary, and Hungarian opinion was distinctly favorable. Count Bethlen saw in the scheme the 'verge of a new economic order.' Yugoslavia, too, appeared to like the notion. In Czechoslovakia, Beneš was raging, true to form and to his French supporters; but even there the prospect of a free market was having its effect. Bulgaria and Italy were more than interested, and the latter had the impudence to call the Briand plan 'mere words.' Visions of a revisionist bloc running right through Europe began to rise. And what then might happen to the 'security first' programme?

Austria was clearly getting desperate. 'We Austrians,' said Schober, 'have had enough hovering between life and death.' He and Curtius had acted like good Europeans: 'Are those others good Europeans who would like, because of its ostensible mistakes of form, to bring to nothing the plan on

which the hope of millions in our countries depends?' Something had to be done. Already Germany had been told that this was the end of any prospect of opening the French capital market. 'Pertinax' and other writers were not unmindful of the 'pacific means at our disposal,' which now came in useful in Vienna. But positive as well as negative measures were called for. The French capital market was already wide open (on terms) to the southeastern powers; a note of *empressement* crept into its welcome.

With Rumania — fortunately — matters were already settled: a loan of face-value fifty million dollars had been concluded on March 11. There had been minor difficulties. The governor of the Rumanian national bank had objected violently to the French terms. These involved the spending of the French part of the loan in French contracts, and control of the bank. It had, in fact, been necessary for the Rumanian Premier to appeal to King Carol. The King, under persuasion, did what was necessary. The governor was summarily dismissed. The affair was settled. But with other powers negotiations were incomplete. Yugoslavia was troublesome. She had refused the French terms before; had tried, in fact, to get away from Paris. But the Rothschilds did not like lending to a dictatorship, and previous American loans had tied up too much collateral. The terms involved contracts and concessions, acceptance of former Turkish obligations, and an anti-Anschluss policy. The matter dragged on into April, when it caused a Cabinet crisis. The loan was concluded in the first week of May — not without backward glances from Belgrade to the Vienna Protocol. Czechoslovakia had in the meantime been disposed of. A fifty-million-dollar loan was announced on April 23. The loan was not to be issued for several months, but Dr. Beneš considered the announcement timely. In Poland, plans for a railway up the corridor to the rival port of Gdynia had roused the wrath of Danzig, which threatened to protest to the League of Nations. The matter was settled in April by a loan from the Schneider-Creusot bank (the Pays du Nord) of forty million dollars.

It happened that during these negotiations Mr. Norman, governor of the Bank of England, was in New York to discuss the general problem of freer long-term financing for Central Europe. He returned to find some substantial part of it settled, if not solved. Germany and Austria were still uncared for. They had not yet learned what the 'security first' programme meant in terms of banking. They would learn in time. Meanwhile revisionism was pushed safely into the background. The Vienna Protocol was gently transferred to the World Court. Vienna and Berlin were left to count the cost of their diplomatic temerity.

III

That cost brought Austria to the breaking point. By what unlucky accident the condition of the great Rothschild bank leaked out to Paris matters little now; from the second week of May the Credit Anstalt was doomed. Ever since 1929, when it had been obliged to take over another tottering bank, its position had been insecure. Its Central European connections proved in bad times a source of weakness rather than strength, and its funds — and those of its short-term creditors — were frozen in bankrupt Austrian industry. The national bank of Austria and the international bank at Basel tried in vain to stem the panic with short-term credits. Day by day, estimates of the foreign liabilities of the Credit Anstalt rose higher. Those lia-

bilities were overwhelmingly concentrated on London and New York. London was involved in the huge sum of twenty-seven million dollars, New York in about twenty-four; France and the other powers no more than five or six apiece. For the first time, people began to wonder about the position of England. How big was her stake in the solvency of the Central Powers?

The Austrian parliament, on May 14, had voted a loan of twenty-one million dollars, the greater part of which was to be pumped into the Credit Anstalt. Dr. Schober, Austria's Foreign Minister, set out to find the money. He went to Paris, offering to suspend all action on the customs union until the World Court had reported. The offer was not high enough. Germany could give no adequate help. The committee of creditors, meeting in London, suspended their pressure only in return for a guarantee of the liabilities by the Austrian Government. The guarantee precipitated a cabinet crisis in Vienna. Again Schober approached Paris, asking at least enough ready money to stave off a currency crisis in Austria. According to his own account, his minister was referred to the Foreign Office, where he could find neither M. Briand nor M. Briand's assistant. An unnamed official revealed the terms: Austria should relinquish altogether the customs union; should request a League inquiry into her financial condition and accept in advance the findings; should undertake to inform France before concluding any future treaties affecting the political or economic situation in Europe.

The emissary returned to Vienna, where the terms were communicated to the British ambassador. He agreed that they were 'intolerable.' The matter was transferred to London. Mr. Norman was disposed to be sympathetic. Schober should learn that Austria was not without a friend in the world. Moreover, speed was imperative, and the British stake was large. On June 17 the Bank of England advanced the entire twenty-one millions without guarantee. There is reason to suppose that this was not the only assistance forthcoming in London. Paris heard of the transaction with interest. If the English chose to raise their stake in the European game, that was their affair. The game was not over yet.

IV

But the pace was quickening. Panic had been latent in Germany since the shaking of September 1930. Heavy deficits were now looming before both the government and the state railways, these latter being the basis of the non-postponable reparations payments. The consequences of the Vienna Protocol were not reassuring. The crash of the Anstalt revealed the depth of the chasm underlying Central European finance — save where it rested on the gold of Paris. The flight from the schilling was becoming a flight from the mark. Within four weeks following the twenty-third of May, the Reichsbank had lost two hundred and fifty million dollars in gold and foreign exchange, and the reserve ratio had fallen from 68 to 40.2 per cent. Legal minimum was 40.

At the root of the trouble lay two factors, closely related: the world depression, and the increased reliance of Germany on short-term funds. But for these factors, the position would have been encouraging. In the years 1927–30 Germany had converted an adverse foreign trade balance of five hundred million dollars into a favorable balance of rather more than that amount. But in 1929 the flow of long-term investment from abroad had ceased abruptly; and short-term bor-

rowing, largely from London and New York, had been resorted to to fill the gap. The financial policy of both centres had encouraged the procedure. The total of that borrowing made the whole financial structure abnormally sensitive to shocks such as that of September 1930; and the record of the second half of that year shows the position clearly.

	Reichsmarks
1. Trade and services balance.	+1,970,000,000
2. Long-term loans and credits	+ 228,000,000
3. Short-term funds.....	+ 355,000,000
4. Miscellaneous capital.....	−1,599,000,000

This gives a positive balance of 954 millions; which had been used up in paying

	Reichsmarks
5. Private debt service	−330,000,000
6. Reparations	−624,000,000

In 1931 the balance of item 1 remained favorable, but diminished in amount. The same was true for every exporting nation. Items 2 and 3 also were shrinking. The flight of capital under item 4 continued. *And what then was going to be done about the heavy mid-year payments due on items 5 and 6?*

It was this dilemma which sent Doctors Curtius and Bruening to London early in June and started Mr. Sackett cabling to Washington. The international bank at Basel, with the central banks of England, France, and the United States, opened a rediscount credit of one hundred million dollars for the Reichsbank on June 25; before the month was out, three fourths of it was used up. Such measures could not stop the collapse. More help was needed, and that for a longer term. Another long-term loan was impossible. Whatever the rest might be willing to risk, Paris would not hear of it. Mr. Hoover was prevailed on to take the only remaining rescue action. But in taking it he committed a diplomatic blunder almost as bad as the ill-fated customs union.

It is permissible to wonder whether, if the sentiments toward France of Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Norman had been a little warmer, that blunder would not have been forestalled. But even bankers and diplomats become human under pressure; and the English, during those critical weeks, had begun to feel themselves in a distinctly tight place. The French, however, were human, too. There had been intimate Anglo-German conversations in London from which they were left out; there had been indirect communications of a very urgent nature between Berlin and Washington; and here was the most drastic step of all sprung upon them without prior consultation. Yet they were to be by far the heaviest European losers under the postponement of the war debts. Of course, the French sacrifice was the heaviest precisely because France had insisted on taking no less than three quarters of the unconditional payments under the Young Plan. But that was ancient history now, and the French certainly had a case. As the principal European creditors of Germany, they considered themselves gratuitously snubbed; and further, there was no sufficient indication of any *quid pro quo*.

It was all very well — as M. Louis Marin pointed out in the French Chamber — for England and America to risk their dues in the moratorium — they had a big stake in Germany: 'For us the question is not so simple.' Out of Germany's long-term bonds at the end of June, totaling 2400 millions of dollars, America held about 1300 and England 275. If other long-term investments were included, all three amounts would be about twice as high. France held 118 millions in Dawes and Young loans, and practically nothing

more. Out of Germany's total short-term foreign debt at the same date, approximately 3000 millions, America claimed 37 per cent, England 24 per cent, and France 7 per cent, considerably less than Holland or Switzerland. But under the Hoover moratorium, with America giving up 250 millions for the year, England sacrificed (net) only 17, while France was asked for 82! Certainly the French had a case, and they insisted on presenting it.

Unfortunately the process took time. And time was the one thing Germany could not afford to lose. There was a quick upturn in confidence after Mr. Hoover's announcement. But as the bargaining went on, collapse in Germany came rushing back. Germans were selling marks, despite the efforts of the government to stop them; gold was following the foreign balances out of the country — over 100 million dollars of it crossed the Atlantic in the month of June; the international credit was used up, and the reserve ratio still falling; early in July there were riots and a run on food shops in Berlin. On the eleventh, the Darmstadter bank closed its doors: it had paid out 175 million dollars in six weeks. London was reported to be involved in its liabilities to the extent of 45 millions. Dr. Luther was searching Europe for a loan. Mr. Henderson was talking to Paris with a new note of urgency.

But it did not need Mr. Henderson to point the moral; the French could see that for themselves. Every move in the game had drawn attention to England's danger. Day by day, in the London committee on the Credit Anstalt, in the Basel negotiations over Austria and over Germany, in the Paris conference on the moratorium, in numberless private bankers' meetings, the tale of England's stake in Central Europe had been unfolding itself before the eyes of the French. Every crisis, every hint of crisis, in Germany and Austria, every resort by the French to those 'pacific means at our disposal,' had frozen the British assets a little faster. And yet England had gone on piling up her stake. She had added 21 millions of dollars on the Credit Anstalt, 15 on the international credit to Austria in July 1930, still more on the American credit to Germany in October, 25 on the last German credit of June 1931 — when was she going to stop? And how was she going to end?

On July 15 — the very day the German annuity should have been paid in London — sterling broke suddenly in all the capitals of Europe. France had agreed to the German moratorium on July 7; but during the two weeks' delay more funds had flowed out of Germany — mostly to Paris — than the moratorium would release *in the entire year*. The result was the closing of all German banks by decree on July 14. The moratorium was too late. More would be needed. The London conference of Germany's creditors opened on the twenty-fifth. It accomplished little save to aggravate the tension between London and Paris. Luther in Paris had been confronted with the usual political price for help. Henderson in London sided with him, and was accused by the French of making the conference a platform for revisionism. Meanwhile sterling exchange remained below the gold point, foreign balances were being withdrawn, gold flowing out — 158 millions by July 30, two thirds of it to Paris. Schober in Vienna had been warned that the Bank of England needed its money back. Schober came to Paris, trying to raise enough money to repay London. The price was complete supervision of Austrian finances, and final renunciation 'now and forever' of the customs union. Schober went home and threatened to resign. But there was no escape. The League

Finance Committee, to which Austria appealed, had no money of its own to lend. Paris had the money, and was in a position to name the terms. Hungary meanwhile had been brought to a satisfactory frame of mind. A loan of 25 millions was concluded in the latter days of July. Count Bethlen had the pleasure of announcing the terms in Budapest on July 27. They included, according to press reports, a lease of the Hungarian railroads, most-favored-nation treatment for Czechoslovakia, French control of Hungarian finances, and renunciation of all efforts at revisionism. It was Bethlen who had seen in the Vienna Protocol the 'verge of a new economic order.' It was Bethlen who had negotiated the treaty of friendship with Austria last January. It was Bethlen whose denunciations of French policy had drawn a protest from the French minister. Bethlen announced the terms of the loan — and resigned. That was what happened to revisionism when French gold joined in the argument. Was Mr. Henderson still disposed to revisionism?

V

An age of history passed when the Bank of England went outside the City of London for help. M. Moret, of the Bank of France, was willing enough to come to the rescue, bringing the Federal Reserve banks with him. Neither official France nor official America was anxious to see a leading customer ruined; but they could not stop their own nationals, or those of Holland and Switzerland, from acting on the rule of *sauve qui peut*. The British Treasury itself, at this critical juncture, gave them every encouragement in the alarmist May Report. American banks in particular seized on the prominence given to the unemployment issue to damn the insurance idea for home consumption. Actually the cost of social insurance to the exchequer, including national health and old-age pensions, was only about one seventh of the budget on the May committee's own showing — and that despite the advent of Winston Churchill in 1924 and a world depression in 1929. There were certainly abuses in the system; but they were far from being of an international magnitude. But just as the earlier Macmillan report had advertised the British stake in Europe, so the May Report advertised the unsound budgetary position. American bankers, either genuinely or expediently afraid of the unemployment issue, were now in a position to express their apprehension. France, having a social insurance scheme of her own, was less concerned about that item, but, in accordance with her general policy, emphasized the issue of budgetary balance.

On the imminent exhaustion of the first credit, Mr. Snowden found himself at last treading the road Dr. Schober and Dr. Luther had worn smooth; while Mr. Norman endeavored to ascertain whether there was really no alternative to the financial *via crucis*. M. Laval and M. Flandin were willing to meet Mr. Snowden halfway — on terms; but halfway was not enough. In New York there was hesitancy about entering upon a transaction of the necessary magnitude without the support of Paris — though the word 'collateral' was hardly a polite term to use in dealing with the British Treasury. In London, Sir George May — secretary of the Prudential Assurance Company, and author of the report that had proved such a boomerang for Mr. Snowden — offered to place the vast American holdings of his own and other companies at the service of the government. But the end of the business was not sufficiently in sight for the government to feel itself justified in taking

them over. Thus the prospect of escape was closed, and the French bankers joined the American syndicate in negotiating the second credit of 400 million dollars. It might turn out, of course, that the joint terms were such as to break the labor government; but with that contingency the bankers had obviously nothing whatever to do. Mr. Henderson decided that the terms were, in fact, of such a nature, and followed Count Bethlen into the wilderness.

The credit flowed out of London even more rapidly than it came in. On September 21, Mr. Snowden, in one of the bitterest speeches ever made in the House of Commons, admitted the defeat of England: —

> When the financial history of the post-war period comes to be written, I do not think this country will have any reason to be ashamed of its part. We set an example both as regards meeting obligations and helping in the reconstruction of the world, and if we have failed it is because the undertaking was too heavy a burden for us to bear. Certainly it does not seem to me that other countries can afford to challenge or condemn us for what we have done. We exported to America during and immediately after the war actual gold to the value of $1,610,000,000 in discharge of our obligations. We then proceeded to fund our war debt to the United States, and under the basis of settlement we contributed $1,352,000,000, representing nearly 30 per cent of the debt at the date of funding. Though the British debt to the United States represented only 41 per cent of the total war debt owing to the United States, our payments represent 83 per cent of the total payments they received in respect to these debts.
>
> The war loans made by the British Government to France, after deducting all offsets, amounted at the date of funding to $3,000,000,000, on which the British taxpayer has been paying approximately $150,000,000 yearly interest. Under the terms of settlement the French Government pays us only 40 per cent of this.
>
> Much more could be said. . . .

VI

There are at this writing three specific issues demanding action; and at least two of them must be decided before British financial policy can be further determined. They are: —

1. The question of Germany's short-term indebtedness, two thirds of it to England and America, amounting now to about 2700 millions.

2. The question of Germany's long-term indebtedness, two thirds of it to England and America, amounting to about five billions. France asserts, and Germany and England deny, that this is separate from, and subordinate to

3. Reparations.

Committees are now dealing with questions 1 and 3. Action on question 1 is hardly in doubt. The short-term debts, which the creditors voluntarily have agreed to leave standing until February 29, 1932, must before that date be either renewed or funded. Question 3 is being dealt with as a request from Germany for postponement of payments under the Young Plan. But in the background lurks the crucial issue of question 2; and on this issue the conflict between England and France is now open. Said Mr. Baldwin recently in Parliament (November 13): 'London has been largely instrumental in financing Germany during the last ten years, thereby enabling her to carry on international trade and to pay reparations. These financial advances were not speculative, but represented the best type of security known to the market, and it is clear that the security for these obligations must not be endangered by political debts. If that took place it would destroy Germany's commercial credit, and once that was destroyed there would be no future prospect at all for reparations.' Said M. Laval in reply (November 26): 'We will demand payment of the unconditional annuities,

and we will not accede to priority being given to private debts over reparations.'

In deciding how much more can usefully be said, it is important to keep the broad truth of the situation clearly in mind. That truth is essentially simple. England and America have staked billions of dollars on the ultimate success of revisionist diplomacy. France has staked her (much smaller) lendings on the precisely opposite policy. For the moment the English hand is called and England is broken. America, *whether she knows it or not*, is still in the game.

There has been this difference between American and English betting. American investors and American bond houses, when they put money into Germany, did not understand as fully as did the English the political, as distinct from the economic, chances involved. They were new at the game. They thought they were backing ordinary business propositions on their merits, and their calculations were along the same lines that they would apply to ordinary bond issues. On those lines most of the ventures were sound; most of them still are. The English, with France only twenty miles away, were in a better position to realize that behind the economic considerations lay the whole question of the restoration of Europe, with Germany and Austria as normally functioning parts of the European system. And that involved the Little Entente, the tariff question, and reparations.

Mr. Garet Garrett, in articles widely circulated (for reasons of its own) by the American Chemical Foundation, makes much of the fact that the reparations demands have no moral authority in Germany. Mr. Garrett is quite right; but he does not go far enough. The reparations demands have no moral authority in England, either. They never have had since Mr. Lloyd George was frozen out of public life for having committed England to them. There has never been a political party that dared to stand for their total execution. The Balfour declaration of 1922 — the considered utterance of a conservative government — was tangible evidence of the fact. In that declaration, it will be recalled, the British Government stated that it would prefer to surrender its share of reparations and 'write off through one great transaction the whole body of Interallied indebtedness.' Successive governments have maintained that position. While they have encouraged and assisted Germany in maintaining her payments, they have done so simply because they felt that in the given circumstances that was the only way toward a reëstablishment of commercial good will. But they have never ceased to hope that the circumstances would change. Ever since the London conference of May 1921, England has been urging France to moderate her speculations on what could be got out of Germany. For ten solid years England has been fighting an almost single-handed battle for the thesis that normal economic intercourse between free nations is the sole salvation of the world. Like America, she lent to her former enemies all and more than she received from them. Time and again, when the French political and economic blockade plunged them into crisis, the Anglo-Saxon peoples went to the rescue and pulled them out again — earning the scorn of France, hardly disguised.

Another simple fact which it is well to bear in mind: business men and bankers everywhere outside France are getting sick of this perennial incubus of reparations paralyzing with uncertainty the polity of Europe and the trade of the entire world. Boulogne conference, Brussels conference, Cannes conference, Genoa conference, Paris conference, Hague conference, London

conference, Lausanne conference, Wiesbaden conference, Dawes Plan, Young Plan — an endless series of stop-gaps and makeshifts, not one with enough finality about it to back more than a short-term self-liquidating loan in an ordinary business transaction. And it needs to be emphasized that the mere fact of putting a political guarantee — even an international guarantee — behind a loan does not add one cent to the earning power. It is doubtful whether it even gives more psychological security than ordinary business borrowers in civilized countries naturally provide in their own interest. And the political guarantee may, in certain circumstances, actually detract from the soundness of an investment. In the last resort, the only security behind any loan, national or international, is good faith and ordinary earning power. Save force? No. France tried it in the Ruhr and learned that, whatever else it yields, it does not produce interest or dividends. She may try it again; if she does she will learn the same lesson — and, perhaps, other lessons besides.

Mr. Garrett, in writing as brilliant as it is reckless, accuses Germany of bad faith and his own countrymen of unbelievable stupidity. Such utterances, harmless enough in normal times, are a menace to international sanity in a crisis like the present. Mr. Garrett dismisses with a flippant gesture the disaster of the Ruhr and the cost of the inflation to the German middle classes. He sees fit to ignore the determined effort made by Germany in 1927, in the reorganization of the Beratungsstelle, to bring all state and municipal borrowings under strict control: an effort which, if it did not entirely succeed, got nearer success than that of any other federal power. He ignores the endless increase of German taxation, although in order to achieve it President Hindenburg has taken risks which place the entire future of constitutional government in jeopardy.

He is apparently unacquainted with the final report of his countryman, the Agent-General for Reparations, written at the close of 1928 when the inflow of foreign capital was at its height. After noting that 'all payments have been loyally and punctually made,' Mr. Gilbert deals specifically with the charge that Germany, by her foreign borrowings, has been robbing Peter to pay Paul: her own nationals put up a far greater stake than foreigners. 'On the basis of the figures, the new issues of securities offered in the domestic market in the last four years have reached a total some two and one-half times the German issues offered to the foreign public.' It is obvious, of course, Mr. Gilbert states, that foreign funds have in part served as the basis for domestic credit; but, with all due allowance, 'the share attributable to abroad can be only a fraction, though a substantial fraction, of the total.'

Without reference to the merits of any of these loans, it is clear enough that foreign credits as a whole have greatly accelerated the process of German reconstruction. The proceeds of foreign loans, upon entering into the German economy, have provided the essential material out of which German labor and enterprise could create new and larger domestic values. Considering conditions at the start and the funds then available, there have taken place in the last four years a growth of trade and an extension and renovation of plant such as have not been equaled in any previous period of equal length. The sound character of this growth depends, of course, primarily on the magnitude of the supplemental values created, and secondly upon the capacity of those values to earn a return in excess of the cost of the borrowed funds. Taken as a whole, however, and without reference to any individual loan, it appears from such figures

as are available that the new values created in Germany during the same period have aggregated several times the amount of the foreign debt incurred.

Mr. Gilbert concludes that the reconstruction of Germany 'has played an essential part in the general process of European reconstruction.' It may be added, in view of subsequent conditions, that the difficulty of Germany's new assets in earning the returns of which Mr. Gilbert speaks was not primarily the fault of Germany.

There is no need, in considering these matters, to minimize the weaknesses of human will and intelligence that have been at work on all sides. Let us freely admit that Germany, like America, responded to the optimistic mood of 1928 and the cheapness of world credit in a normally shortsighted way. Let us admit that American and British bankers were acting mainly as financial middlemen in search of a profit, rather than as saintly architects of the new Jerusalem. Let us grant that they paid insufficient attention, not merely to the direct warnings of Dr. Schacht and Sir George Paish, but to such more ominous signs as the French military guarantee of the frontier of Bessarabia, and the inauguration of a seven-billion-franc programme of fort construction along the German and Italian frontiers, on the very heels of the Locarno treaties. All this can be admitted without wholesale vilification or childish petulance, except by persons who become hysterical at the mere prospect of international responsibility. Nobody foresaw the full scope of the world depression. Nobody foresaw the very human mistake made by the Central Powers in the announcing of the Vienna Protocol. Nobody foresaw the drastic nature of the French reply. The bankers may have underestimated these political risks; but they were fundamentally right in applying such funds as they could control to enterprises that promised, on the whole, to be genuinely productive. The real trouble lay in highly technical defects in the working of the gold and the gold exchange standards which are even now imperfectly realized, and which no one individual, or nation, has the power to rectify.

The French are fond of describing the American and British loans to Europe as 'speculation.' A recent semi-official *communiqué*, for instance, asserting the claim for priority of reparations, states that 'it is immoral to let war victims be sacrificed to post-war speculators.' Was there no speculation, then, in the floating of French domestic loans to cover grossly inflated 'costs of reconstruction' on the basis of astronomical calculations of Germany's capacity to pay through seventy years ahead? No speculation, when any banker will admit that income even thirty years removed has no present value? Was there no speculation in money advanced to Balkan states at high rates of interest which depended on direct intervention in their domestic politics? No speculation in financing and leasing a railroad up the Polish Corridor on a fifty-five-year term? No speculation in a loan to Hungary at 11 per cent, of which the essential security lay in restrictions on foreign policy that made Bethlen resign after ten years of office? No speculation in prohibiting the one concrete proposal advanced by the Central Powers with nothing better to substitute than the tortuous and wordy schemes of M. Briand, himself a prisoner of the Right?

There is this difference between French and Anglo-American speculation, if we are to use the word. The latter has been speculation on the results of ordinary economic enterprise, even if the circumstances were abnormal — on the efforts of ordinary men to earn a living and pay their way

by means of the production and exchange of goods. The former has been speculation on the staying power of a particular political scheme whose ultimate sanction lies, without dissimulation, in the use of force. Let America beware lest in ceasing the one type of speculation she is led blindfold into the other.

France to-day is frightened. She is like a hysterical woman. And one does not calm a hysterical woman by threats. Moreover, she has cause to be frightened. For ten years she has been nourishing the very source of her own fears, until now her problem is worse than when she went into the Ruhr. She has consistently rejected the policy of coöperation, and the British have been forced out in despair. She is beginning now to feel the consequences, and the consequences are a further source of fear. But hysterical women cannot be allowed permanently to wreck the workaday business of the world; and while their cure may be long and costly, that work must go on.

The lead now passes to America. Not through a conspiracy, but through the weaknesses, the follies, the rivalries of ordinary human beings, America finds herself asked to choose between two theses: the French thesis that political security must precede economic stability, and the British thesis that economic security is the only guarantee of all political engagements. The French, in insisting on the inviolable nature of the Young Plan annuities, have acted on their thesis, as long ago, in the Balfour declaration, Britain acted on hers. America, in her attitude toward war debts on one hand and her European investments on the other, has virtually backed both policies. The fact is an embarrassment; it is also an opportunity. It gives her an authority she has not had before; and it puts her in a position from which, by yielding nothing except on well-considered terms, she may profoundly influence the cause of world trade and world peace.

Cause, not causes. It is not, in British eyes, a question of sacrificing the American taxpayer to the American bondholder, but of sacrificing both alike to a dangerous chimera. Britain profoundly believes, her position and her history compel her to believe, that the road to peace is the road of normal economic coöperation. She no longer maintains that that coöperation must be planless, or that unrestricted competition will automatically evolve a plan; but she emphatically believes that the plan must be primarily economic, not political. Along the line of economic nationalism pursued by states that cannot hope to be self-sufficing, or along the line of bipartisan arrangements entered into, or condemned, for other than sound economic reasons, she sees only waste, overproduction, underconsumption, recurrent bankruptcy, political as well as economic insecurity. In the cause of sane economic coöperation she has shouldered far more than merely financial risks. She has pledged herself up to the hilt to pacific policies, she has thrown away her arms, without asking for any supplementary guarantees against the peculiar dangers of her position, grave though they are. Her empire now is nothing but a speculation in good will. For that spirit she has labored ten years in Europe — not because she was more altruistic than other nations, but because she believed it paid: paid England, paid all. In that cause she has risked her prestige, her trade, her financial supremacy, and the support of her nearest and most powerful neighbor. She has lost them all. She stands now wondering whether, if she cannot buy enough dollars with depreciated pounds to pay her war debt, she will have lost her honor, too.

England rests her case.

SHERMAN IN GEORGIA[1]

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY C. LAY

About the middle of September [1864], while acting by request of the Bishop of Georgia as Missionary Bishop to the Army of Tennessee, I paid a visit to General Hardee at Jonesboro, his headquarters. There was a standing truce to allow the transit of citizens exiled from Atlanta by General Sherman's order, and through all the night we heard the noise of the long wagon train conveying these unfortunates. It occurred to me (I was in the tent of Colonel Roy, A.A.G. of the corps, and the fleas forbade sleep) that I might under cover of this truce find an opportunity to visit some very dear and much afflicted friends in Huntsville.

By the light of the couriers' fire in the yard, I wrote the following note: —

Head Qrs; Hardee's Corps
*Sept*r 16th 1864

The undersigned respectfully suggests to Major General Sherman that he greatly desires to enter his lines, spend two or three days in Huntsville, and return.

His object is to visit an old lady who has been as a mother to him, and whose situation is such as to require an interview. He is well aware how unusual is such a request and urges it with great deference. He can only say that the permission, if accorded, shall not be abused by any covert word or deed.

Very Respy
Henry C. Lay
Bishop of Arkansas
Address care of Genl Hardee

Upon this General Hardee endorsed as follows: —

I am well acquainted with Bishop Lay and know that, if his request be granted, he will conform strictly to any regulations that may be prescribed by Maj. Gen. Sherman.

W. J. Hardee
Lieut General
Head Qrs;, Jonesboro, *Sept*r 16th 1864

This paper was subsequently returned with the following endorsement: —

Atlanta *Sept*r 17th 1864

Gen Hardee.
Dear Sir,

Bishop Lay may come to Atlanta when the necessary papers will be given him to visit the city of Huntsville and return. I will not exact of the Bishop any specific promise, but will presume on his character to observe the war secrecy.

W. T. Sherman
Major Genl

To this was added a postscript about some personal and private matters. My duties having called me to Macon, it was only on the 22nd inst. that I learned by telegram from General Hardee that the permission was granted. Although only fifty miles from Griffin, whence the flag of truce set out, it was necessary for me to go by headquarters at Palmetto; this journey occupied three days. We were detained in Griffin until the 27th waiting for prisoners to be exchanged; on

[1] The original manuscript of this diary is among the Bishop Henry C. Lay Papers in the University of North Carolina Library.—Editor

the evening of that day Colonel Henry, in charge of flag, and I reached General Iverson's headquarters at Jonesboro.

September 28. — We set out at an early hour for Rough and Ready, the designated place of meeting. We carried 149 Federal officers, not under guard, and most of them on foot. In the ambulance with me was Captain Buel, who informed me that he was a nephew of Bishop Wilmer's. He is also a relative (brother-in-law, I believe) of General Adams of our cavalry.

Reaching Rough and Ready at midday, we hung out our white flag. Presently the train from Atlanta came down, the flag bearer seated on the cowcatcher of the engine. The officers, headed by Colonel Henry on our side and Colonel Warner on the enemy's, met and saluted. The exchange occupied some hours. We gave 149 officers and received 473 privates, with 16 surgeons and 4 chaplains thrown in without equivalent.

After the prisoners had been transferred, some time was occupied by the officers in settling up their accounts. Some sick soldiers came for shelter into the porch of a deserted house where I was sitting. I said to them, 'We hear some of your Georgians have deserted in Atlanta.' One of them replied that they were men from Georgia regiments, but not all Georgians. They were urged to take the oath of allegiance, with permission to go North and reside during the war. Many had yielded. But this was not the worst. Not a few had enlisted, receiving a bounty of as much as $1000 each. A Georgia battalion had been formed of such. They went on to describe how, before exchange, they had been drawn up in line that morning, the roll was called, and such as preferred exchange made to step out. Many refused to return. One man said he was ashamed to see his friends and neighbors fall back. Nearly the whole of his company were prisoners, but only three stepped out for exchange.

At length the signal was given for departure. Colonel Warner introduced me into the 'caboose' car provided for the officers and told me that he would take charge of me and convey me to General Sherman.

After proceeding a mile or so, there was a cry, and an excitement. The train stopped and many hands were extended to help in a sheepish-looking deserter. A little further, we reached the camps; a fine band mounted on the roof of the cars and played the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' The men rushed out and lined the road, cheering, and we entered Atlanta in a jubilee.

I was entirely overlooked. Colonel Warner formed the prisoners into line, with the band, and marched them up to headquarters. I shouldered my saddlebags and followed in the distance. I could perceive that General Sherman was making a speech which was received with enthusiasm.

When all this was over, I approached and inquired of Colonel Warner to whom I should report. He apologized for his neglect and carried me at once to General Sherman.

I found him most comfortably established in a fine house near the City Hall. The furniture seemed to be that of the owners. There was a parlor handsomely furnished, and opening into this another used as an office.

General Sherman greeted me very cordially. He was in slippers and easy in manners. He has that military sort of courtesy which puts one at ease. He read a private letter from General Hardee with much satisfaction and asked if I proposed to write to him. When I assented, he said that it was perhaps not well to extend the correspondence further; but to say to

General Hardee that he was gratified by his letter, and should always be happy in any matter — such as my own, for instance — to extend to him any courtesy consistent with his duty.

He carried me into a private room and provided water. My attire needed apology, for I was in homespun and unshaven, but he cut short my apology, saying everyone knew I was just off a march. I was introduced to General Stanley, an old acquaintance at Fort Smith before the war, and gave him a private letter from General Hardee.

About six he invited me down to dinner. Mrs. General Rousseau and a married daughter and sundry of the staff were at table. We had pea soup in tin plates, some roast beef and vegetables afterwards; no drinkables. General Sherman did the talking, which was mostly addressed to me. It was so casual that I cannot recollect much of it. Something was said about McPherson, and I remarked that he was considered in the South the kindest of their Generals. He assented, but said he made people behave themselves; for instance, he expelled certain women from Vicksburg for interrupting divine service by leaving church when the prayer for the President of the United States was used. He branched off here to say that he was for letting people pray as they chose, but could not see why people could not pray for Lincoln or 'even for me.' I replied that there was no objection to praying for any individual, but the use of the prayer in question was the acknowledgment of a political fact.

To this he rejoined with some vague declamation about the clergy handling politics, which I thought not quite civil, and to which I made no reply. He spoke presently of the excess of officers in the armies, remarking that it was greater in our armies than in theirs. He complained that we had many officers without employment who had become guerillas, and declared his purpose to hang all such officers whom he found engaged in partisan warfare without commands suited to their rank; whereat the ladies seemed highly pleased.

Dinner over, he invited me out on the piazza and offered me a cigar. His conversation for an hour or two was very interesting, and he assumed a tone which led me to speak quite openly on some points.

He complained that General Hood had treated him ungenerously in their late correspondence. It was Hood's part to refer it to his government and they could publish it if they chose; in sending it to the papers there was an effort to excite unreasonable prejudice against him. 'To be sure, I have made war vindictively; war is war, and you can make nothing else of it; but Hood knows as well as anyone I am not brutal or inhuman.'

He evidenced a great sensibility to this charge of inhumanity, and defended himself warmly on three counts of the indictment.

As to the shelling of Atlanta, he denied that this was intended. He threw no shot at private dwellings. It was our fault in putting our lines close to the city. He was shelling the lines and the depot. After all, there was no damage in this part of the city (near the City Hall). I reminded him that I was in Atlanta all through the siege; the shells fell everywhere; the hottest fire I had been in was at private houses; shells struck St. Philip's Church near by and passed over the city.

He insisted they could not help it. They had only the range and the smokestack of the railroad, and could not see the effect of shot.

I mentioned that we at General Hood's headquarters thought he had a special grudge against us. He said

no; he knew the house was on Whitehall Street, but not in what part of it.

On the second point, the exiling of the citizens, he said that it was the most merciful thing he could do. He held Atlanta as a fortress in the enemy's country. He was dependent on a long and difficult railroad communication. There was nothing in the country for the people to live on, and if the citizens remained he must feed them. He argued that it was more merciful to send them out deliberately, in good weather, with their stores and baggage and with the appliances of both armies to aid them, than to allow them to remain a while and then straggle out, each as best he might, to avoid starvation.

And lastly, as to his refusal to exchange prisoners man for man, he said that he was not authorized to settle any principle of exchange. The governments had this in hand. He made upon the field such arrangements as suited the exigency. We were not able to feed and clothe prisoners. He could not be expected in the midst of a campaign to give us able-bodied men, who would go at once into the ranks, and receive half-starved men unfit for duty.

Presently he began to speak of the campaign which had just ended in the capture of Atlanta. I remarked that General Johns[t]on was reported to have said that his move upon Jonesboro was the only mistake he had committed in all his advance; although he gained Atlanta, he could have been struck while in motion.

To this General Sherman answered: 'If I could talk with Johns[t]on after the war is over with the map between us, I could show him I did not risk too much. But I was very anxious all of the first day. When night came, however, and I found Hood had not divined my movement, I said to General Thomas, "I have Atlanta as certainly as if it were in my hand."'

I told him that he was criticized freely by military men for allowing our army to escape intact when its corps were so widely separated. 'Ah,' said he, 'if I had known what that explosion in Atlanta meant, I would have fallen on you. I heard it and went out to look, but I thought that Slocum [?], whom I had left to watch you, had become impatient and made an assault. I ought to have taken Hardee's corps.'

'What force did you have against Hardee in the fight of the first of September?' I inquired.

'Two corps attacked him and two more were in supporting distance, but our corps are smaller than yours. I also sent a force down the railroad to make a détour and come up in his rear. This is a most difficult country; they lost their way in the dark among the hills and so failed to get into position.'

It will be seen that at a later date General Sherman recurred to this matter and threw the blame of failure on General Stanley.

He passed hence to speak of the war in general. He observed that it was an artificial war brought about by the ambition of individual men; that it was impossible for two nations to exist side by side on this continent. The case was like the effervescence of a soda powder; agitation could be ended only by union.

Of course I dissented from these opinions and expressed the belief that the alienation between the nations was of slow but sure growth; that the separation might by prudence have been deferred, but not prevented; there was now a deep-seated alienation which would render it impossible for them to live together on terms of intimacy.

All this he utterly denied. There was no real animosity, he said, and

cited in proof of it the friendship which invariably characterizes the intercourse of pickets and others when they are permitted to converse. General Grant subsequently used the same argument and illustration. It was of no force with me, for I had seen too much of the spirit which pervades the Federal Army in conquered districts, of the studied persecution to which the helpless are exposed. General Sherman, however, insisted that if the war were over the past would be quickly forgotten, and both parties would love and respect each other more than ever.

He went on to say, 'Your people had much the advantage in the beginning of this war. You were a military people, respected the profession of arms and cultivated military education. If I went to New York and was introduced as Captain or Major Sherman, U. S. A., the people passed me by as a useless man; but if I went to Charleston, my profession was a passport into society and caused my acquaintance to be sought. You took to arms naturally and easily; we had to acquire the military profession against our tastes.

'But you made a great mistake in organizing a Confederacy. Had you clung to the Union and claimed to be legitimate exponents of the American ideas, the true representatives of the American Constitution, you would have had better success. As it was, you surrendered at once into our hands the most valuable of the common property — the memories and traditions, the flags and emblems, the songs and national airs. These are invaluable in sustaining the popular enthusiasm.

'This war ought to be arrested. It is intensifying the greatest fault and danger in our social system. It daily increases the influence of the masses, already too great for safety. The man of intelligence and education is depressed in value far below the man of mere physical strength. These common soldiers will feel their value and seek to control affairs hereafter to the prejudice of the intelligent classes.'

I asked him just here if he believed it possible to have a stable government in which property was not represented in the legislature. He replied no, emphatically, but added that the North had always recognized that principle, especially in giving the South a representation in Congress for slave property. The rage for universal suffrage prevailed in the South far more than in the North.

I told him that thinking people in the South were very generally convinced of the necessity of introducing some conservative features into our system of government; for my own part, I regarded the present as a crisis in the great American experiment, and believed changes would be developed, approximating our condition more nearly to that of European powers. I mentioned an article from one of the English reviews which in its title well described our future: 'Resurrection through Dissolution.'

As I rose to take my leave, General Sherman apologized for not having a bed to offer me. He said he would forward me to-morrow under General Thomas's protection, and he would see to it that I should return within our lines without inconvenience. He then sent a staff officer with me to the hotel with directions to see that I was comfortably accommodated.

In person, General Sherman is spare and of good height. His hair is (not unpleasantly) red; his forehead very fine, his eye clear and restless. He impressed me as a man of active temper, who must needs be doing. His face is somewhat dyspeptic in its expression. He would be accounted

ordinarily a kind-hearted man; but when aroused, severe and utterly unrelenting. His manner is very frank and outspoken. He does not seem to keep a large staff about him, and told me that he threw the business of the army into the staff of the corps, so that he keeps himself unembarrassed with details. At General Hardee's headquarters the officers had been much amused by a sarcastic letter of his in reply to a Confederate chaplain who had lost a horse and claimed indemnity. It was in General Sherman's own handwriting, two pages long. I judge him to be forty-five or forty-six years old.

September 29. — I remained in my room all the morning expecting momentarily to be sent for to the cars.

An officer delivered to me the following paper: —

HEAD QRS: MIL. DIV. OF THE MISS.
ATLANTA *Sept*r 27th 1864

Bishop Lay of Arkansas has permission to visit Huntsville, Alabama, and return to Atlanta. All officers in authority will extend to him courteous treatment and assistance and give him free passage each way by Rail Road.

(*Signed*) W. T. SHERMAN
*Major Gen*l *Comd*g

On going to the depot at 2 P.M., I found a large 'gang' of trains, laden with many troops, with artillery and with horses. I went in General Thomas's 'caboose' car and was courteously received by him and by General Morgan in command of the division on board. General Thomas introduced me as 'Bishop Lay from the Southern Confederacy.' He inquired about my brother George. I do not recollect anything of interest that fell from him, except that in reply to some remark he spoke of Johns[t]on's retreat from Dalton as a masterly one.

Thomas is a large, heavy man; reserved and thoughtful; indicates great energy when aroused to action.

General Morgan is a Western man, thoroughly Yankee in accent and manner, a wiry, enterprising man. They fed me out of their baskets and treated me as a guest.

The railroad was in very bad order, and encumbered with trains; indeed, the bridge over the Oostanaula sunk before the last of our 'gang' of trains could get over. We reached Chattanooga the next morning, where General Thomas halted, leaving me with General Morgan. We remained at the depot all night, and General Morgan divided his blankets with me, as the night was cool. In taking leave General Thomas told me they would carry me into Huntsville, but he was not so sure I should be able to get back.

October 1. — The trains left Chattanooga very early and reached Stevenson by 10 A.M., where we halted for two hours. I saw symptoms of excitement and anxiety and began to feel some uneasiness. Presently the trains moved off and I approached General Morgan for information, remarking that he must have observed I had asked no questions. 'You were afraid you might not get an answer,' he said. 'No, sir, I was not afraid of that — but afraid lest I should seem curious or indelicate.'

The man meant no incivility; it was the native Yankeeism within him which forbade him to understand how delicacy could restrain curiosity.

'Well,' he said, 'I don't know how it is. There is trouble in Huntsville, but the wires are down and we can't tell what it is. If Forrest is there, we will soon drive him off; he can't stand before infantry.'

I overheard some discussion among the officers. They agreed that if it

was Wheeler he would soon get out of the way, but if Forrest was there he would show fight. I heard also that the road was broken and a train captured the day before. So I lay down on a bench prepared presently to hear the bullets crashing through the cars.

Yet it was interesting to see the caution and the boldness with which they pressed on. In front was an engineer train provided with all mechanical appliances and manned with 400 men. Now they stopped and repaired the road, and now when the track was clear, and no danger of an ambush, they ran fast. The trains were kept close together; every man kept his musket ready in his lap and all were on the alert. When the men began to relax at a station, General Morgan called out, 'Stop that 'ere bantering, men! Hush up that slack chat!' and all was still and quiet. Night found us in Mastin's Cut, which was seriously obstructed with rocks thrown in. After two hours these were removed and we ran safely into Huntsville about 8½ P. M. Baggage in hand, I went up town; found one street and another obstructed by barricades, and at last found my way to Mrs. Rice's. A Federal Colonel was occupying part of her house; she recognized my voice and joyfully admitted me.

And now I learned that Forrest had summoned the garrison to surrender; that all day long the troops had been in the fort and the citizens in the woods expecting the fort to be stormed; and yet again, all this was a ruse of Forrest, who was busy removing prisoners and stores at Athens across the Tennessee. Morgan pursued him next day, but never succeeded in reaching him.

I remained in Huntsville until the 7th of October, when I left for Atlanta. I got to Stevenson, where the Quartermaster, Captain Warner, gave me lodging, as there was no shelter for a stranger. He told me that the bridges had sunk by reason of heavy rains and that guerillas had probably obstructed the road beyond Chattanooga. Finding it impossible to proceed, I returned to Huntsville.

And now I learned that Hood was in the rear of Atlanta, occupying the railroad. I was kept in Huntsville a month. I asked to be put across the Tennessee River, but this was refused on the ground that my pass specified the route by which I should return. I telegraphed and wrote to General Thomas at Nashville, and each time received in reply an assurance that the way would be open in three or four days to Atlanta.

At last, on the 7th of November, I set out again and reached Chattanooga on the 8th.

It rained dismally; the streets were a sea of mud and filth; the hotel was so crowded that a bed or a meal had to be almost fought for; interminable trains of cars covered the tracks. For two days I splashed through the mire from one office to another. It now became revealed that Atlanta and the roads leading to it were to be abandoned. Sherman was about to advance into the interior of Georgia; it was doubtful whether any train would go to the front.

On the morning of the 10th of November I found myself in a freight car laden with bags of oats. One door was torn off so that the car could not be closed, and as a special favor three officers and myself were allowed to ride inside. We spent two days and two nights in this car, making 70 miles.

(Next month these notes will be concluded with an intimate sketch of Grant before Appomattox)

BANKRUPTCY MILL

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

When Milltown was growing rapidly, a few years ago, the citizens felt a little aggrieved at having to go elsewhere to obtain the benefits of Federal justice. The situation has recently been relieved, though hardly in the way to rouse local pride, by regular visits from the Referee in Bankruptcy and his assistants. Quite suddenly Milltown, which had been booming broadly and handsomely, began to spawn so many bankrupts that the United States found it advisable to install local service, with regular sittings.

The Referee sat in one of the courtrooms of the new county building, his mercy seat being directly under a rather astonishing mural painting of agricultural blessedness. In this scene of beaming plenty, stalwart humans of the hardy stock which settled this county are revealed at their pioneering tasks — chopping trees and bringing in the harvest sheaves. Court attendants, who perforce study this painting closely while the lawyers are talking, point out all manner of minor anachronisms in it, both of anatomy and of costume, but there is no mistaking the atmosphere of placid plenty which it exudes, and its hale glorifying of the good old ways of Man to Earth.

Beneath this massive painting living men seemed dwarfed as they came and went, telling their brief, sad stories on the stand. Even the lawyers, though speaking with authority, seemed scarcely of the same race as the Anaks and Goliaths in the picture. The Court himself, possessed of a countenance and bearing elsewhere commanding, appeared little more than a pygmy here, in spite of his elevation on the bench. His comments were brief and hurried, and while he never failed to show either kindliness or shrewdness, one could see that he would relish the end of this sorry business.

II

A young man, almost a boy, took the stand. Married, out of work for months, owed money he could n't pay, family sickness the cause of debt, no assets, no automobile. If garnisheed, he would lose his present job. Excused. A discharge will be issued.

A somewhat older man, grocer, small store somewhere in a Polish quarter, had bought at top price a decrepit building, quarter down and pay as you earn. When he tried to repair it, the building sagged from age and swallowed his reserve. What's it worth now? Not half he paid for it. Question arises: his equity is in his wife's name now; when did he put it there, and was it to defraud creditors? Case put over, but the Judge seemed not very hearty about delay. Wife or no wife, come what may, the man's ruined. All that remains is to paw over his small assets, and divide mites.

Came a man named Lincoln, gaunt as Abraham; anyone could see he would stand by his debts as long as he could. Had been a farmer, and ruddier then, no doubt, but now carrying the dirty pallor which comes from indoor work around oil. Not much work, too many to feed, no automobile, not much of anything but debts and children. He would n't mind the debts except that his creditors were bothering him with garnishees on his pay at the factory. So he had to get clear or starve his children. The Law waved him promptly off the stand; in due course Mr. Lincoln will get his discharge.

A wrangle develops over the failure of a Hungarian merchant to list a debt he owes a neighboring baker. Both men are almost scared out of their voices. The Referee tries to make them talk up, cups his ear, calls for silence, cannot get at the root of it, small matter anyway, but he must postpone the case. Chides the lawyers for wasting his time, but is gentle and kind even with them.

Only once does he lose his judicial serenity. This is when one who seems willing to fish in these troubled waters offers one-third face value for a long list of accounts due a debtor. The Court barked him down, but in general the personification of the Law appeared to be every inch a gentleman performing with swift precision the most merciful of all legal activities.

III

When the last case was called, I left hurriedly, to avoid embarrassing a friend, a gentlewoman of the old school, who was about to appear for her final hearing. No doubt the Court placed her case last on the docket so that there would be few observers of the last act in her financial tragedy. She sat, a forlorn, huddled figure, by the only exit, as I hurried past, our eyes not meeting.

Mrs. Clare, after her husband's death, took to speculating. An extremely thrifty person in all respects, her initial successes convinced this delicate, quiet woman that she was a second Hetty Green. She pyramided her winnings with what might be considered the coolness of a professional gambler, except that events showed it to be merely the courage of ignorance. At the peak of stock prices she might have sold out for close to a million, but she could not let go. She never spent any profits, never grew extravagant, never had any fun out of her money. Her bank wisely sandbagged her out of the market at a point where she still had a choice home and enough income left to finance a standard of living well above her desires or needs. But she would not stay out. Presently she was back in the market on broker's margins, and in the end lost everything, even her home. With her fortune wiped out, she still owed money; and there, under the pioneer scene her forefathers knew so well, she waited for the final hearing that would establish her as a bankrupt.

Nothing new, I grant you, in her case; merely the old story of the widow grown mighty in her new freedom. She was in the grasp of the spirit of a mad time, when even men deemed wise talked of a New Era, when foolish youngsters actually believed in the stocks they were selling, when everyone with an axe to grind tried to make us believe that his cutlery was responsible for Prosperity. But, having known more than one generation of Clares, I see in the rise and fall of Mrs. Clare something more than merely the downfall of an individual.

Mrs. Clare's grandparents entered this state while it was still a territory. They took up land from the government in goodly quantities, tilled the

best acres, sold the rest, acquired the position of good farmers in a day when a good farmer stood as high as a village merchant. They sent their sons to college, where they became doctors, lawyers, teachers, engineers. Mrs. Clare's father was a doctor and she married a doctor's son. Both her father and her father-in-law were substantial men, looked up to as learned in the county seat where they settled. Though neither pursued the main chance too hotly, being healers first and business men second, some excellent real estate came their way and settled in their laps. One of the two died well off, and stores now grace the corner where he lived; but they are not, at this writing, Mrs. Clare's stores. In other words, a vast amount of risk, labor, and thrift, persevered in by their ancestors to improve the lot of present and coming Clares, has gone for naught, and the Clares of 1932 will be poorer, both actually and by contrast with their neighbors, than were the Clares of 1832.

In her dizzy climb with the boom, Mrs. Clare passed from the middle to the upper economic class, and then dropped clear through the middle bracket into the proletariat, from which it is unlikely that either she or her descendants will emerge for some time, if ever. Of the other cases under review that day, three were those of merchants gone bankrupt, sliding from the middle class into the lower level. Two represented the defeat of efforts to climb from the cellar to the ground floor, while three revealed merely the misfortunes of toilers caught in the wash when the cellar flooded.

IV

The net of the day showed a clear gain of four for the proletariat, and a proportionate shrinkage in the middle class. In some such degree the process is going on all over the country. The question arises, How small a middle class can America and its going institutions stand on securely?

It is an axiom of political philosophy that the modern, democratic, parliamentary state rests on a middle-class base, the middlers holding the balance between the few rich and the many with little or no margin. It seems evident that the middle class in America has been shrinking for a hundred years or more. While figures for that distant day are not available, a close reading of American history fortifies the view that not less than 70 per cent of the population occupied the middle economic ground in 1830. The average income of the members of this massive bloc might be small in dollars, but the dollars went further, contrasts between classes were less sharp, and a large percentage of the people were in a position to absorb unearned increment in land. Once the ancestors of Mrs. Clare, for instance, made good their homestead on the prairie, and ploughed themselves out of debt into security, they moved into a middle class comprising the great bulk of their fellow citizens. But when Mrs. Clare slipped from the middle class to the lower class, she still further reduced a middle class which already held only 27 per cent of the population. This estimate of the middle class at 27 per cent, while the latest I have seen, is probably already out of line. To-day the middle class may be no more than 20 per cent.

Is this process fated and inescapable? Professor Willford King's great study, *The Wealth and Income of the United States*, indicates something of the sort; at least it shows that American incomes tend to classify themselves roughly as do those of Prussia. The middle class, apparently, is a party to

its own destruction, since it bulwarks a legal and economic status under which, as time runs on, its part of the nation becomes less and less. And, strangely enough, no latter-day effort to expand the middle class seems to be successful unless it follows a revolution performed by a swollen proletariat.

The French Revolution and the Russian Revolution began as middle-class movements, but their respective middle classes were too small to carry those movements through, and the proletarians took them over. Napoleon finally liquidated the French Revolution on the basis of enlarging the middle class by making serfs and tenants into peasant proprietors. Since which time France has been steady. The net result of that revolution was an enlarged middle class which has resisted sternly all tendencies likely to undermine its position.

It is conceivable that the Russian Revolution may follow the same course. Whereas only 7 per cent of pre-Revolution Russians were middle-class folk, the settlement of the nation, in the long run, may find Russia with a middle class five or even ten times as large. Of course, Stalin & Co. will hardly accept this writing off of their titanic labors without an earnest effort to the contrary, but, as in France, a time may come when the only way of saving any of the fruits of revolution will be through middle-class expansion vital to national stability. Settling a nation after a revolution is of all tasks the most difficult, as Cromwell discovered. The recent edict giving factory managers more authority over trade-unions, and according more opportunity to the intelligentsia, seems to contain at least the germs of middle-class growth, which is essentially the rise to responsibility of able proletarians more interested in practicalities than in politics. But if and when Russia acquires her most conspicuous historic lack, — a middle class, — the shredding-away process, so evident in America, will presumably set in unless that middle class can find ways of preserving itself against the frictions of peace.

V

Above the Law, as its representatives swiftly sorted Americans downward that day in court, soared the picture of a day that is done. Probably the reality never equaled in bland beauty the portrayal on the wall. But at least that was a time when the common man was also a middle-class man, and as such a dependable supporter of the private-property clause of the Constitution, which, after all, is the most important clause in that document.

I repeat: On just how small a middle class can America, as we know it, securely stand? The question might be put another way: How large a proletariat can America, as we know it, hold out against? But that version of it puts the cart before the horse. The proletariat grows in both numbers and consciousness as the middle class dwindles.

A MOUNTAIN LOVER

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME

I

Liesel Roth had a romantic imagination — that is to say, the outer facts of life hardly troubled her at all. Penury, an insignificant exterior, the absence of all tender ties, and the enforced presence of a wholly unappetizing stepmother, slid off her like water off a duck's back.

All round her native valley stood mountains; and out of these Liesel formed her intimacies. They were good comrades, their variety was limitless; and they never interfered with their friends, except to kill them if their friends should happen to be on them at inconvenient moments.

Liesel augmented this select society by that of the heroes of history and literature. She flooded her attentive mind with their exploits, and when the words of her heroes equaled their deeds, she remembered them.

A scholarship kept Liesel blissfully happy for three years in an ancient city made out of men's dreams. The dreams were forgotten, but the stones remained; and Liesel arranged her own dreams to suit them. It was not perhaps a happier time in her life than any other, but the door stood open, and the future rose on all sides of her like the friendly mountains, high and limitless, but not, she modestly hoped, inaccessible.

At the end of the three years, Fate returned Liesel to her native valley to teach peasant children at a microscopic salary in a village school. She reminded herself that she was better off than some people, for her father had made her part sharer of all that he was able to leave when he had successfully shaken off his second wife, in the only way open to respectable husbands to shake off nagging wives. Half a small chalet, and the whole of her stepmother's tongue, were Liesel's heritage, and when she once more entered her native valley she heard the door of the Future close behind her with hopeless finality.

Still, the mountains remained, and even the most docile of human beings, when backed by a little money, can assert herself.

Liesel gave part of her small salary to her stepmother on condition that she might call — as well as her soul — one private room, a bathroom, and a cat, her own. The kitchen, a living room, the best bedroom, and two caged and piercingly shrill canaries, she left to her stepmother. Liesel had a gas-ring put into the bathroom, and a stove, which warmed the two apartments sufficiently for the cat to prefer them to the snow outside. Liesel always locked the door before she left her side of the house; and once inside again, the cat on her knee, a kettle on the gas-ring, and with Schiller's ballads, she would relock the door, leaving her stepmother to scold and bicker over her empty hearth.

This was no doubt a very cruel piece of spiritual evasion on Liesel's part, but, although Liesel was a romantic, she knew where to draw the line. She thought it sufficient to work with immature human beings all day long, teaching what she did n't believe to stuffy little children whom she did not really like, without wasting what remained of her brain when she came home on a vulgar and spiteful old woman, who had practically killed her father.

Her stepmother tried various ways of breaking down Liesel's privacy. She outrivaled the canaries in shrillness. She upbraided, whined, and passionately scolded. She scalded her foot and got chronic bronchitis, but it was all no use. Liesel paid for a girl to run errands for her and arranged with the district nurse, a heartless young woman who did not believe lies when told them, to visit her stepmother twice a day — but she went on reading Schiller behind locked doors.

Every morning Liesel went to school with the utmost punctuality, and returned home only in time for supper. After dark she sat by herself, or with her cat, if it was in the mood for it. She neither talked scandal nor gave her stepmother relief by producing it.

II

Liesel came from a better family than her stepmother — of super-peasants who rarely had babies before their marriages. She herself went further than this, for she refused to indulge in those frank provocative parleyings with young men at street corners which lead sometimes to babies without marriage, and sometimes to marriage itself. It was true that on summer evenings Liesel disappeared, and that on Sundays she was up at dawn and out all day, but it was generally admitted that, if you climb mountains for their sakes alone, you cannot be improper.

Liesel treated the mountains as all women should treat their lovers, with respect and without fear; so they never did her any harm and shared with her many of their secrets. The children in her class loved her, in spite of Liesel's not being at all particularly fond of them — for this absence of affection did not prevent Liesel from being kind, just, and quiet. Everybody in the valley respected Liesel, although they thought her mad.

Time went on very peacefully for Liesel as soon as she grew used to the fact that she would never have any earthly prizes — except, with luck, if she survived her stepmother, the whole of her father's house. Her imagination took her fast and far; and nature never stopped pouring into her receptive soul an inexhaustible supply of beauties. Animals and birds returned her unexacting companionship, and as for flowers, they invariably revealed themselves to Liesel in places and under conditions which usually baffle the most ardent botanists.

Liesel could have become quite famous as a botanist if she had known or cared anything about publicity. As it was, she merely collected and carefully studied the rare specimens she found, and, rather fiercely, kept them alive in the bathroom during the hardest winters.

Still, however intelligent and impersonal one contrives to be, it is seldom that a human being goes through life without attaching undue importance to some other human being, and even Liesel fell a victim to this universal misfortune. Her mind was so riddled with Schiller's frenzied and self-sacrificing heroes that she was never in any danger of falling in love with an eligible person. Nor indeed would she have

known how to meet the object of her affections had there been any danger of his returning them. But there was no such danger.

III

Herr Andreas von Mecklen came once a year for a very few weeks to Obermais in order to enjoy the exceptional variety of its ski tours. He was a great and rightly renowned skier. A man of poor but distinguished family, very handsome in a *cinquecento* way. If he had worn more clothes instead of fewer, and had any tendency to armor, there is no niche or tomb on which Andreas would not have more than held his own. As to his exploits, they outrivaled the busiest of Schiller's heroes.

Andreas was not particularly young, and, although he had always been aggravatingly irresistible to women, he had remained unmarried for over forty years. He had a great but impersonal kindness for women. He liked teaching them to ski; and then leaving them alone to do it. He considered them to be the weaker sex, but not on that account to be either despised or given way to; and he was one of those rare men who do not wish women to make fools of themselves over an inclination he felt no prompting to return.

Liesel always went to Andreas's late afternoon classes upon the nursery slopes, where he obligingly showed to intelligent novices, for nothing but love of it, the finer subtleties of his art. Anyone can learn how to ski who has common courage and balancing power, but to be a pretty skier, no danger to others and a pleasure to yourself, is a much more difficult business. Liesel, who had never had much practice in the refinements of skiing, soon became the best and safest of his pupils.

It is doubtful if Andreas even knew her name, but he knew her way of taking a steep slope, and after a time he discovered her knowledge of the neighboring mountains. When the class was over, he often discussed with Liesel what tours to take.

'It is possible to climb the Kitz Horn from the north side,' Liesel would say quietly, and without looking at Andreas, as if she were speaking to the listening air, but putting it under no obligation to return an answer.

'But I thought that had never been done in winter on account of the big drop?' Andreas might object. 'It is pure rock, is it not?'

'On the left of the big drop there is a narrow snow slope which can be managed if the snow is firm,' Liesel informed the universe at large; and, if the universe was in an accommodating frame of mind, Andreas and Liesel managed it.

Sometimes Andreas asked Liesel to try out a tour in advance with him in order to find out if it was safe enough for the others; and sometimes he asked her to climb a more difficult mountain which would just be fun for themselves. While they were negotiating, in intelligent peace, the stiffest of her mountains, Liesel would sometimes wonder if human beings could not die of joy. Her whole being felt soaked in light and warmth, thrilled through and through with flying air, and quiet as the listening snows.

Liesel was used to mountains. She had known, not once but many times, the intoxication of delight when dawn flings out its banners into blue air. The moon could not surprise her by pouring its brilliant greeting over a lonely peak; but these ecstasies grew sharper when Andreas, uncommunicative but entranced, stood by her side. The earth was shot with joy, and all her transfixed heart was one with it.

IV

Herr Andreas soon grew used to the tireless woman by his side, sexless and silent, as he himself loved to be. It was almost as good as if she were not there, even at times more convenient.

He noticed one or two things about Liesel, as a sportsman will. She never showed off. Her attention did not wander from the job in hand. She made no careless mistakes. She was an admirable guide, apt to carry spare parts of kit, and capable of sewing things on or binding things up. Her hands were large, but not clumsy, and they never trembled. Disagreeable surprises deepened her serenity. She did nothing to make bad moments worse. Nor did she seem to think that anything adverse was necessarily somebody else's fault.

Herr Andreas knew many women who were good sportsmen; but Liesel differed from all of them. She put no emphasis upon her sportsmanship and she seemed mercifully unaware that her companion was an attractive man.

'This Liesel,' Andreas asked one of his favorite guides, 'from Obermais — what kind of woman is she off the mountains — in her private life?'

'She is a good girl, without pride,' Herr Fuchs answered, 'but if you understand what I mean — she has no private life. As we say here, "a woman made of wood"! Would you believe it — she has turned thirty and has never had a lover! That does n't happen often in our valley, I can assure you!'

Andreas laughed and thought to himself: 'Well, at last I have met a woman whom I can go about with in safety!'

And indeed Andreas was safe, for Liesel consumed her own danger.

There were winters when Andreas never came to Obermais. Liesel would wait, week after week, month after blind month, for any news of him. His name spoken once in a day would ease her heart. Once at a dentist's she saw his picture in a newspaper. After her tooth had been very painfully extracted, Liesel stole the newspaper. She cut out Andreas's portrait and put it at the bottom of a locked drawer. It was as if she held spring captive there — with all its flowers.

The next winter Andreas came again, and paid Liesel their kind of compliment.

They had taken with them on tour a whole class of beginners — good beginners, of course, not unworthy of Andreas's patient skill in teaching. But, as often happens with novices, a young girl set off on a steep run and forgot, in the excitement of pace, how to prevent herself from colliding with a tree. She took a bad toss and broke her leg. Andreas reached her first, with the satin-easy swoop of a plover over its nest, and by the time he had seen the extent of the injury Liesel was beside him. She handed him her ski stick, which he cut in equal halves, binding the leg between them.

'Now,' Andreas said, lifting the girl in his arms and balancing her in front of him on his ski, her hands upon his shoulders and his at her waist, 'she will stand very well like this, and I will run her down the mountain to the nearest doctor. You, Liesel, will take the class over the *Hohe* and down by Partenkirchen. They can go back from there by train. Be careful of the south slope!'

And without waiting for Liesel to do more than nod, Andreas, on a smooth glide, swept over the brim of the mountain.

It did not surprise Liesel to hear that Andreas had got the injured girl to the doctor without so much as a jerk down three thousand feet of difficult mountain. Nor did it surprise Andreas to

hear that Liesel had led his class in safety off the *Hohe* in good time for their train.

V

This was the high-water mark of Liesel's romance; but she never resented its static quality. Her imagination taught her that love of an individual is at its best when it holds most dear certain qualities possessed by its beloved. Liesel loved Andreas because he was brave and without self-seeking. She knew that he was a great and very gallant artist, practising his art without thinking of anything else but how to do it better.

Liesel thought that she had succeeded in her love because she recognized these golden qualities in Andreas, and very modestly, and as it were a long way off, she tried to reproduce them in herself. Sometimes Liesel wished that Andreas was not so good to look at, for fear that the sharp joy his beauty gave her should disturb her deep attention to his virtues. But on the whole she was safe with Andreas, for he was no better to look at than he was to learn from.

It was not even necessary that he should be visible — for, whether he was at Obermais or at Mount Everest, Liesel could go on building up in herself the qualities she knew him to possess. The only real difference was that if he was present she looked at him economically, and that when he was absent she was a little extravagant about her inner vision.

'How would it be,' Andreas asked her, in the tenth winter of their slight acquaintance, 'to try the Great Bear — if this frost lasts? Johann Adler is engaged this week, and the Bear is too stiff a mountain for anyone else in our neighborhood, but as far as I can see he would not be too hard a nut for us to crack together.'

'The slope down from the summit is the best long run we have,' Liesel answered thoughtfully, 'but you remember that beneath the run — before one is off the mountain — there are crevasses? Most of them are well marked, and naturally one has been over them often in the late spring, but under deep snow they sometimes change a little. Still, he is an easy mountain in good weather. I have not often tried him in winter, but last January I went up him alone, and the run down was — good.'

'You should not have done that, of course!' Herr Andreas said reprovingly, but his eyes twinkled.

'Yes, it was wrong,' Liesel agreed humbly, 'and I told no one I had done it. I would not set such an example — but perhaps now it will be useful!'

'Well, never do such a thing again!' Andreas said with a smile. For though he knew how very wrong it is for a single skier to climb a mountain alone, he knew that, had the occasion arisen, he might have committed the same sin himself. Neither he nor Liesel belonged to that selfish class of the foolhardy who seek risks for the sake of their vanity, and drag in other people to clear up the accidents caused by it.

Still, even the most prudent trust to luck sometimes — and sometimes pull it off!

'No, I will never do it again,' Liesel agreed obediently. 'It was only that last winter — well, it sometimes happens that there is no one to do what one wants with one — and then — and then one does it by one's self!'

Herr Andreas nodded; it was on the tip of his tongue to say that naturally one preferred doing things by one's self, but that one could not always allow one's self so great a privilege — but it occurred to him that it was not courteous to tell a good comrade this rather exclusive truth.

VI

They set off to climb the Great Bear at five o'clock on a January morning, with the end of moonlight to set them on their way. They climbed, with unhurrying steadiness, hour after hour until the clear and biting night grew into an apricot dawn. A sea of white mist floated beneath them, while far above their heads, in the bright air, rose their peak, in an unearthly purity. The sun shot up suddenly over a lower range, and smote the snow under their feet into cloth of gold.

'We must turn here,' said Liesel, 'for higher up it is too steep to run!'

Andreas measured the heights above them thoughtfully. 'Still a little higher,' he murmured under his breath; and they climbed on.

'Now!' Andreas said. Obediently Liesel turned; he was above her, and she let him pass her before she plunged after him into a gulf of air which had turned blue.

Like birds, like clouds with the wind behind them, they fled down the side of their great protagonist. Every now and then they pulled up sharply to negotiate a difficult piece of mountain or to slide warily round the threat of a snow cornice. But for the most part they escaped into the spirit of speed.

When they had reached the flat region of the glacier they drew near each other.

'Here we must go slow,' Andreas said. 'The snow is deep — it would be safer to give me your hand.'

Liesel gave it to him, as casually as though her hand were a ski stick.

'Very slow here,' she agreed quietly.

The sun was blinding hot. There was a tense stillness from end to end of the glacier. The air, the snows, the mountain, all seemed to have lived so long ago that they had passed beyond the region of sound.

Liesel felt the snow beneath her feet move uneasily. She wrenched her hand away from Andreas. She saw his face in the sunlight — before the blue ice opened to swallow her.

Andreas spent hours trying to reach her and could not. She never answered his calls; but at last two guides from the hut below heard him, and joined in his search.

He made them let him down into the crevasse, and there he found her, frozen and clenched between the walls of ice. The smile upon her lips was so happy that Andreas knew it could not have been death alone that had caused it.

The guides too spoke of it when they had drawn them both up into the pitiless light.

'Look at her!' one of them said in an awed voice. 'One would say that she had met her lover!'

SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON

The Professional Public Servant

BY FRANK R. KENT

I

THE Honorable James E. Watson, Senator from Indiana, is one of the most colorful characters on the American political stage, upon which he has strutted for a great many years. He has represented his state in the Senate since 1916. Twice he has aspired to the Presidency — once covertly in 1920, once openly in 1928. His name was presented for the Vice Presidential nomination at the 1924 convention of his party, and he is now the Republican leader of the Senate. It can hardly be denied that these things make him a national figure. Certainly he is one of the 'rulers of America,' a man who influences national legislation, affects the country currents, a person of real importance in the national scheme.

It is somewhat startling to those who know him well to consider Jim Watson, the Indiana politician, as affecting the affairs of the world and dealing with the destinies of the human race. It is no more remarkable, however, when all three are accurately measured, than that Harding and Coolidge should have been President, and the latter even now be the most popular man in the country, regarded generally by the masses, and by some really intelligent people, as great. The reason, of course, is total lack of popular appreciation that a combination of politics, prosperity, and propaganda can make a minnow seem a whale. Actually, Jim is by no means inferior to the other two. Actually, he is much the most personally attractive. That they became President and he not was a matter of luck. It might just as easily have come his way — because he had gotten in reach of the White House just as they did, coming up along the same machine-made political path, riding on the organization escalator, the beneficiary of the same system. All he needed was 'the break.'

Now, how did he make the grade? How did he get as far as he has? What sort of man is he? What is his record? What his qualifications?

To those who lack a clear understanding of practical politics as practised in America — and it is amazing how many do — such questions will instantly call to mind two baffling problems about which, in one form or another, there have been much vain oral argument and many confusing written words. One is: Why, in a nation of some 130,000,000 people, when the two great party conventions meet to nominate candidates for President, is their choice always limited rigidly to a ridiculously narrow field? Never by any chance, at any time, are there more than three or four available men in either party. The other: How is it possible for men with not a shadowy

claim to greatness or the thinnest pretension to statesmanship, with neither outstanding qualifications nor impeccable records, extremely ordinary, very poorly equipped men — how do such men become national political figures and get within striking distance of the Presidency, some achieving it?

Though they diverge, there is a close relation between these questions. The discussion of one leads into or goes back to the other. There is a book in each. Each goes to the very roots of our political system and to the bottom of the psychology and nature of the American people. Fundamentally, they are the same questions asked from different angles, and the answer to each is the same. The answer, of course, is the primaries, which are the key to all politics, infinitely more vital than the general election, and without a clear grasp of which there is no comprehension of politics.

It is not proposed in this article to go deeper into this basic fact, the truth of which is beyond dispute. Instead, I want to deal with the second angle of the question — and deal with it, not by analyzing in the abstract the conditions that make it possible for these men to obtain national prominence, but by presenting a concrete example of one who has done so. An interpretation of him as a personality and a political figure may be the better way of shedding light on the subject. Certainly it is the more interesting way.

II

The story of Senator Watson is a fascinating one — but the same sort of story could be written of Coolidge, of Harding, of Charley Curtis, of Hiram Johnson, of McKinley, of many another, living and dead, some of whom have made the White House and others just missed it. The thing that makes each story different is the personality of the man, but the road they traveled is the same. In Jim's case the distinctive character is given by the color, the charm, the gusto and humor of the man, his Gargantuan amiability and friendliness, his extraordinary lack of conviction, amazing flexibility, and robust nature. In many ways he is the ideal politician, built for the game as it is played in America 'from the ground up.'

For the purposes of this article it is neither necessary nor possible to deal with Jim's boyhood or babyhood, to discuss his ancestry or birth. It is enough to say that Jim was born in Indiana, and had behind him neither an influential family connection nor large wealth. He has made his own way; there is no doubt of that. Of course he inherited his Republicanism, and the two things to-day in which he firmly believes are the Republican organization and a high protective tariff. He always has believed in those, he always will; but if there is any other question, issue, idea, subject, measure, proposition, proposal, or association concerning which he has a stable conviction, his closest friends do not know it and there is nothing in his record to reveal it. Expediency is the keynote of his existence. He can shift from one position to another with extraordinary celerity and practically no inconvenience to himself. His basic political philosophy is never to let himself be caught in a minority. Out in Indiana there is a favorite saying: 'Jim loves a majority.'

It was in 1894 that Jim first broke into politics. Through personal friendship with the local leader he got the regular Republican nomination for Congress in the district, and was elected. Prior to that he had been practising law and making friends. For the latter he has great natural gifts. It

is almost impossible not to like him. In those days Jim was young, handsome, and eloquent. Tall, straight as a column, with a fine head, a great mane of wavy black hair, and a big, booming voice, when he came to the town of Richmond it made what amounted to a municipal holiday. Everybody turned out to see him — and hear him. He radiated geniality and good humor. He knew everybody in town, called them all by their first names, shook hands and slapped backs all over the place.

As a hand-shaker Jim comes pretty close to being the world champion. He loves it. He never wearies of it. It is as natural to him as breathing. When he sees a man whose face he knows, his hand goes out automatically and without thought. He was in those days a fine figure of a man — is still, for that matter, at sixty-seven, though the black has gone out of the mane, the shoulders are not so erect, and he carries the usual Senatorial paunch. It is interesting that Jim's first reputation was made in Indiana, delivering memorial addresses at Elks Lodges. Always a joiner, Jim early became an Elk, and could on these occasions make the most hardened brother weep. Often he would weep himself — crocodile tears.

His oratorical mechanics on the stump used to be marvelous to watch. With the years he has acquired a certain dignity, but in the old days he really gave a wonderful show. He would work himself up to an astonishing pitch, tear off first his collar and necktie, then throw aside his coat and vest, until, clad in trousers, shirt, and suspenders, he could really let himself go. It was all clearly a staged performance and Jim was not a bit excited, but they loved it out in Indiana, and the state has had few more entrancing spellbinders.

With his first election to Congress Jim was really launched. He came down to Washington and in an amazingly brief period, through his exhilarating personality, was one of the most popular men in the House. More than that, in a short time he was one of the little circle that ran things. A good companion who told a good story, played a good game of poker, and enjoyed a drink, he became one of 'Uncle Joe' Cannon's most intimate friends. He was one of the real Cannon protégés, and Uncle Joe, then Speaker, used him in a lot of ways, sending him to New York on 'party business,' trusting him with the inner House strategy, making him an important cog in his House machine, putting him on good committees, seeing that he got what he wanted to strengthen him 'back home.'

Renominated and reëlected for five consecutive terms, Jim began to branch out in Indiana, and became a recognized factor in the state organization. Popular, useful, and available, in 1908 he had no great trouble in getting the Republican nomination for Governor, but he was beaten by the late Tom Marshall.

III

Out of office, Jim did n't stay out of Washington. On the contrary, the following April he appeared in the Capital as the paid representative of certain subsidiaries of the American Manufacturers Association, for which Michael Martin Mulhall was chief lobbyist. Mulhall hired Watson to advocate the insertion of a tariff-commission proposal in the Payne-Aldrich Bill, and this turned out to be one of the first of the various not entirely creditable spots in his career. A Congressional committee began an investigation of lobbying, and Mulhall, turning on his employees, said Watson had interested himself in rates as well

as in the tariff commission. In its formal report the House Committee said: —

> The Committee questions the propriety of one who has been a member of Congress and attained a personal and political influence, capitalizing that influence in pressing legislative proposals upon Congress for hire, by personal contact and personal efforts with members, as was done in this case. And we confess to a feeling of regret that upon any question, whatsoever its merits, the lobbyist for it should be able to say, as Mr. Watson said in this case, 'I had various members of Congress coming to report to me how their delegation stood.'

This was rather severe on Jim, and one would think it would have damaged him in Indiana politics. It might have damaged some other man — but not Jim. A curious thing about him is that matters such as these, showing him in what may be mildly called 'an unfavorable light,' — and in the course of his more than a quarter of a century of active politics he has had quite a few such, — never seem to do Jim any particular harm. For one thing, he just laughs them off. For another, there is so clear an understanding of the man that these things do not seem incongruous or shocking when revealed about him.

Take, for example, the most recent disclosure. A few months ago a Senate committee declared that Jim, in 1929, had secured from a sugar lobbyist, interested in the sugar rates of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, a block of stock in the sugar company of which the lobbyist was the head. Jim had given for the stock his unsecured, unendorsed, non-interest-bearing note, which had been returned to him with the stock. In other words, Jim got the stock without paying a nickel, and later voted for the sugar rates. When the facts came out, Jim loudly laughed and said, 'There is n't anything in it. The stock's no good and my note's no good, so the score is 0 to 0, with no hits, no runs, and two errors — the first error, me taking their stock, the second error, them taking my note.'

That is a typical Watson reply, characteristic of his attitude and feeling about these things. Imagine, if you can, a Glass or a Borah or a Norris making a deal like that, or treating its disclosure like that! To some men it would be a ruinous incident. It will hardly cost Jim a vote when he runs again this fall. Out in Indiana they just laugh and say, 'Well, I see they've got another one on Jim.'

The Mulhall business did n't damage him a bit. In the years immediately following he continued his Washington connection, but likewise devoted a great deal of time to strengthening himself at home, with the result that when, in 1916, Senator John W. Kern died, he became a candidate for the Republican Senatorial nomination for the short term. It was in these primaries that he had perhaps the bitterest fight of his life. Harry S. New, later Postmaster-General under Harding, was his opponent. The contest was a terrific one, in which many terrible things were said of Jim and each side left little undone to discredit the other.

After it was over and the convention about to meet, it was clear that Jim had a majority of the delegates; but Harry had such convincing affidavits of fraud that, once they became public, Jim's nomination would have meant party defeat in the election. And Mr. New had every intention of making them public. At this critical stage Mr. Shively, the other Senator from Indiana, died, thus creating two vacancies. It was a great piece of luck for Jim. The convention met and in effect said, 'Here, the nomination of either of these men alone will disrupt the party,

but the nomination of both will save the situation. There are two vacancies. The thing to do is to nominate them both.' And that is what they did.

IV

Jim went to the Senate that year, and there he has been ever since — three times reëlected. He has had to trim and hedge and shift and fight and forgive and dodge and defend and laugh and work and talk more than most men to keep there; but there he is, and there, unless his luck leaves him this fall, he will stay, for he is sure of unopposed renomination this summer. The seniority rule of the Senate made him the Republican floor leader in 1929, and his control of his party organization in Indiana since 1922 has been practically undisputed and complete. All of his really formidable enemies have passed out of politics or passed away altogether. To-day he not only is unbeatable in an Indiana Republican primary, but, so far as the Republicans are concerned, is the dictator of the state, without whose support no man can be nominated for a state-wide office.

The development of this sort of power is by no means to be attributed to his personality. A personality such as Jim's is a great political asset, but it could not make him or anyone else a Republican boss in a state like Indiana. What has done it is patronage — largely Federal patronage. In every state the Republican machine is built up around the Federal officeholders. To a remarkable extent they are the state machines. Through them is achieved control of the primary gate through which all aspirants to elective office must first pass. Control of the primaries is control of the party. Jim has that now, has had it for ten years, and he got it because since 1916 he has been practically the sole distributor of the Federal patronage in his state.

It is completely a Watson machine now, but it has taken more than a decade to construct it. During that time he has stood a good deal of punishment, been called a lot of hard names, sustained numerous bruises, cuts, and contusions. He has had covert alliances with the Anti-Saloon League and the Ku Klux Klan, though at heart no one thinks or ever thought he was in sympathy with either. But 'Jim loves a majority,' and when they seemed a majority he was an exceedingly friendly, even affectionate fellow. To-day the Klan has shriveled and lost its Indiana power, but the Republican alliance with it, for which many blame Jim, resulted in a series of scandals in Indiana that made the name of the state a byword in the country and sent various high Republican wheel horses to the penitentiary, including one governor. Through it all, conciliating, compromising, negotiating, placating, promising, pleasant, shaking hands and telling the boys 'Everything will be all right,' Jim Watson has moved, survived, retained his urbanity, held on to his leadership. And there he is on top, the dominant force in his state, Indiana's 'favorite son,' whose name has been presented for the Presidency, and who still cherishes hopes — particularly when he thinks of Harding and Coolidge. He is an extraordinary character.

In brief, that is Jim's political career. When one looks back over it, a period of nearly thirty years in Congress, it is astonishing how thin it is. His successes have been local successes — appropriations for Indiana post offices and projects, pensions for his constituents, and jobs, jobs, jobs. But no great measure bears his name; no constructive piece of legislation was ever enacted through his efforts; no policy

initiated, no proposal inaugurated. His career is in fact completely barren of accomplishment, but it does not greatly differ in that respect from dozens of others with the same opportunities. It is typically political.

Jim is not a well-informed man, not a student of public questions, not a reader of books. All he wants to know about a subject is enough to make a flamboyant speech about it. The details bore him. He has a fairly good mind, but he is intellectually lazy, superficial, not to say trifling — but likable. He has n't even a well-defined political philosophy, unless it is contained in one of his favorite sayings, 'If you can't lick 'em, jine 'em.' Party regularity is his fetish, conservatism is in his blood. Through all his political life he has leaned to the side of the railroads, the banks, the corporations, the 'interests.' There is not an ounce of radicalism in his whole gigantic frame, not the smallest trace of progressivism. To mention the word 'reform' in the presence of Jim is a joke. He is an Old Guardsman from the heart, a reactionary, a regular stand-pat Republican, who will go any limit in a personal fight, and abandon any principle to promote his party.

Yet, despite this, there have been times when Jim, now a party leader, forsook *his* party leader, even hobnobbed and flirted with the Western radicals. For example, there was his vote against the World Court protocol in 1926. Up to that time he had been a World Court man, counted upon as an unshakable advocate. The explanation given by his Indiana friends is that word came to him from home that the late Albert J. Beveridge proposed to enter the Senatorial primaries against him, making opposition to the Court his issue. So Jim shrewdly shifted, voted against the Court, and sent word to Coolidge, then in the White House, that he had to do it, 'but don't hold it against me.' In reply to a hot letter from an Indiana friend, Jim wrote in effect: 'Don't get excited. I voted against the Court, but I got six other Senators to vote for it.'

The Capital is full of stories like that about Jim which, better than any psychological analysis, illustrate and interpret the man. Once a group of newspaper men surrounded him as he came out of the Senate and asked his position on a pending bill. 'Well, boys, it's this way. You see, I've got friends on both sides of this measure and you know I'm the kind of guy who stands by his friends' — and away he walked, with an arm over the shoulder of one, a hand clasping the arm of another, and the infectious Watsonian laugh ringing through the corridor.

V

It was during 1928 that he had his flirtation with the radicals. At that time Jim was strongly antagonistic to the nomination of Mr. Hoover. So was Vice President Dawes. Jim and the Vice President became ardent exponents of the equalization-fee system of farm relief, to which Hoover was opposed as economically unsound and savoring of socialism. Jim did not then, and does not now, know what the equalization fee really meant, but he made some stirring speeches on it just the same, and conferred with the Western Progressives as one of them. Carrying the scheme West after the adjournment, Jim did considerable toward stirring up the farmers and arraying his section against Hoover. Announcing himself as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, he became exceedingly bitter when Hoover entered the Indiana primaries, and, denouncing Hoover all over the state, Jim carried them handsomely.

At Kansas City, Jim was really in charge of the anti-Hoover allies, planned their campaign, organized the demonstration against Hoover, and made a violent pre-convention speech in which he said things about Hoover much more severe than any Democrat later did. But once the nomination was made, Jim supported the ticket in the most whole-hearted fashion, put aside the last remnant of bitterness, wanted Hoover elected, wanted him to succeed after he was elected. That's Jim. There is no vindictiveness in his nature. He harbors no grudges, and the party and the party leader always get his support — except upon certain rare occasions, such as those noted above, when local political expediency compels a momentary irregularity. This, to Jim, is entirely excusable if it does not happen too often and does not imperil party success.

If Mr. Hoover had a better understanding of Jim, he would have had, perhaps, better coöperation in the Senate. It was, of course, something of a jolt when he became President to find the Senate presenting him with Jim Watson, his most violent pre-convention enemy, as administration leader, through whom he was supposed to deal, and in whom, to deal effectively, he had to repose every confidence. It was natural for him to feel that Jim was a hostile Indian, to regard him as tricky, treacherous, and unreliable. Before his nomination Jim might have been all those things, but not later. Hoover nominated and Hoover in the White House became at once to Jim his party leader — and to the party leader he is loyal. He wanted to be, was, and is loyal to Hoover as the party leader, but only for that reason.

Of course he and the President are such widely different types that there could hardly be anything like personal cordiality between them. They do not speak the same language or think the same thoughts. Their reactions are as dissimilar as their tastes, their talents, and their personal appearance. They are both members of the human race, but that is the only tie between them.

It is hard, then, to blame Mr. Hoover for not having much confidence in Jim. In view of what he knew about Jim, it would have been remarkable if he had. Nevertheless, if he had trusted Jim a bit more and understood him a bit better, Mr. Hoover would have had a more effective loyalty and a warmer support from him. Probably it would have made very little difference in the net results of the last session, or of the present one. Still, the idea that Jim has 'let things go in order to give Hoover a black eye' is not fair. He has done the best he could. A leader much abler and far more gifted than Jim could have done little more than he, for the very simple reason that there is no way to keep a majority behind him. The regular Republicans were at all times in a minority, and their leader was distinctly out of luck. He is even more so this time.

Yet, curious as it may seem, Jim Watson, the least sensitive of men, accustomed to laughing off the most virulent newspaper attacks and making a jest of disclosures about his private finances and political skullduggery, is somewhat sensitive about being referred to as a poor leader. It rather hurts his feelings. He does not think it should be done. He does not believe it true. When he first took over the Senate leadership, his idea was to become the great conciliator, and for months he industriously conciliated all over the Senate Chamber. It is true that he did not get very far; but then who could? How could anyone conciliate Borah and Smoot, George Norris and George Moses, Hiram

Johnson and Simeon Fess? But Jim tried, and is still trying. Somewhat mortified as well as handicapped by not having the complete White House confidence, he is still in his way loyal to Hoover, though not liking him.

Whatever may be said about Jim politically, — and there is not much that has n't been said, — there is no room at all for criticism of his life as a family man. Mrs. Watson is a charming and lovely lady, to whom he is completely devoted. He is proud of his boys and worships his grandchildren. No one really knows whether Jim is rich or not. The Watsons live in a handsome but leased house in Washington, do not entertain a great deal or lavishly, but when they do, they do it extremely well. Jim travels about quite a bit, dresses rather expensively, and never seems to lack money, notwithstanding his expressed opinion about the value of his notes.

Politically he is not a wicked man. There is nothing really evil about him. He is not really immoral politically — just non-moral; not unprincipled, merely non-principled. He is one of the world's greatest promisers. 'Yes, you bet your sweet life I'm with you for this job, old boy. You can count on me till the cows come home,' he tells them, walking to the door of his office, arm over the applicant's shoulder, a note of complete sincerity in his rich voice. And then he forgets all about it — but he meant it at the time.

He does not whimper when he is beaten; he is not afraid of a fight, though he never fights unless it is necessary; he is a gorgeous bluffer and he bears no malice. Also he forgives you so charmingly that you like him forever. A year or so ago some fellow wrote a piece about Jim in which he called him a 'lovable old humbug.' A few days later Jim was introduced to the writer. His arm went right around the latter's shoulder and, affectionately calling him by his first name, Jim said, 'You wrote something pretty hard about me in your paper the other day, but I knew damn well you did n't mean it and so it's all right. Don't worry about it.'

That's the story of Jim, the lovable old humbug. Politically, he is n't very different from a good many others, and has reached the peaks by pretty much the same path. But personally, if there is a match for him anywhere, his name cannot now be recalled.

HÔTEL DE L'ANCRE, OUCHY

HERE Byron and here Shelley slept —
Here, after happy voyaging,
Under a sudden rain they stepped
Ashore, in hopes that port would bring
All storm-spent pilgrims' first desire —
Poets or peers or simple men —
Bed, a hot supper, and a fire;
But, the last two attained, oh! then
Within that room what talk there was —
Where travelers, merchants, clerks, would meet,
And whose drab walls, smeared looking-glass,
Rug frayed by countless transient feet,
Witnessed each day dull men's dull words —
As if upon a garden bush,
The sober inn of sober birds —
Sparrow and robin, wren and thrush —
Two, strange and lovely, should alight,
Brilliant of feather and of song,
And — mixed disturbance and delight —
Make music there the whole night long.

They talked as friends will talk, who know
They may not find such hours again,
Lulled and encouraged by the slow
Soft thrumming of the summer rain;
As men may talk, when full and free
Exchange of tolerance is given,

Although they hotly disagree
On everything in Earth or Heaven.
And Byron in his low sweet voice
Spoke desperately his grim belief
Of man predestined and sans choice,
Shieldless alike to sin and grief
On earth, and damned hereafter — each
The quarry of Blind Power Above;
And Shelley, in his eager screech,
Of Freedom and Eternal Love.

Their fancy's fiery wine ran red,
Blended with that of earthlier make
From Vaud's steep sunny vineyards, spread
Tier upon tier above the lake.
And when at last they said 'good-night' —
Because all other words were said —
The mountain stars shone big and bright,
And flashed a dream round Shelley's bed;
While a cold wind from Chillon blew
Desolately through Byron's hair,
Till his heart's sorrow woke, and knew
That it had found its brother there.
And Byron dreamed of prisoned man
In dungeons of subaqueous stone,
Thrust to a doom Promethean,
Fettered, defiant, and alone.
But Shelley dreamed of mountain tops —
White, cloudless, sunward-soaring, free —
Where even the ungyved spirit stops
With only blue for boundary.

JOAN RAMSAY

FELIPA AND CHRISTOPHER DISCOVER AMERICA

One Star Differeth from Another Star

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

BEFORE Felipa was married, her world centred in the Shenandoah Valley and was bounded by the rest of Virginia.

When Christopher came for her out of the Kentucky Blue-Grass, her horizon lifted to include another state, and for the next twenty-five years, in Kentucky and Tennessee, in Illinois and on the Pacific Coast, she and Christopher explored the country. Everywhere they found beauty and made friends, but they are sure that if they should live in as many states as there are stars in the flag, in each they would discover a new America.

I

Their first home was in the Cumberland Mountains. The very guests at their wedding had reproached Christopher for taking Felipa to live 'a hundred miles from nowhere, with nothing to do, nothing to see, and nobody to talk to.'

Christopher, certainly, found something to do, for he was manager of an independent coal-mining company, and the miners were native-born, landholders, and amenable to no law but their own. When 'oak leaves the size of a squirrel's ear' dictated the time for corn planting, they were as apt as not to leave the mines and go to ploughing.

And 'Nothing to do!' thought Felipa, resentfully, as she struggled with her first housekeeping a hundred miles from a good market and three rough mountain miles from a country store. When the cook fell ill, life assumed the aspect of adventure, for Felipa's knowledge of cooking was embryonic, and she had yet to learn that it was possible to keep house without making hot bread three times a day.

'Nothing to see!' Felipa wished that the friends who had caviled at Christopher's choice could stand with her and see the panorama visible from the cabin porch. The cabin itself was a development — Felipa would have said a glorification, of Christopher's own planning — of the pioneer log cabin. It was built of hewn pine logs; its floors and porches were of oak and the roof of hand-rived oaken clapboards. Broad porches ran the length of the house on both sides and were connected by the covered runway that Kentuckians call a dogtrot. Through this, as through a frame, could be seen, across the river that flowed at the foot of the cabin hill, heavily timbered mountains, wave on wave, prismatic through the year from the smoky violet

haze of earliest spring to the crashing crimson of the fall. On their own hill they could find growth and bloom from February to November, and botanists came from afar to see the confluence of plant life in a region where flowers of North, East, South, and West found common ground.

'Nobody to talk to!' The Doves are sure that nowhere in the world is human intercourse more interesting or friendship more sincere than in the Appalachian Mountains. 'Everything here is real,' said Felipa.

The life she had known in Virginia was genuine and simple. Wealth there was a social handicap rather than an advantage, for, at the time Felipa was growing up, it still carried with it the implication that something might have been withheld from the Confederacy. People were diligent in their several callings. Their English blood showed itself in the seriousness with which they took their sports, as well. But the real business of life, as Felipa had known it before her marriage, was reading and conversation.

Here in the Cumberlands, the greatest power in the community might be a man who did not know how to read. Speech itself was kept for use upon occasion. The recognized needs were food and shelter. The events were birth, mating, and death. Weather was a vital interest. The language of the locality was Elizabethan, the science Jacobean, the theology Cromwellian. History was stitched into quilts and woven into coverlids, just as it had been writ in tapestry in Queen Matilda's day. Sometimes current history was sung by a strolling bard with a dulcimer who 'followed ballat-making' as a trade and was welcome to bite, sup, and lodging for the news he brought, precisely as bards sang and were rewarded in Ireland when Spenser brought word of it to England before the *Faerie Queene* was written. All this persisted, though some of the young people went away to college and came home with altered speech and strange ideas, and though the short-line railroad that carried out the coal brought in a daily mail, and the county seat, only three miles away, made its contribution to the rich social life of the state and merged into the genial civilization of the Blue-Grass.

Felipa and Christopher learned from their mountain neighbors much that scholars delve to discover and much that city dwellers never know. Aunt Saphrony Lovelace, pausing on the cabin steps to fan her hot face with her sunbonnet, displayed the contents of her 'yarb' basket and told about 'simples' and 'signatures' and even whispered the very charm against burns that Mr. Pepys recorded in his diary 'because it could do no harm.' Nelse Combs stopped for a word with Christopher. 'You've got mighty near every tree that will grow in this part of the country right on this hill,' he commented. Long arms moving like a windmill, he pointed out pawpaw, sweet gum, slippery elm, blackjack, tulip poplar, big elm, linden, sycamore, red haw and black, dogwood and redbud, sassafras, hickory, beech, chestnut, chinquapin, oak, ash, and thorn. 'Hit's a plumb sorry man,' said Nelse, 'that can't tell a tree by hits bark.'

The very children were Felipa's teachers.

'That-thar sharp-headed snake won't hurt you,' said a six-year-old. 'Hit's the blunt-headed ones that air p'ison.'

A tall old man stopped to sell Felipa a bread board and a dough tray. His wares were slung from his shoulders and he clattered like a Spanish donkey on a market day. 'I come from about eight miles up the road,' said Uncle Laharoy. 'I have to do such little

piddling work as this because I am the sickly one of thrins. The boys and me,' he added as an afterthought, 'will be eighty-four come November.'

A Federal judge, born in the county and self-taught, dropped in to tell delightful local anecdotes, but none that equaled one of his own young manhood; for, in the days before prohibition and before he thought of reading law, His Honor had kept a saloon at the county seat, an orderly little place where the state statutes were obeyed and its owner was well thought of as a Christian and a good citizen. But on a day he put up the shutters and nailed this notice on the door: 'Having decided that selling whiskey is wrong, I have quit doing it.'

When the moon was full, Fillmore, the local ne'er-do-well, might saunter in with his fiddle, willing 'to play the moon down and the sun up' with old tunes. 'Fillmore's sorry, but he ain't bad sorry,' Lige Richards told Christopher. 'He is just a man ruined by riches. Fillmore's father fought in the war on the side of the Union, so his mother had her a pension. Furthermore, Fillmore had a sister that was a pauper idiot; so that was another seventy-five dollars comin' in from the state every year. Fillmore had him a good horse to ride and he could buy store clothes and his mammy never made him work, because Fillmore was the youngest and he did n't need to because of all that money. Ruined by riches, p'int-blank.'

Against that story Christopher and Felipa set this bit of experience. Into the poverty of that section came a rush of wealth when somebody struck oil. People who had scratched the soil of rain-washed hills for corn enough to keep body and soul together became millionaires in a summer. In one such family the young people were troubled because nothing could keep their mother from doing the milking just as she had always done. Felipa was from the 'level country.' She knew the ways of the world. Could she not influence their mother? Felipa might have spared her breath. 'Just because Tom Crabtree has got him a million dollars,' said his wife, 'is no reason I should let hired help spoil my cow's teats.'

'People like that,' said Christopher in contemplative mood, 'have a kind of independence that most people in this country have forgotten all about. Poverty can't daunt them and riches can't move them. I reckon these Appalachian Americans that rank outsiders call "mountain whites" are the very sort of people that made this country in the first place, and, given half a chance, they may be the salvation of it yet.'

Not long after that conversation Felipa's diary had this entry: 'The dogwood is blooming a second time. It is very beautiful among the autumn colors, but the neighbors say, "When the dogwood blooms twice, it's a sure token of bad luck."' The entry that follows says this: 'The cabin has burned to the ground. There is a fault in the coal vein and the mines are shut down. Christopher is looking for a business opening somewhere else. But oh, how can we bear to go away!'

II

Their hazard of new fortunes took the Doves to that part of Tennessee whose thoroughfare is the Mississippi River and whose Mecca is Memphis.

'I never saw such pretty people come out of such ugly houses,' Felipa wrote home. 'The houses are tall, narrow frame houses perched on bluffs, with wooden steps going down to the sidewalks, but Christopher says the

steps remind him of Jacob's ladder — because of the angels ascending and descending.'

Their own rented cottage was 'out on the flats,' a new and unfashionable suburb. Christopher's new position gave him a precarious foothold with a public service corporation at a salary so small that only youth and daring would have attempted housekeeping at all.

The grocer at the corner was ready to give Felipa information and kindly counsel. 'I'll send a washwoman around,' he told her. 'She does my wife's washing, — takes the clothes Monday and brings them back Friday, — she *can't* wear them so very long.' A Southern byword, cryptic perhaps to outsiders, is 'Choose a housemaid who can wear your clothes and a washwoman who can't.'

Felipa's first caller was the next-door neighbor. She found Felipa in tears. Since she could not conceal them, Felipa explained. 'Not one curtain is right,' she said, 'and Christopher made such careful measurements!'

'And measured with a yardstick, I'll bet,' said the newcomer. 'The only way to measure window curtains is with a string. Have you got an extra thimble?'

Before Felipa could protest, the neighbor had mounted a stepladder. With her mouth full of pins, she ripped and basted and hung those curtains till, true to a line, they touched the sills.

Another early caller was the meat-man. Down the street came a covered spring wagon, drawn by a hipshot mule with a bell on his collar and driven by a sallow man who chewed a snuff stick. In the back of the wagon was the carcass of a beef, covered with a reassuringly clean cloth. The driver drew rein at the Doves' gate and told Felipa the rules of the game. 'I killed a cow to-day. The price is ten cents a pound from head to tail. Weigh on your scales or mine and pick your choice. Only thing is, I don't give no advice.'

When the cottage was in order and the Doves had been seen in church, Jeffersonville society called. Though the newcomers were unintroduced, living in an unfashionable, almost a questionable part of town, on a barely perceptible income, people of good family in that Tennessee town recognized 'quality.' The aerial of the South worked, as it always works.

Christopher and Felipa will always think of Jeffersonville and springtime in a breath. In Kentucky, spring was barely astir in the mountains, and but just beginning to color the Blue-Grass, but these first callers in Tennessee came with roses in their hands and returned again with roots and cuttings for Felipa's garden.

Invitations followed lavishly, and membership in The Club was proffered them. Up to that time Christopher and Felipa had maintained that the Episcopal Church and the Democratic Party were enough things to belong to, but they could not resist the flattery of that invitation, for The Club is to Jeffersonville what the Académie Française is to Paris. Its membership is narrowly restricted. According to its charter, at least every other meeting must be devoted to the study of Shakespeare. Each member must express an opinion at every meeting, and no member may be heard more than once. Absence from two consecutive meetings is ground for expulsion. Christopher, approving wholly, recalled a secret society of his boyhood, one of whose by-laws declared: 'Any member that stays away from a meeting will be dismembered.'

While Christopher enjoyed The Club's rigidity, Felipa basked in the

discovery that nothing in Jeffersonville began on time. Not even The Club, nor court, nor church. Christopher might fume, watch in hand, — 'like a testy English squire,' his wife told him, — but Felipa was soothed by a few unhurried minutes in the churchyard, while the minister's fat baby sat on the church steps and greeted each parishioner by name. 'Dood mornin', Mr. S'acklett'; 'How-do-dee-do, Mrs. Carter? How-do-dee-do, Old-Mrs. Carter?' Felipa discovered that such a system has pitfalls when, going to her first afternoon bridge, she shyly planned to be a little late lest she be first-comer. She found, instead, an exasperated partner who had been penalized a hundred points for Felipa's tardiness. Church, court, and club might flout the clock, but Jeffersonville took its cards seriously.

Under the pleasant flow of social life in their new home, the Doves caught glimpses of a darker undercurrent that sometimes puzzled them. Among its citizens were veterans of the Spanish War; later, it furnished more than its share of volunteers for the Great War; but the War between the States was to every man and woman in the community an event of yesterday — the omnipresent reason for to-day. This in itself was, to Christopher and Felipa, a natural state of things, but there was in the local state of mind an acerbity quite new to them.

'There is something I don't understand,' Christopher wrote his father, 'about the way these Tennesseeans talk about the Yankees. They don't speak of "our friends the enemy." They don't even cuss them sociably as "damn Yankees." They call them "Yankatanks," and everything they say about them sounds harsh and bitter.'

To this his father, late major in Morgan's cavalry, C. S. A., replied: 'My guess is that when your new friends talk about the Late Unpleasantness they hark back, not to the War, but to the Reconstruction. Let me know if I am right.'

He was. When the older people were satisfied that both Felipa and Christopher were children of Confederate veterans, they told the newcomers about Lost Village. Afterward they were taken on the twenty-mile drive along sandy roads and through pine woods to see the deserted town, as those who are permitted to visit a hidden shrine.

Whatever may be true of architecture in Jeffersonville, the houses in Lost Village are not ugly. Wide-winged, cream-stuccoed, with broad verandahs and walled gardens, the old houses stand, empty and falling into ruins, deserted homes in a deserted village. The men born in those houses were killed or wounded and disabled in the War between the States. In Reconstruction times, life in that secluded place became too dangerous for women and children. Jeffersonville offered the comparative safety of a larger, less isolated place. One by one the old homes were abandoned till not one soul remained.

'For forty years,' said the old lady who told Felipa the story, 'I have been homesick, twenty miles from home. We go out there — all who are left of the families that had to come away — on Memorial Day. We carry flowers, of course, but we hardly need to do it. The gardens are overrun with weeds, and the walls are falling down and smothering them, but the lilacs and syringas keep blooming anyway. And the little Southern rose, which some people call the York-and-Lancaster because its petals are both red and white, just makes a carpet all the summer long. It covers the Village like a Confederate flag.'

III

Christopher's prompt promotion carried the Doves into foreign country. Christopher had lived in New York; a beloved literature gave Felipa a sense of kinship with New England; but for the Middle West they were quite unprepared.

Felipa's first sense of strangeness came when, from an observation car, she looked up to a pale blue zenith utterly unlike the azure of Virginia skies. Her next impression was of the surprising cleanness of Oakville's railway station. Spotless it stood in its parallelogram of nasturtiums and lobelias. Felipa was perversely homesick for the rusty stove, the ashes and tobacco juice, of a Southern way station. The group that waited on the platform, lacking the dark Negro faces that she had always seen in such a gathering, seemed pallid and incomplete.

As they drove to their new house, Felipa whispered, 'When shall we get past the park? What is it — an Old Soldiers' Home or something?'

Christopher felt like an old settler in the face of Felipa's bewilderment, for he had been in Illinois a week. 'No, Country Girl,' he told her, 'this is mighty near all of Oakville. These are people's houses. They just don't have fences.' Felipa could not have been more astonished if Christopher had said as casually, 'The houses don't have walls.'

The cottage Christopher had rented sat fenceless in its strip of parking while its back yard swept away apparently unbounded to the boundless prairies. Their furniture stood uncrated in the rooms. 'The Swede that handled our things,' said Christopher, 'charged four times as much as we pay the Negroes at home, and did six times as much.'

When Felipa began to arrange the rooms, she sat down in the middle of the floor, face to face with despair. The house was furnace-heated. Never before had Felipa seen a house without an open fire. 'Without a fireplace,' she thought chaotically, 'the rooms have n't any focus. There is nowhere to begin. Any piece of furniture might as well be anywhere as anywhere else.'

Housekeeping presented new problems. The washing came in unironed. 'You did n't say washing-and-ironing,' said the Swedish laundress. The Norwegian housemaid, obedient and without initiative, was the antithesis of the enterprising little Negroes Felipa had trained at home. 'Africans had to live by their wits in the jungles during centuries when Scandinavian peasants were drilled in obedience to their masters,' Christopher suggested; but Felipa found it hard to remember ethnological distinctions while instructing her housemaids.

Felipa's pronunciation and vocabulary made telephoning impracticable and shopping hazardous. 'Coal oil, a gallon bucket; half a dozen roasting ears; a peck of potatoes.' The clerk at the general store read the list aloud. 'Give the lady kerosene, — a four-quart pail, — sweet corn, and spuds,' called a customer from the front of the store. 'I know what she means. My wife was born in the South.'

'Some day,' said Felipa to Christopher, 'when some Dutch-Swedish-Yankee in this part of the country speaks of my "brogue" or your "dialect," I'm going to fling my manners away and ask why they think their speech the standard and ours the corruption. Our ancestors were ruling England while theirs were hitched to the plough or living in a fen somewhere in Europe.'

'Ease your mind, honey,' Christopher chuckled, 'but ease it at home. They think they are the standard and

we think we are, so everybody ought to be happy. Middle-Westerners make me feel sort of peppered with grapeshot myself, but it's not the first time the Yankees have had us under fire. And this time we are the invaders. Mind you that.'

Felipa's letters to her mother disclosed her homesick bewilderment. 'Everything here is upside down. Sunday, for instance. Lots of people don't go to church. Most people do, of course, but some quite nice people don't. All the standards seem different. Children are taught to save their money and keep their clothes clean as children at home are taught to mind their manners and speak the truth. I have the funniest time with callers. One of them asked me to-day, "What does your husband do?" I racked my brain for something Christopher does that would interest her. He plays golf . . . and chess . . . he reads . . . he goes to church . . . he rides . . . dances like an angel. . . . What should I tell her? Christopher says she meant, "What does he do for a living — what is his business?" Is n't it all queer?'

In answer to this letter, her wise mother wrote: 'Don't forget the Quaker story, Felipa. Perhaps your new friends think "thee is a little queer."'

Undoubtedly they did. Felipa made formal calls in the morning. In Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, people took naps in the afternoon. In Oakville, people did their own housework, and morning calls were intimate, or inconvenient. Felipa suggested rice as a substitute for potatoes at a church dinner. Rice, in Oakville, is served not as a vegetable but as a dessert. And once Felipa, invited for an evening party, went in the afternoon. Her defense was, and is, that her husband was not included in the invitation.

Felipa looks back on an attack of tonsilitis as one of the outstanding providences of her life. She thinks it a thousand pities that Carol Kennicott did n't have tonsilitis when she was new in Gopher Prairie. Before that illness, Oakville people had been polite and tolerant. Now that Felipa needed them, kindnesses poured in. No tray came to her sick room without some neighbor's gift — soups, jellies, custards, or broths. When Christopher opened the door in the morning, offerings from a neighbor's garden lay on the threshold; at night when he came home, he might find a pie or a plate of doughnuts on the window sill.

Felipa emerged from that illness loving Oakville, eager to share its life and understand its ways. She has loved it ever since, treasuring its friendships and experiences — but she never entirely understood it.

Bred though she was to class distinctions, there were discriminations here that puzzled her. The Swedish element was strong in the population, influential in religious matters, dominant in politics, but socially it was rigorously segregated. Because she loved the Sagas, ancient and modern, Scandinavians were glamorous to Felipa; but she observed that the good smell of afternoon coffee identified the Oakville streets in which one did not call.

Oakville's middle class was made up of retired farmers. Neither Christopher nor Felipa had ever known a farmer to retire. It appeared that in the corn belt farmers made enough money to retire on, and that, having accomplished this end, they sold their farms and came to town. 'At home,' commented Felipa, marveling, 'nobody but the sheriff sells a home place.'

The savor of piccalilli in the making will recall to Felipa, through all the autumns of her life, the homes of Oakville's ruling class, descendants of the York State people who, as pioneers,

had taken up the rich prairie forties and built the town and loved it with a queer, jealous love. They had bequeathed to their children fertile acres, comfortable white frame houses, staunch furniture, sound principles, and the York State recipe for piccalilli. Above all they had endowed them with loyal affection for the town. In the South, the county is the unit, and the state the object of devotion. Felipa's worst indiscretion was 'trading' in Chicago, and even, till her iniquity was brought home to her, shopping occasionally in the rival neighboring town.

The great event in Oakville was Chautauqua. Radios may supersede, and Carol Kennicott despise, this institution, but Oakville reveled in it. The little town supported its own Chautauqua, chose artists to its liking, and for ten days each year gave itself over to speeches, sermons, concerts, impersonations, political debates, physical training, nursery schools, ice-cream cones, and sawdust. Rows of tents sprang up, and housekeepers who knew no other vacation spent ten days on the grounds, renewing friendships, meeting distinguished people, and, in the August heat, absorbing a hundred interests to mull over when the long white winter shut them in.

Felipa, who had never seen anything like it, was completely captivated by a good Chautauqua with its winds from every quarter. 'I think,' commented Christopher, 'you are getting ready to take out your naturalization papers.'

Nevertheless, when business called Christopher to the Far West, the Doves had nothing for it but to pull up stakes and leave.

IV

'The Pacific Coast,' said a friend aphoristically to Felipa, 'is inhabited by enthusiastic men and homesick women.'

Christopher's company was sending him to Oregon, and Felipa anxiously catechized the only person she knew who had ever lived so far from the Atlantic seaboard. 'My own geography,' said Felipa, 'stops at the Rocky Mountains.'

Their families behaved as if Felipa and Christopher were going to round the Horn and might be met by hostile Indians. But, instead of scalping knives and a sense of exile, the Doves found welcome in the West. Elsewhere they had felt at best like onlookers, but, if one be American and white, the Pacific Coast exudes assurance that this is everybody's country.

Moreover, Felipa will tell you, 'the Doves have the luckiest misfortunes!' An errant furniture car, she and Christopher assert, is, for introduction to the heart of a community, as good as an attack of tonsilitis. With incurable optimism they moved into their unfurnished house before their half car of furniture arrived. For seven weeks it was sidetracked somewhere between Illinois and Oregon, and, while Christopher haunted the freight offices and sent urgent telegrams, the Doves set up housekeeping in the West with two rented cots and a coal-oil stove.

Within twenty-four hours the neighbors on the east had sent in a couple of chairs and the neighbors on the west 'slipped in a pie.' The housekeeper on the hill brought down a woolen comforter: 'The days are warm, but you need lots of cover these nights.' Cooking without utensils need not have daunted Felipa. The neighbors descried an opportunity to show what the West could do. Chinese pheasants, salmon, rainbow trout, marvelous jellies made of salal berries and Oregon grape and red high huckleberry, turned haphazard meals into Lucullan feasts. Even when Christmas came and still that car delayed its arrival, and Felipa

began to be engloomed lest the great-grandmother table and desk and corner cupboard might be really lost, their cottage was bright with splendid holly wreaths and the new, lustrous, broad-leafed evergreens that made Felipa ache with desire to show them to the people at home. 'And every leaf and twig,' said Felipa, 'comes from some brand-new friend.'

When, at long last, their furniture arrived and life grew orderly again, the Doves began to take their bearings and to explore most unfamiliar terrain. Their new home was in a university town, and Felipa declares that they came to the Pacific Coast expecting to find blanket Indians and the Wild West of the films, and discovered instead the Federal Government and the educational system of the United States.

At home, she and Christopher had had governesses and tutors until they went to boarding school. Neat brass plates on many doorways in Virginia towns mark private schools. The public schools had been called 'free schools' when they were children, and even now there is a lingering belief that the education of a gentleman's children is not properly a public charge. In the Doves' Western home, the grade schools were as much and as justifiable a pride as was the University; and Felipa — insatiable sight-seer in her new environment — visited them all. The teachers had difficulty in classifying a visitor who was neither parent, teacher, nor even maiden aunt, but Mrs. Dove's ignorance of the public-school system entertained and, possibly, refreshed them. Kindergarten methods in the early grades and manual training in higher classes delighted Felipa, for she was a whole-hearted Fröbelian, ignorant though she might be of other educational methods. In high school she was probably the last literate American to discover what she still describes as 'a blasphemous thing called required reading.' 'Christopher,' she reported indignantly, 'the children are taught that it is a task to read great literature.'

'It's a big country, Felipa,' Christopher reminded her, 'a big country made up of many kinds of people, and the public-school system goes out after them all. Required reading gives the swine a chance to do some trampling, but it is a grand opportunity for pearl divers.'

At the University, generous professors and an indulgent and amused registrar let Felipa attend lectures to her heart's content, but the registrar, at least, was frankly puzzled by the catholicity and the apparent aimlessness of her choice. When she was told that many of the students, probably a majority of them, entered the University because they believed a degree was necessary to success in business, Felipa was at first incredulous and then ablaze with anger.

'I wish,' she said, 'they could know just one of the boys in the Appalachian Mountains who are willing to go hungry to get "that good l'arnin'"! Or that dear little Norwegian maid of ours who went to night school after her day's work to learn about the stars "just for the gladness of knowing." Schools, from kindergarten to university, are meant to feed divine hunger like that — not to help people to satisfy their belly need.'

'They tell me Kipling is out of fashion,' Christopher acknowledged her quotation. 'The business motive seems to enter into everything out here. Just to-day I was talking politics with a Republican. I was trying to think of a polite way to say that I thought the Republican Party emphasized business advantage rather than principles of government, and bless Pat! if the fellow didn't say, flat-footedly, him-

self, "I usually vote for what I think will be best for business. You Democrats are more visionary."'

'Did you ever hear anything so disgusting in your life?' said Felipa. 'Is there any real difference, Christopher, between selling your vote for five dollars and selling it for "what is best for business"?'

'Well, not by our code,' Christopher replied, 'but since we live where people seem to look at things differently I reckon we might as well try to understand their point of view.'

Indeed, while Felipa made her naïve discoveries in the field of education, Christopher found much food for thought in the Western state of mind as to the law. 'You would be interested,' he wrote his father, 'in the working of the initiative and referendum. The people as a whole show remarkable sagacity as to the laws submitted to them, but there is a sort of cavalier treatment of law itself that comes, as nearly as I can make it out, from the plasticity under the system. Here is an incident of what I mean. At a commercial club dinner the other night the guest of honor made a speech that you, Strict Constructionist that you are, would have endorsed. His subject was our debt to the law on which our civilization rests and our inescapable duty of conserving it, obeying it, and amending it by orderly process and not otherwise. His hearers were so enthusiastic that it was immediately moved that the speaker be made an honorary member of the club. The chairman pointed out that, under the constitution of the club, this could not be done in just the proposed form, and suggested some verbal alteration in the motion that would make it legal. Instantly somebody sprang to his feet and said, "I move to waive the constitution!" And as a tribute to that speech on obedience to law they "waived the constitution" by acclamation.'

When Christopher, chortling, told that incident at home, Felipa reminded him that the newness of the country might have something to do with that state of mind. 'It was n't very long ago, you remember,' she said, 'that the Constitution of the United States did n't run in this latitude. The pioneers had to make their own laws, vary them to suit the occasion, and enforce them out of hand.

'This part of the country really is brand-new, Christopher. One of the professors at the University was born in a covered wagon crossing the plains. And his mother is as pretty as a picture and as gay as a grig this minute. What this country really needs is servants.'

Christopher, used to his wife's conversational tergiversations, smoked placidly and waited for the connection.

'Do you remember how surprised we were when we met people in Illinois who had automobiles and did n't have cooks? Well, out here most of the faculty wives do their own washing. They say servants are simply not to be had.'

'Serves them right,' said Christopher. 'They agitated for Chinese exclusion and then Japanese, and got it, and now they are trying to exclude the Filipinos. As for native-born Americans in the West, they are like the family of boys whose mother wished one of them had been a girl, but none of them would have been her. Plenty of people need servants, but nobody in this land of opportunity is willing to "be her."'

'Well, somebody has to "be her" if this gorgeous Pacific Coast is ever to develop such a rich civilization as it ought,' said Felipa, with conviction.

It was in the course of their sociological study of the West Coast that the Doves, three thousand miles from

the District of Columbia, 'discovered the Federal Government.'

'At home,' Christopher observed, 'people inherit money, earn it, or do without. Here they expect the Government to do something about it — raise the tariff on lumber, build wooden ships, doctor the fishery laws, or something or other.'

In some guise, indeed, the Federal Government seemed the root of all business, all prosperity. At one end of the scale were the leading citizens, descendants of territorial officeholders, and at the other the new settlers who, barehanded, with grit and honest work were proving up a claim.

The Doves' first drives carried them, before the town itself was out of sight, into Federal reserve land, park and forest. As they drove, on the well-built government roads, through towering virgin timber, they thrilled with the familiar sense of landownership. All this splendor was their own. They held their hundred-millionth share of it in fee.

They stopped at a ranger's cabin to ask directions. In the yard a small boy was playing with a black bear cub. 'Cully found the little fellow caught in a trap with its paw broken,' his mother explained. 'It was trapped unlawfully and his father let Cully take it. He is making a pet out of it till we hear from Washington. But, son,' she admonished the child, 'you must n't set your heart on it, like it belonged to you. You've got to remember that it's the Government's bear.'

Though men and manners in the West may be interesting, the dominating influence is the land itself. Out-of-doors simply clamors for attention.

'The scenery takes a great deal of time,' Felipa wrote home. 'Everything grows lavishly and keeps on growing at least eleven months of the year. It is just impossible to keep up with the procession of the flowers and do anything else, even if you specialize on wild flowers, as we do, and even though, as our neighbors say, "all you have to do to make a garden is stand on the back porch and throw the seeds out." When the sun is shining and the snow-covered mountains are out, they simply bully you. It seems irreverent to give attention to little indoor interests when that gleaming splendor waits outside your windows.'

On a memorable day, friends came to take the Doves for a drive up the McKenzie River road. There had been a snowfall in the night and the Doves must see its beauties in perfection. Felipa and Christopher never ceased to marvel that, in their north-of-Boston latitude, whole winters may go by without a killing frost, and snowfall is so rare that when it comes the whole population turns out to enjoy it.

The McKenzie River rises among the glaciers of the Cascade Mountains and tumbles down its long course, milk-white or green as chrysoprase. Leaping with rainbow trout, bordered with evergreens, overhung with ferns and wild flowers, it has new beauties for each month. Snowfall followed by sunshine, radiant everywhere, is almost intolerably splendid on the McKenzie River road. On that January day, broad-leafed evergreens held up snow and ice glare as if, on outspread hands, they offered diamonds. Fir trees sparkled with unimaginable radiancies.

The driver stopped the car where river, forest, and far-gleaming snow-capped mountains made the most breath-taking panorama. 'Now admit, you Easterners,' he said exultantly, 'that you never saw beauty till to-day.'

Christopher gazed, enrapt and silent; but Felipa turned upon her host reproachful eyes. 'Never saw beauty?' she repeated. 'Why, I was born in the Valley of Virginia!'

THE LOST CHILD

BY EDMUND G. KRIMMEL

If the family name was ever mentioned to me, I do not remember it. Everyone spoke of the professor, the professor's family, and then his child. The family had come to pass the summer on a small farm which stretched lazily over the base of 'Stony Ridge' Mountain in Pennsylvania.

It was an unusually peaceful June Sunday; the winds and currents of air accustomed to churn about in the lowlands were leashed to the mountain top, and the absence of rustling leaves gave prominence to the note raised by the subtle forces of nature — things budding, popping, growing. The day was a peace offering to atone for the many days when gales send us scurrying to shelter, or heat drives us to seek shade. Nature was making a bid for confidence; the professor and his wife accepted it in good faith and went to stroll in the rolling foothills, leaving their two-year-old child in the care of the farmer's daughter, a half-grown girl.

When the parents returned at three, they met the young girl carrying a glass of water, and they followed her to the playhouse. When they entered, all the toys were arranged for play, but the child could not be seen. Nor did he answer when the parents, believing that they were being invited to join a game of hide and seek, called his name. During the few minutes that the farmer's daughter had been gone for a drink of water, the child seemed to have vanished completely.

A search was made through the house and all surrounding buildings. The situation became alarming. Neighbors were asked to give assistance. Hopeless eyes peered into wells and deep pits. As the search continued, more friends and neighbors arrived; it was evening and no leading trails had as yet been found. State policemen were summoned to take charge and organize patrols. Night, with all its black uncertainties, was slowly creeping into the mountains; calls for additional help were sent out to neighboring towns.

We first heard of it at eight, in a small town four miles away where I was passing a holiday. The town was animated at that hour by numbers of people walking home from evening services. A distress call had been received at the central telephone exchange; the message spread quickly. 'The professor's child is lost in the mountains. Help is wanted.' The people, hearing the news, gathered in groups, then quickly scattered — the husbands to proffer aid, the wives to rush home to tell the tragic news to ears that had not heard it. My host offered his services and the use of his car. Volunteers soon filled the seats and some stood on the running boards; we started for the mountains.

The men in the car described the nature of the country where the child was lost — the thickets and woods, the dangers of foxes and other wild animals. They recounted moments of

agony experienced by them when their own children escaped from their watchful eyes. Their sympathy for the professor and his wife was very great, sincere.

The car swung off the main highway and traveled over a rougher road which followed the winding course of a stream through narrow valleys where night and dampness were concentrated. We passed through and skirted patches of balsam-scented woodland into which would dart, with eyes of fire, small animals frightened by our headlights. Winding up on the knoll of a cultivated hill, which looked like a great bald head in the night, one of the men said, 'We are very near, now.' On the top of the hill we were afforded an excellent panorama of our objective. Stony Ridge rose as a wall, extending upward to great heights where it seemed to hold the starlit sky as a canvas tightly drawn. The blue-black barrier was sparkling with the many tiny lights of the searching parties combing the mountain side. We could follow their course by their lanterns and torches arranged in clusters and lines radiating from a group of buildings on the far side of the valley below us. The buildings stood out white in the glare of the many lights of automobiles parked around them. The scene had the appearance of a gay, well-patronized amusement park; the lights and torches on the mountain side looked like long strings of Japanese lanterns — the scene of a fête, not a tragedy.

The questions we asked when we arrived at the house differed little from all the others that had been put by the many who arrived before us. 'Where was the child last seen? Where had it usually played?' And we received the same answers. There were no clues, no footprints, no toys dropped by the child on its flight to start us on a new trail. The child had last been seen in the playhouse; there the trail started and ended. We had gathered — friends, farmers, Boy Scouts, state policemen, townsmen. Some men brought their wives to cut bread, make sandwiches, to offer hot coffee to weary searchers. The professor, long exhausted, was mute, wide-eyed. Cries from the hysterical mother came to us from a second-story window to urge us to greater efforts.

We fell in with a group reorganizing for another hunt. Given lanterns, torches, and long sticks to push aside the brush, we walked in a knotted group across a field to a point where we entered the woods. In a long line we walked, five or six feet between us, to comb a wide swath through the thicket. The task was slow, difficult, treacherous. Vines intertwined underbrush to retard our advance. Rocks, hidden from view, tripped us or threw us off our balance or sent us crashing into bushes covered with thorny briers. One man, thrown to the ground, broke his lantern on a rock, and spurting oil started a small brush fire. Clothing was shredded, skin torn. Men swore as they battled with the brambles. A seasoned hunter near me said, 'No child could ever enter this thicket; even dogs pick their way through here with difficulty.' But no foot of ground was to be left unsearched; so we ploughed on and on, hour after hour. When it was discovered that we had been passing through large areas of poison ivy, men susceptible to the deadly green let out wails, while others laughed at their discomfort.

Whenever a circuit was completed we would gather at the farmhouse, but just long enough to pick up a bite to eat, a sip of coffee, or to refill a canteen before starting out on another search. No one thought of quitting; the task was not without hope. I thought of nights in France when men crawled and groped about, suffering even greater

hardships, filled with hate, bent on revenge, destruction of life. But how different all this was — many men, young and old, men who had served in France, untiring in their efforts to save the life of one child.

The night passed; early morning light let me see better the serious expressions on the faces of the men around me. Some faces were bearded; some smooth, delicate; others lean, drawn. Daylight made our task easier, but we had not been rewarded. The sun was rising above the hilltops; our limbs were sore from tramping through the brush, over rocks; we were tired, sleepy. We quit a patch of woodland and spread out across a field, working back toward the farmhouse. Out in the sunlight our eyes were dark from fatigue; torch-smoked faces were streaked with perspiration. Our steps became shorter; we moved slower and slower, like the swinging pendulum of a clock unwinding. Having failed in our mission, we dreaded the ordeal of facing the parents again.

Enthusiasm, eagerness to gain a goal, usually releases energy which makes us speed past roads leading to our objective. Perhaps the anxiety of the parents had caused them to overlook important clues, or our zeal had made us rush too quickly through the fields and woods during the early night. Our energy had now been spent; we were checked to a snail's pace. Then one man, walking close to the edge of the woods, suddenly stooped and shouted, 'Look here!' High above his head he held a child's small stocking. We rushed over to him, pulled aside the bushes around him, and found a shoe, another stocking; and then we heard the cry of a startled child. In a small clearing near the edge of the woods, a few hundred feet from the house, sat the child, rubbing eyes that had enjoyed a long, care-free slumber. When fatigue had checked his ambition to explore the world, he had taken off his shoes and stockings and curled up in his bed of balsam. He could not have picked a more secure place to hide. As our column had advanced through this thicket during the night, the men near the edge of the timberland saw the open field, broke ranks to avoid briers, and picked an easy path along the edge of the woods, leaving a wide strip uncombed.

Now that the child had been found, we cheered him as troops returning, tired and worn from battle, greet their sovereigns. Hands that trembled with excitement reached to pick him up. Older men, their eyes wet with tears, pleaded for a turn at carrying him back to his parents.

The signal of rescue was sounded — men with revolvers firing three shots in rapid succession. The shots were heard by other groups, and their guns in turn passed on the message to parties whose eagerness had carried them far into the mountains. We could hear the signal being relayed all around us. Men came from everywhere, — over fields, out of woods, — happy to see the child alive. The scene was dynamic, the atmosphere electric; dinner bells were clanging at all the neighboring farmhouses; a distant village church bell rang out the glad tidings as our procession marched back to the house with the child.

As we came over the brow of the hill, the parents, given new strength, rushed madly toward us. What feelings, what emotions the professor and his wife had lived through during that one night! Hope, fear, anguish, despair, death — and then suddenly life, joy, happiness. Their lost child had been found.

A TRIAL FOR MURDER

BY LOUIS REED

I

It is court day in Winfield. Most of the people for miles around have come down out of these West Virginia mountains to see the circuit-riding judge from Huntington administer justice as the law prescribes. The morning session has just ended. As the crowd files out of the courtroom Gene Mottlesey, of Charleston, who is with me in the Fitzmaurice case, pulls me aside. 'You've got to do something,' says he, 'with this bird Fitzmaurice. His wife has been in to see him, and he's changed his mind.'

This is news. Fitzmaurice is accused of murder. A dozen witnesses saw him walk into Twombley's Restaurant with a gun in his hand and shoot Jep Toothman. People in his home community know why he did it, because the affair between Jep Toothman and Fitz's wife was a neighborhood scandal. On the day of the fatal shooting Fitz learned of his wife's infidelity for the first time. Now, because his wife does not wish her name to be besmirched in open court, Fitz has decided to keep silent.

'Let's talk to her,' say I.

We find Mrs. Fitz at the jail talking to her husband. She is a tall, blonde, handsome woman in her late twenties. It is easy to see why she forsook Fitz for Jep Toothman. Fitz is small, dark, and not too brainy. They married young, have three children.

The jailer lets us use the hospital room for a conference, and we lead both Mr. and Mrs. Fitz thither. Mr. Fitz has the stolid look of the lamb going forth to the slaughter, but Mrs. Fitz is plainly fidgety and nervous.

'Now,' say I, when the door is closed, 'what is this business about keeping the Toothman affair quiet?'

Fitz and his wife glance at each other. Mrs. Fitz is on the verge of tears.

'I was just telling Fitz,' says she, 'that we ought to think of the children. Think what it means to them to have all that brought out in court.'

'Yes,' says Fitz, 'think of it.'

I think of it. There are some other things I think of at the same time, but this is not the time or the place to mention them.

'Let's get down to the essentials,' say I. 'Toothman is dead. It may be regrettable, but nothing that you or I can do will bring him back again. As a result of that death we have a living problem of our own. The first thing I should like to know in formulating our programme is this. In case you should come clear, Fitz, what do you intend to do? Will you go back to living with your wife?'

Fitz looks at his wife before answering. 'I will,' says he, 'if she wants me to.'

'How about you?'

Mrs. Fitz may be a spoiled woman, but she is not essentially selfish. 'I

suppose,' says she, 'we ought to live together for the sake of the children.'

'The way things stand now you would like to have Fitz back?'

'Yes.'

'Then I must inform you, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, that if we withhold this evidence at the trial the chances are that none of us will ever see your husband again. They will hang him at Moundsville. You spoke a while ago of what it means to the children to know the disgrace of their mother. It is not exactly an honor to be the offspring of a parent hanged by the State.'

The shaft goes home. She covers her face with her hands, and starts sobbing. Fitz likewise melts into tears — more, I think, because he shares her suffering than because he fears death. Watching him, I cannot imagine his killing a human being. Nothing in the world but the thought of losing this idolized woman would have driven him to it.

'This is your opportunity, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, to do at least one unselfish act.'

Fitz's eyes blaze. 'There ain't no use of that,' says he.

'Shut up,' says Mottlesey.

'If only I did n't have to take the stand,' says Mrs. Fitz, 'and admit everything. You can't imagine what that means to a woman.'

There is something to that. Mottlesey and I exchange glances.

'Let her go,' says Mottlesey.

'It is n't really necessary for you to testify,' say I. 'There are plenty of other witnesses to prove the relationship between you and Toothman. I shall explain to the court that you are overwrought and indisposed, which is the truth. Go on home and get the kids ready. We'll try to have him back to you by bedtime.'

'Oh, if you only will!' says she. 'Somehow I feel that there is happiness ahead for us yet.'

As we leave she puts her arm about Fitz's neck, and kisses him tenderly.

My partner is waiting with a sandwich and a cup of coffee, now cold, for each of us. Mottlesey and I go into the private office to make the final preparations for the trial. In a few minutes the bell rings, and court is on again.

II

'The first case,' says the judge, 'is the case of State versus Fitzmaurice. Is the State ready?'

'Ready, your honor,' says Hathaway, the assistant prosecutor.

'Defendant?'

Fitz at that moment is entering the courtroom in the custody of the sheriff.

'Ready, your honor.'

'Call the jury.'

The clerk glances at a list of names, and calls loudly.

'R. L. Masters.'

An ancient, red-faced farmer, with a drooping white moustache, separates himself from the audience and moves sedately to the jury box.

'J. R. Wieman.'

There are twenty jurors in the panel, from which twelve will be selected eventually. To me the jury represents a cross section of Putnam County public opinion. It is unlettered and untamed, in the sense that city people are tamed, but through it runs a deep, ingrained sense of Mosaic justice. Charles Francis Potter, in *The Story of Religion*, says: 'Of all human beings the one who has most influenced the others is Moses. . . . It may be that Mosaic prohibitions will eventually be replaced by the spiritual persuasions of Christianity. It may be that capital punishment, which says, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," will

some day be superseded by a less vindictive justice. A careful inquiry must reveal, however, that as yet "eye for eye and tooth for tooth" is the guiding spirit of more existing legislation than is inspired by the principles of the Sermon on the Mount.'

Truer words were never spoken, particularly of Putnam County juries; yet the law of Moses sometimes sanctions the shedding of blood. Stronger even than the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' is that other commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'

The twenty are sworn on their *voir dire*. The judge puts the customary interrogatories.

'Were any of you members of the Grand Jury that found the indictment against this defendant?'

'Are any of you related by blood or marriage to the defendant, Fitzmaurice?'

'Are any of you conscious of any prejudice or bias, or do you have any personal knowledge of the facts in this case, that would make it difficult for you to render a fair and just verdict in this cause?'

None of the jurymen answer. The judge turns to the lawyers.

'Are there any further questions by the attorneys for either side?'

There are none.

'Strike the jury.'

Striking the jury consists in striking off eight of the twenty so as to reduce the panel to twelve. Under the law in felony cases the defendant is entitled to strike six and the State two. It is a process requiring a good deal of delicate adjustment on the part of an attorney. The problem is to look twenty men in the face and try to determine ahead of time which twelve are likely to be friendly to his client. In a sense it is an excursion into mental telepathy.

We begin, of course, by consulting the defendant, who sits between and just behind us, to ascertain if there are men on the jury with whom he is acquainted personally. If so, we are interested in the personal relationship between the defendant and the juryman. Sometimes the presence of an acquaintance on the jury is helpful; sometimes just the opposite. As it happens, Fitzmaurice knows none of the jurymen.

Some of them are known to me, however, so that from personal knowledge I am able to make a forecast of how they will probably react to the facts of this case. As a rule I do not strike my own clients, on the theory that a man who seeks my advice out of court will be disposed to listen to me in court, and conversely I do strike those against whom I have prosecuted and defended cases heretofore — particularly if the cases went against them. To the layman this confession may possibly seem unethical, but it must be remembered that a man on trial for his life has the legal right to every possible safeguard and that the world has not yet reached the state of perfection wherein jurymen are free from personal animosities and prejudices.

The striking is done on a sheet of paper containing the penciled names of the twenty jurymen. In striking we draw a line through a name and beside it write one of the symbols D. 1, D. 2, and so forth, down to D. 6. 'D.' stands for defendant; the numeral signifies the order of striking. When the State strikes, S. 1 and S. 2 are written. In this manner the record of the striking is preserved.

When the striking is completed, the clerk takes the paper and announces, 'All those whose names are called, stand aside.'

He calls the names of the eight men struck. The new panel is sworn to

render a just verdict according to the evidence. Then the witnesses for each side are sworn and sent to the witness rooms. The case has proceeded to the opening statements.

III

Under West Virginia law the opening statements are theoretically mere statements of what each side expects to prove. Arguments are not permitted, although it is sometimes difficult to determine exactly what is argument and what is plain statement of fact. Some lawyers get a lot of argument into the opening statement. The State opens first.

The State is represented by the prosecuting attorney, an aged man of eighty, and his assistant. Properly speaking, the assistant is the prosecuting attorney, because the old man, except for occasional flashes of oratory reminiscent of the fiery days of his youth, is quite useless. Off and on he has been prosecuting attorney of this county for fifty years.

The State, says Hathaway, expects to prove the shooting at Twombley's Restaurant, together with the details surrounding it, the deliberation and premeditation necessary to a conviction for murder, and the motive for the crime. It will ask for a verdict of murder in the first degree. Hathaway belongs to that new school of lawyers who speak briefly and much to the point.

Mottlesey replies by admitting the shooting, but sketches the general plan of defense. We shall prove that the prisoner is a man highly respected in his own community as one who works hard and tries to give his family advantages that he never had himself. He is foreman of a section gang for the railroad, a dutiful husband and father. Until the unfortunate incident which brings him to the bar of this court he has never been accused of a crime of any kind. We expect to prove that the deceased Jep Toothman sealed his own fate by defiling the marriage bed of this defendant. The sordid and revealing details of Jep Toothman's affair with the wife of the prisoner may not be discussed before the jury at this time, but in their proper place the jury shall hear them. The crime of which this prisoner stands accused, gentlemen, is one so natural in its commission and so human in its consequences that when the jury has heard all the evidence it will perhaps agree with the majority of those familiar with the facts that the homicide was justifiable.

Mottlesey perhaps descends to argument. It is difficult not to.

First witness for the State is the doctor who performed the post-mortem examination. His evidence is perfunctory, admitted to prove the cause of death. The course of the bullet is gone into with some particularity for the sake of the record. The doctor also testifies as to the place where the body lay, and the location of Twombley's Restaurant with reference to county and state. This is necessary to prove the jurisdiction of the court. Mottlesey, our rapid-fire examiner, waives cross-examination, since we do not deny either the death or the jurisdiction.

While the doctor testifies, I make notes of everything he says on a pad of yellow paper. In this case Mottlesey does the talking, while I must think of the record in the event an appeal is taken. Every now and then I whisper in Mottlesey's ear — for the sake of the record.

The State then produces witness after witness to prove what took place at Twombley's Restaurant. All these tell their stories straightforwardly and without much interruption.

IV

It is only when the shooting is disposed of that the trial arrives at what the lawyers call a crisis. This happens when a little bald-headed man, who has worked for Fitzmaurice on the section gang, takes the stand. He testifies that a week before the shooting occurred Fitz and he were standing near each other at a bend of the railroad when Toothman's car went by on the highway above. Fitz then said, the witness testifies, 'You see that guy yonder? I'm goin' to kill him one of these days.'

That starts the fireworks. If the jury believes this witness, it is deliberate and premeditated murder.

Pressed for details, the witness states that Fitz added that Toothman had broken up his home — the motive for the crime.

Fortunately we can prove by the witness himself that Fitzmaurice fired him from the section gang three days after this alleged conversation took place. That provides a possible motive for false testifying. Mottlesey makes the most of it. The bald-headed man is subjected to a most scathing grilling lasting about an hour. The air is filled with objections and counter-objections. Mottlesey and the assistant prosecutor face each other like two gladiators ready to rend each other limb from limb. Part of this is stage play for the benefit of the spectators and part is genuine emotion. It is unbelievable how worked up a lawyer may become in a criminal trial. Mottlesey succeeds in casting some doubt upon the veracity of the witness, but in the main the bald-headed man sticks to his story.

This scene is nearly always duplicated in criminal trials and often in civil actions. Somehow or other a witness is nearly always found to supply the missing link in the evidence. This phenomenon has often intrigued me. Even allowing for natural discrepancies that arise because no two persons see the same thing alike, there must be a good deal of plain, outright lying in our courts, and not all of it is done by the defendant whose liberty may be at stake.

The difficulty in a court proceeding is to determine which witness is telling the truth and which the falsehood. In the present instance it is by no means certain that the bald-headed man is lying; yet, if he is not lying, Fitzmaurice premeditated this murder, and that is hardly consonant with what we know of his character. It is a problem.

There are other witnesses to prove the motive and the deliberation, but none of them are as important as the bald-headed man. As the minutes tick into hours the crowd stirs restlessly in the stuffy courtroom and the jury assumes that patient air of men who sit and listen because they have to.

At length the State rests.

It is now five o'clock and the judge orders a fifteen-minute recess. The sheriff takes the jury outside. Mottlesey and I lead Fitz into a deserted witness room. We take stock of the situation.

The State has already paved the way for the defense by proving all the facts surrounding the shooting. We deny none of them except the statement of one witness, who testified that Fitz shouted as he came into the restaurant, 'Well, I've found you at last.' That statement, if true, would indicate that Fitz had been looking for Toothman for some time. But it is easy to prove that no other witness heard him say anything of the kind and the statement is at variance with the general facts and circumstances surrounding the shooting. The really

damaging testimony, we agree, is that of the bald-headed man.

We instruct Fitz again to tell his story straightforwardly, exactly the way it happened, concealing nothing. Unless the cross-examination is exhaustive, we ought to finish our side in an hour and a half.

V

The gavel falls; we are back in the courtroom. Fitz himself is the first witness called; the courtroom stills to the silence of the tomb. Fitz's appearance is in his favor, for he looks like the gentlest of men, but he is not what the lawyers call a 'strong' witness — a witness who thrusts out his chin, says his say, and sticks to it. Fitz feels inferior; he speaks haltingly and low.

Nevertheless, with Mottlesey's help he gets through the story. The jury learns of his early boyhood and extreme poverty, of his first jobs wheeling sawdust and driving a bank mule, of his starting with the railroad as a section hand and his gradual elevation to section foreman. They hear of his marriage, his wife, his babies; of his little home that is now paid for; and finally they hear of Jep Toothman.

Jep Toothman was also married. At one time the Fitzmaurices and the Toothmans were neighbors and friends. Jep was night foreman at the Black Beauty Mine, where he worked every night but Sunday. The families visited each other frequently. After a while the Toothmans moved some five miles up the river. That was five years ago.

During those five years Fitz never saw anything to lead him to suspect that all was not well at home. Sometimes when he went to work in the morning he saw Jep coming down the road in his car. It was Fitz's custom each Sunday night to run up to his mother's home in Kanawha County on his railroad motor car, leaving his wife and the children at home. His wife occasionally mentioned that Jep had been there during his absence, but he thought nothing of that.

Then one morning he found a letter. He does n't know how it got there, but he happened to walk through the garden one morning before starting to work and found it. It read: —

> Get off to-morrow night if you can. F. is going to Charleston.

That was the letter. No signature, but the handwriting of his wife. It puzzled him, made him suspicious; he had gone to Charleston three nights before. Then he consulted a friend, and the friend told him.

The friend advised him to say nothing about it, but to keep watch and find out for himself. He started to work in his railroad motor car. Near his house the railroad and the highway run close together. As he was leaving, an automobile appeared on the highway. It was Jep Toothman's car.

He ran the gasoline car around a curve and lifted it off the tracks. Then he climbed the bank to the woods and approached his home from the rear. He saw Jep Toothman and Mrs. Fitzmaurice talking together on the side porch. The children, except the baby, had gone to school. He wanted to hear what they were talking about and managed to creep up to his own coal house unnoticed. Then he remembered something. In that coal house was a loaded revolver, placed there to keep it safe from the children. He reached up above the doorway and took it in his hand. Again he listened, but could hear nothing. He edged over to the window of the coal house, saw them plainly talking together. They were only about a hundred

feet away, but a train was passing. When the train had passed they stopped talking.

Fitzmaurice felt foolish, so he said, 'Well, are you havin' a good time down there?'

Jep Toothman jumped as if he had been shot. He started running toward Twombley's Restaurant. When Fitz saw Jep running away something snapped inside him; he saw red, went crazy. He fired and missed, ran out of the coal house, fired again. Jep got to Twombley's Restaurant, and hid behind the ice box. Fitz laughed, for he knew Jep would hide behind the ice box. There were people in the restaurant, but that did not trouble him. He stepped in quietly, walked over to the ice box, and drilled Jep Toothman through the heart.

The jury is impressed. The assistant prosecutor tries to break down Fitz's story with little success. If Fitz were lying, it would be easy to trap him, but he is telling the truth. In his faltering way, he sticks to his story.

There are other witnesses to prove that Jep Toothman was a frequent caller at Fitz's home when Fitz was absent. Three witnesses saw him there at night. The affair between Toothman and Fitz's wife was neighborhood talk, but nobody told Fitz because it was nobody's business.

It is 6.30. The defense rests.

'Court is adjourned,' says the judge, 'until 7.15. Let me have your instructions, gentlemen, and meet me here at seven.'

VI

Fitz goes back to jail, while Mottlesey and I eat from the jailer's private table.

'If Fitz only had a little more nerve,' says Mottlesey, 'I'd feel better about him. How does it look to you?'

'Remember the old saying,' say I. 'Only God knows what a petit jury will do.'

'True, too,' says Mottlesey.

We finish our repast and hasten back to the courthouse. The assistant prosecutor and the judge are there already.

'Now, as to State's Instruction Number 4,' says the judge, 'it seems to me, Hathaway, that you go too far in defining the elements of murder. Where did you get this instruction, anyway?'

'Took it direct from Lee's *Criminal Trial in the Virginias*,' says Hathaway. 'It was upheld in the case of *State* v. *Abbot*, 64 W. Va. 412.'

'Oh, all right,' growls the judge, 'but just the same it does n't sound right to me.'

He writes 'Given' on the instruction and passes on to the others. Altogether the State has prepared seven instructions, on six of which the Judge writes 'Given.' On the seventh he writes 'Not Given.'

'Number 6 covers the same ground as Number 3,' says the judge. 'I'm refusing it.'

'All right,' says Hathaway. 'Exception, of course.'

The court turns to the instructions for the defense.

'Number 1 O.K.,' says he, reading rapidly. 'Yes, here's the one. Number 2. This instruction is incomplete. It ought to read "in execution of which the homicide was committed."'

He hands me the instruction, and points out why the amendment is necessary. What he says would be rank repetition to a writer, but that is because writers depend a great deal upon suggestion. Suggestion has no place in a legal document. Either a statement is there or it is n't. The judge is right. We insert the amendment.

The judge leafs through the other instructions hurriedly, writing 'Given' at the foot of each instruction.

'Well,' says he, 'I see the jury is back. Let's get started.'

The jury, having dined and caught a breath of fresh air, has lost the drowsy look that characterized it in the late afternoon. The gavel falls. The judge rises to read the instructions.

'The court instructs the jury that one of five verdicts may be found under the indictment in this case, if the evidence so warrant: (1) murder in the first degree, (2) murder in the second degree, (3) voluntary manslaughter, (4) involuntary manslaughter, and (5) not guilty.

'The court further instructs the jury that murder in the first degree is when one person kills another person unlawfully, willfully, maliciously, deliberately, and premeditatedly; that murder in the second degree is when one person kills another unlawfully and maliciously, but not deliberately; that voluntary manslaughter is when one person unlawfully kills another person without malice, but under sudden excitement and heat of passion; that involuntary manslaughter is where one person while engaged in an unlawful act unintentionally causes the death of another person, or when engaged in a lawful act negligently causes the death of another person.

'The court further instructs the jury that murder in the first degree is punishable by death, or confinement in the penitentiary of this State for life, as the jury shall find in their verdict; that murder in the second degree is punishable by confinement in the penitentiary of this State not less than five nor more than eighteen years in the discretion of the court; that voluntary manslaughter is punishable by confinement in the penitentiary of this State not less than one nor more than five years in the discretion of the court; that involuntary manslaughter is a misdemeanor and punishable by imprisonment in the county jail, or fine, or by both, in the discretion of the court.'

This is State's Instruction Number 1, always given in murder cases. The other instructions, both for the State and for the defendant, deal with various phases of the crime of murder such as malice, cooling time, deliberation. It takes the judge exactly eleven minutes to instruct the jury.

'How much time will you have, gentlemen?' says the judge, referring to the final arguments.

It is customary to agree on this beforehand. The mention of time for the closing arguments brings the old prosecutor to life for the first time. In summing up a case before a jury the old man fancies he still has the vigor of his youth.

'The State can finish in two hours, your honor,' says he, implying by his tone that two hours is an extremely short time in which to argue a case before a jury.

'An hour is enough for us,' says Mottlesey.

'Yes,' says the assistant prosecutor, 'it seems to me an hour ought to be enough for each side. We don't want to keep the jury here all night.'

The old prosecuting attorney looks hurt. These new lawyers are beyond him.

'It is agreed, then,' says the judge, 'that each side is to have an hour. That means thirty minutes to each speaker. Very well, begin.'

VII

This is the part of the proceedings that the spectators have waited for. The courthouse is filled to capacity. Not a sound or a movement can be detected anywhere as the aged prosecutor rises to address the jury. It means very little to me, however, because I have heard it all before, and anyhow I am suddenly overcome with weariness. For hours on end I have

been awake, tense, driving myself forward. Now, when I relax, exhaustion fetters me. I rise and stagger to a deserted witness room. There I bury my face in my arms on the table. In thirty seconds I am fast asleep.

The next thing I know, Mottlesey is there shaking me. 'Wake up,' says he. 'The old man is just finishing. You're next.'

This is a nuisance. I am not one of your spread-eagle orators who quickly reduce the judge, the jury, and the courtroom to tears. Mottlesey is the man for you there. I should prefer to dispense with this part of the proceedings altogether, but it is customary for all the attorneys on each side to appear in the summing up. Well, here we go. The jury is waiting.

'Gentlemen of the jury: The regrettable incident that brings us together on this occasion has now receded into the dim shadows of the past. Whatever we do here, we cannot circumvent Nature's irrevocable law. We cannot bring back to life that which is dead. Our problem is to sit in judgment upon this prisoner at the bar, to determine from the mass of evidence before us his guilt or his innocence in the eyes of the law.'

They listen, not with rapt faces as they do when Mottlesey is speaking, but attentively. They are thinking, 'This is a nice young fellow. It's a pity he can't express himself better.' Well, it's some consolation to know that people think you a nice fellow.

Mottlesey runs true to form: 'The gentle Nazarene crucified on Calvary's cross to redeem the world from sin.' I could say those same words without producing the effect that Mottlesey does. Somehow you see the picture of the Crucifixion, Jesus between the thieves, the crown of thorns on His brow, blood streaming from His wounded side. And somehow — such is the spell of the speaker — you see Fitzmaurice in His place. Crucified!

The address is something like the sermon of a tent-meeting evangelist and something like a written decision of the Supreme Court of Appeals, the latter because Mottlesey above all else is a lawyer and deals with facts. His emotional outbursts are all the more effective because they are bolstered up by logic and reason.

There are tears in the courtroom before Mottlesey finishes; even the jurymen look a little bleary-eyed. And there are flashes of hope, too, glimpses of the Heaven to come that somehow take men out of themselves and lift them into the mystic world of dreams. His voice soothes like a breath of music; his speech is a tonic for the soul.

After Mottlesey the assistant prosecutor sounds stale and dry. The courtroom comes down to earth and the details of a murder trial.

At 9.38 the case goes to the jury. Fully three fourths of the spectators leave; the others remain in the hope that the jury will reach an early verdict. The sheriff takes the prisoner to the jail house. All the lawyers present, together with the judge, congregate in the other witness room. I am weary to the point of exhaustion. I have done all I could for Fitz; his fate now rests in the lap of the gods. Automatically my mind turns to my next case — one of the strangest I have ever encountered. I rub my tired eyes and little spots of light dance before me, and for a moment it seems as if I were looking into the wild, Heaven-lit face of the Prophet of Ammon.

(*Next month,* '*The Prophet of Ammon*')

WITHIN OUR GATES

BY LEONORE HAMILTON WILSON

I

Among the old customs and habits with limbs too feeble to make the leap across the great divide of the World War, which therefore quietly lay down on the far side and gave up the ghost, was that of visiting. Until then Maryland had clung, with a curious charm, to the formalities handed down from a gay Colonial society, and in our small corner of it we strictly observed the rigor of the game.

When I was growing up, Hagerstown boasted two hotels, but they were, in truth, oversized boarding houses and had few transient guests save an occasional 'drummer.' He drove in state the two blocks from the station to the hotel in the omnibus, a rattling vehicle painted green and further embellished on each side by an incongruous seascape in an oval gilt medallion. In the intervals of slipping off and on the narrow lengthwise seat he could keep an eye on his sample trunks hopping about in an open cart attached to his chariot. As a matter of course, anyone else who came to town stayed with friends. And stayed is the correct word, for weeks and often months rolled by with neither hosts nor visitors dreaming that a limit had been reached. Indeed we knew of one lady who came for a few weeks' stay, occupied the guest bedroom for forty years, and peacefully died in it.

One may wonder now how, in those days of big families, houses of no great size could take care of the influx. As, naturally, the house could not expand, the problem was solved by an accordion-like compression of the family. I well remember a neighbor's mahogany four-poster so long and wide that four medium-sized children, each with his own pillow, could be comfortably ensconced crosswise of the bed. Then, from beneath the dimity valance, would appear the trundle-bed on its little rollers, with spool railing and bedding complete. This having the charm of the unusual, the three inhabitants for the night were drawn by lot. As a pirate craft, swiftly propelled by hand power over the high seas of the bare floor and flying the Jolly Roger of a small petticoat, it had no equal.

This condensing process made room for the guests that, like the poor, were always with us. They entered into the family life, and as a rule we younger members regarded with a detached curiosity the inexplicable pursuits of the grown-ups. For some, however, the tocsin sounded, and, all minor differences forgotten, we presented a solid front against any we were pleased to consider the enemy.

The chief of these was a clergyman from a distant parish, who periodically descended on us to consult with my father on legal matters and, in a booming voice, instruct everybody else in the conduct of life. Strangely enough, among the numerous things of which

he disapproved was oatmeal, and he refused to come to the table and say grace until it was removed. Hitherto we had regarded it with lukewarm interest as a pallid messenger of better things to come, but being thus excommunicated, as it were, it was at once in great demand as smacking pleasantly of the Devil and all his works.

With the jungle instinct of the defenseless, all six of us assumed, within doors, a protective coloration that caused us to blend almost indistinguishably with the draperies and furniture. Like Agag, we walked delicately and with manners so impeccable as to draw no glance from the most cynically suspicious. At table, in the glare of pitiless publicity, with quite a little histrionic skill we put on our faces of average intelligence an expression of semi-imbecility, calculated to discourage the most persistent of child-baiters.

That is, all save one, — my next-oldest brother, — who could not quench the burning interest in life that shone in his bright blue eyes. Sooner or later he was a writhing victim. He would be arrested in full flight and called upon to say — and never could — the collect for the day and that pitfall of the young Episcopalian, 'My duty towards my neighbor.' Once even, in the fancied security of the round table in the bay window where we lesser ones sat at supper, the thunders of that mighty voice rolled about his head in the terrible request, 'Will our little man ask the blessing?' Somehow our little man found himself on his feet and dived for religious inspiration into the whirling chaos that was his mind, to emerge with this masterpiece of fervent brevity: 'O Lord, for Heaven's sake Amen.'

He was irresistible, as well, to the older members of the family, and when, as a matter of education in politeness, he and I accompanied my mother on a round of visits, the dignity of our setting out was seriously impaired by the conduct of my oldest sister. She was wont to stand in the doorway in an attitude of extreme mortification and send after him a quotation, culled from I know not where. It caused him to go down the street with a peculiar and crab-like gait, in an effort to see a non-existent hole in his long black stockings, the while he asked so earnestly and anxiously, 'Mama, *does* my marble limb gleam fitfully?'

II

Our first call was always made on an old lady who looked, as she sat in her high-backed rosewood chair, as if one of the Dresden figurines had come down from the mantelpiece to grow delicately and exquisitely old. I liked her cap with the lace lappets hanging down beside her soft pink cheeks, and the little feet, in prunella gaiters, so precisely placed on the gayly worked footstool. There was the sweetest smell of sandalwood in the room — but spicy too, like the look that sparkled in her bright, dark, bird-like eye. My mother sat on the rosewood sofa and my brother and I on two small chairs on each side of the fireplace, whose pointed Gothic backs gave us quite an ecclesiastical feeling. We were admitted by a little serving maid, an orphan of tender years, bound out, as was the custom, to be cared for and trained until she should be sixteen. She had, owing to her hair being strained back under a round comb and tied like a horse's tail behind, a bleak and wind-swept appearance. Whether from a general misanthropy or a special resentment of my stylish bangs, behind which my forehead and eyebrows were ambushed, I know not, but from a vantage point in the hall, where none but I could see, the orphan would stick out her tongue and make the

most appalling grimaces, to indicate her strong distaste for my presence.

At a certain moment of the visit my brother and I were called upon in turn to mount the stool at the great square piano and entertain with music. With his foot relentlessly pressed on the loud pedal he painstakingly pounded his way through the 'Black Hawk Waltz'—the alpha and omega of his musical career. I followed with the 'Music Box,' an airy trifle played in the high treble, but the piano was old and the black keys stuck so that the result was surprisingly interjectional, even for that tinkling melody. Lest you should think us unduly accomplished, it is necessary to make it clear that no child of our generation escaped taking music lessons, and all family life was carried on to a practically incessant accompaniment of Czerny's 'Five-Finger Exercises.' It was with profound envy that we young slaves of the piano looked upon a friend who had sustained a family bereavement. Not only were the outside parlor shutters bowed and tied with black for the space of a year, but the piano was locked and covered lest any gay strain should disturb the peace of the departed spirit.

After being shown out by the two-faced orphan with respectful curtsies, we continued to our next port of call. It was with difficulty we found our way to chairs in the darkened room into which we were ushered. An unceasing warfare was waged by the two elderly daughters against the wanton sunbeams that crept through the cracks in the slatted shutters, and all day long newspapers were shuffled about on the threatened pink roses on the fawn carpet. In some manner it was conveyed to us children that we were expected to walk only on the papers. As they were laid here and there, this necessitated a sort of politely conducted game of hop-scotch as we leaped from isle to isle. You may be sure we had no wine or cookies there, and our only amusement, after replying to the inane questions invariably addressed by the old to the young, was to look with fascinated interest at a portrait over the mantelpiece. It was of an infant son called suddenly to a better world and painted after his departure. Although the Hagerstown artist had omitted the little casket and placed the small figure on a cloud with neatly ruffled edges, he had conscientiously depicted the eternally closed eyes and the waxen hue of death.

On the whole, we thought portraits in general depressing, but found much to admire in the gayer forms of art. At that time young ladies did not feel themselves under the necessity of being moving-picture stars, actresses, or what not. Until such time as they got married they stayed at home and 'painted by hand.' So diligent were they that most of the parlor walls were spotted with a rash of tambourines and palm-leaf fans decorated with poppies and roses. With long streamers of ribbon to match the flowers, these were considered especially effective. There was also a marked tendency to add to the charm of the designs by putting them on the most unexpected objects and materials. Thus large kitchen stone jars became umbrella stands, and my teeth are still on edge at the recollection of a certain red plush mantel drapery adorned with pink wild roses. There seemed to be a special cat-tail cult, and these unmanageable floral emblems, if such they may be called, stood spikily on screens and door panels in almost every house.

In the pleasant dwelling where next we went lived two widows—one in fact, the other in heart. The first was a handsome woman who invariably spoke of the other as 'my poor dear sister.' On some Southern battlefield 'my poor

dear sister's' hope of happiness had died, and the rest of her life was dedicated to the memory of its brief existence. She moved, in her dresses of lavender and gray, in a twilight zone between the quick and the dead. Sometimes my eager wish was gratified to see her enter the room in her gentle, tremulous way and say a few words in her soft voice. Once she took me in her garden — a still place and shaded. As she left me to walk across the grass, which, I recall, was thickly set with the silver bells of the star of Bethlehem, I had the singular impression of seeing a shade in the fabled fields of asphodel. One wonders now, knowing the vigorous, autocratic stock from which she sprang, how much this cloistered life was of her own volition and how much due to the subtle, unconscious pressure brought to bear by those for whom she stood as romance incarnate. Did there never come a day before she faded out of life when she yearned to see, instead of her rosemary and rue, a row of flaming poppies, or to stand on a high hill and feel rushing around her the rough, tonic wind of reality?

My mother had a little basket phaëton and a glossy bay horse, so small as to be almost a pony. Occasionally we drove far afield, even as far as five or six miles, to pay country calls. The phaëton had a parasol top and the crowning glory of a tiny rumble seat. The one who proudly occupied it paid the penalty of all those that sit in high places, for the long fringe hanging from the top incessantly tickled his nose and obscured all but fleeting visions of the landscape.

About the big houses, at the end of the long avenues of maple trees, hung the veil of melancholy that attaches to things belonging to times past and gone. They were built for the spacious, leisurely life founded on slavery, and it was not so much the houses themselves as the quarters, the blacksmith shop, the smokehouses, grouped under distant trees and all empty and silent, that struck the note of sadness of abandoned places. Then as Earl, the little horse, pattered along, we heard the stories that grow around old habitations — stories of old loves and old hates, of gay weddings and tragic deaths. Then too, as twilight fell and the evening air grew heavy with the scent of blooming clover fields, there came to us from the lonely, walled-in family burying grounds, so soon to be ploughed over and forgotten, the plaintive requiem of the whippoorwill.

III

I never read a present-day novel exalting the doctrine of self-expression without being overcome by the feeling of chill dismay that possessed us on receiving the letter heralding the arrival of a certain distant relative. Unfortunately for us, who were still struggling, more or less successfully, with the moral concept of the Golden Rule, her philosophy of life was thirty years ahead of her time. Of course one could not expect a free spirit to be bound down by such household regularities as meals, which meant that she had to be sustained, at the oddest and most inopportune times, with tea and hot buttered toast. Nor could it suffer bores gladly, and of course our most egregious ones came promptly and beamingly to call. My mother found it trying, also, when our guest would flatly decline, at the last moment, to go to parties given in her honor.

It was incredible to us how anyone could fail to be entertained by our parties. We had a special penchant for costume affairs, with the costumes strictly homemade. One of the most elaborate was entirely Shakespearean, Antony and Cleopatra easily carrying

off the honors. Antony's mother, being of an economical turn, saw no reason to make a new costume when one was at hand. She argued, not illogically, that one general had much in common with another, and what was suitable for Washington would equally become a Roman. Cleopatra's dress had, as well, a modern touch. Our hostess, having a rigid idea of propriety, considered the flowing cheesecloth draperies too revealing and insisted on the addition of a little cloth cape with a rabbit-skin collar. These and other small anachronisms were lightly passed over. Indeed, in solving the problem of who represented what, time was prevented from hanging heavy on our hands until the arrival of the inevitable ice cream and cake. Hamlet was the only character about whom there was not the slightest doubt. Having surveyed in the mirror his father's long black coat festooned around his thin legs, he retired to a corner with an expression of justifiable gloom that Booth himself might have envied.

We were also addicted to book parties, which were quite a tax on our intellectual powers — so much so that at one there appeared, with no ironical intent, no less than four persons blowing out lighted candles to represent 'The Light That Failed.' It was a relief to fall back on Mother Goose, where without strain we could adequately portray Simple Simon and his fellows.

It was equally difficult for us to believe — and in truth we never did, although assured of the fact by our much-traveled relative — that our modest little town could not hold its own with Paris and Rome and suffered severely in comparison with these somewhat larger centres. We thought it likely that a drive through the Bois de Boulogne might have its pleasures, but were convinced that for sheer human interest it could in no way compare with a ride on our first street car. Starting in the Public Square, it made a circuit of the town and found itself back again in fifteen minutes. The schedule was rather elastic, as the friendly Pennsylvania Dutchman in charge, who combined in himself the duties of motorman and conductor, abandoned the controls and got down politely to assist every lady passenger from the car. If she was burdened with packages, he also obligingly carried them to the porch. In addition the little chats at each corner held by those departing and those left behind took up quite a bit of time. When the car finally completed its circuit, those making a more extended tour mounted its twin, which climbed the Washington Street hill, and having reached the top, like the King of France and all his men, turned around and came down again. Our house was on the crest of the hill, midway of the block, and it was a pleasant convenience to have the conductor affably inquire, 'Want off at Mama's?' and halt at the very door. How much more agreeable than the soulless bus that now, as inexorable as fate, deposits one at the proper corner and nowhere else!

IV

It was the merit or defect, as you will, of our small society that in the main we had to depend on ourselves for our amusements. If assiduous visiting was one of them, at least we were unconsciously obeying Pope's dictum that the proper study of mankind is man. If not wide, it was deep; there was a general gift for the summing up of character in a succinct phrase that left nothing to be desired in accuracy. This saved the wise any amount of trouble in seeming to be other than they were. Our slowly built up knowledge was not

on a par, however, with the subtle discrimination in degrees of 'quality' that was the special gift of the old-time colored servant. Our housemaid, Annie, who met everyone with smiling politeness, needed but one glance, and the unwitting caller was classified and led to the place proper to her station. This, in order of merit, was the sitting room, the east parlor, then the west. It was some time before we found that the last ranked superlative, thanks to a copy of Titian's 'Bella Donna' enshrined in a broad, gold Italian frame. Annie was of the innocent belief that the Beauty, gorgeous in her wine-colored velvet, flaring lace collar, and pearls, was an ancestress shedding more lustre on the family than the staid citizens in dark raiment and high stocks that hung around the hall. As neither fine feathers nor fine manners put Annie off, we would often find a dowdy, timid little lady, from whom evidently emanated the sacred aura, enthroned under the 'Bella Donna,' while a bird of paradise would languish in the semi-social obscurity of the sitting room.

Almost every household had, as an adjunct, a small colored girl of eight or ten years of age whose duties consisted of playing with the little children, running errands, and learning the fine points of the domestic arts from the grown-up housemaids. Our neophyte was Aunt Kate's granddaughter and was captured by that martinet every Saturday, put in one of the laundry tubs, and scoured with a sand soap. After this her short, kinky hair was laid off in departments, like the map of France, a pigtail wound with string standing up in each one, resembling a diminutive mountain peak. Some of our New England visitors, being deeply imbued with ideas of the romantic South, were doubtless under the impression that her wails of anguish under this drastic treatment, wafted from the nether regions, were the baleful cries of the family banshee.

There were certain of our callers turned over by Annie to her ministrations, with our assistance. Far from anyone's mind, in those days, was a thought of social welfare or charity scientifically administered. The kind-hearted fed the hungry and clothed the naked, naïvely assuming them to be part of the divine scheme. Incidentally we encouraged the shiftless to be more shiftless and the lazy more lazy. That there is no loss without some gain is proved by the fact that some of us learned at first hand the meaning of the beautiful word 'compassion.'

Among those who unremittingly visited our doorstep was the family of a care-free individual who took no thought of the morrow and had an appalling number of children. When remonstrated with on that score, he found a dignified and unanswerable reply: 'I follow the Good Book, ma'am, where it says to increase and multiply and blemish the earth.' So the good ladies heaved a resigned sigh and searched for garments in which to encase the new and most aptly named little blemish.

For more years than I can remember, Miss Ella Jane made a weekly appearance for a dole of a pound of butter. The family next door paid tribute of a loaf of bread and a pound of coffee. These offerings enabled Miss Ella Jane to sit and rock genteelly all day long in her little parlor. She took passionate care of her long white hands and rose-leaf complexion, which she never took out save under the protection of a thick, dark blue *barège* veil. For some mysterious reason she was always spoken of as 'poor Miss Ella Jane,' probably because of a soft complaining voice and the enjoyment of poor health. In fact, she enjoyed it so much that she clung to it until well in her eighties.

We had another outside guest, so to speak, who came not to beg but to praise. This was a little German tailor, who every so often got outrageously drunk. He then invariably appeared to take his stand under the horse-chestnut tree at the corner of the house and deliver an oration. We knew it to be soundly democratic in character, as the rapid flow of unintelligible Pennsylvania Dutch was punctuated by staccato bellows of 'Hurrah for Hamilton!' and 'Down with the Hohenzollerns!' When the clamor became too insistent he was led away home by our one lone policeman, who was greatly pleased to have something to do to relieve the tedium of his unoccupied hours.

V

It is to be noted that our more conventional comings and goings were markedly lacking in the masculine element — possibly because most of it was daytime calling, possibly because the gentlemen reserved their strength for one grand outburst on New Year's Day. By eleven o'clock on that morning the ladies were dressed and ready to receive the top-hatted and frock-coated callers starting on their rounds. In the dining room the table was extended to its full length. At one end a block of ice, cunningly hollowed out, held quarts of pickled oysters; at the other was placed a large roasted turkey, boned if one's cook was skillful enough. Midway reposed the noble ham baked with spices, basted with Madeira, and thickly studded with cloves, without which no Hagerstown party was complete. The great bowl of eggnog, mellifluous and potent, accompanied by the richest of black fruit cake, was on a lace-decked table in the parlor. When it is understood that politeness demanded that something should be eaten and drunk at each house, one can only exclaim, regarding the gentlemen from a gastronomical standpoint, 'Truly there were giants in those days!'

It is not to be wondered at that, as the shades of night fell, some of them were a thought the worse for wear. There comes to mind a Virginia youth who, after his farewells, got only to the end of the pavement and six times returned to us. Completely baffled by the unexpected reappearance of the same faces and much depressed by a visible lessening of enthusiasm in his welcome, he was at length taken away by a friend, weeping bitterly and irately demanding, 'What's the matter with me, anyway? I've a pedigree as long as a horse.'

And that pillar of society, a gentleman of the old school, whose lightest phrase instantly conjured up visions of Daniel Webster and the halls of Congress! On taking leave, aided and abetted by the eggnog, he rose to heights of eloquence that would have given even that worthy pause. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that the full grandeur of his urbane periods perforce missed its mark, in that they were laid at the feet of the whitely aloof and scantily clad Venus, in her niche.

Like all dwellers in old, slow-growing American towns, we had to bear, with what meekness we could muster, the expressed or hinted-at commiseration of the world at large. After being marooned for many years on the Scylla of provincialism, we floated off, only to be cast in the monotonously whirling Charybdis of standardization. Sequestered the former certainly was, but on it, if one may judge by some of those well-remembered faces, were to be found, here and there, hidden wells of deep content and shaded paths of tranquil ease. One may surely be permitted now to breathe a half-smiling sigh for the lost charm of those days so newly and yet so irrevocably past.

KING OF THE BAD LANDS

BY HENRY G. LAMOND

I

Two specks swung in the steel-blue sky, slowly circling each other in mile-wide sweeps. From mere specks they grew to a couple of black smudges, to the outlines of birds, and gradually they dropped nearer the earth. The ponderous ease with which they planed on rigid pinions belied their pace, which left a bubbling wake of churned air behind them. For a second before alighting, both birds swept with floundering strokes of mighty wings, while the splayed feathers of their wedge tails hissed through the air; legs were outthrust as their bodies breasted up, and with a sighing rush of torn wind behind them they dropped to the bare bough of a dead coolibah tree.

They were a pair of wedge-tailed eagles, of Australia, the mightiest of their class in the whole world. As they sat on the bare limb of the tree, the sun shone and was reflected from their bronze bodies, so deep in coloring that they appeared to be black. The golden hackles of their necks glinted yellow, and pin points of light were reflected from the polished cruelty of their eyes. Larger and with a wider wing spread than both the famous golden eagle of Europe and the bald eagle of America, these Australian eagles — misnamed eagle hawks — grow in favored localities with a spread of eleven feet nine inches, and a length from tail to beak of forty inches. Superb creatures that these birds are, their souls are miserable things from which all pity has been cast; their hearts are black and hard with the implacable rigidity of flint, and death itself rides in the grip of those grappling hooks of living steel, their talons.

The two birds sat facing the wind. Beneath them the grass upon the open downs of western Queensland swayed and billowed, and afar a moving blanket weaving through it betrayed a flock of traveling sheep. The smaller and more highly burnished of the pair, the cock bird, sidled along the limb toward the hen. She was a full two inches longer than he, with a correspondingly greater spread of wing, and as the king approached her she opened her horny beak and faced him. A rumbling protest issued from her throat, she snapped her bill together with a noise like the clashing of dry horns; then, as the king still came on, she dropped her head and quivered her wing tips in surrender.

But first she would play. Both birds were old with an age beyond man's reckoning. They had mated in constancy from year to year. But a bride is always a bride. Though she was the larger bird, the more powerful, and the better fighter, she wanted to be pursued and captured before surrendering. With a ruffling of dry feathers, which sounded like a sheet of iron being dragged over coarse gravel, she sprang into the air. Her mate followed her,

and with a hissing of wings they climbed the stairs of the sky again.

Large and heavy as these birds were, they played with the wind as they swept upward, circling in their nuptial dance. They rocked on the air. They floated lightly as a thought. Then up in dizzy streaks and giddy curves they soared till, two tiny specks, now seen, now lost in the higher heavens, they disappeared from sight. . . . Suddenly, with a hissing rush, they returned! With wings held back, with head, neck, body, and tail in one rigid line, they cleaved the air in brilliant flashes and again alighted on their tree.

II

The eagles would build. In the fork of an old boree, about twenty feet from the ground, there was an untidy collection of sticks. This was their eyrie. Each year they added to it. It was a rough inverted cone, the base of which formed a sort of platform eight feet above the fork of the tree. It was six feet across the top, and in it were sticks as long and as thick as a man's arm.

Both birds busied themselves in making additions to the building. The hen fancied some articles of adornment. She brought part of the shin and fleece of a dead sheep; she broke off light twigs from a near-by tree and added them to the platform. The cock thought the eyrie needed stabilizing. He searched among the sticks that lay on the ground, but either they were too heavy to lift or he considered them rotten. He left them where they lay. At last he flew to the gaunt bough of a dead tree and rested on the far point of it. Nothing happened. He lifted and rested several times. Nothing continued to happen. It may have been telepathy, reason may have come to her aid, or perhaps it was blind instinct; at any rate the hen saw that something was wrong, and she went to help her lord. As he sat on the dead bough she came to rest beside him, and immediately their combined weights had the desired effect! The dead limb cracked and broke under the strain.

As her perch gave beneath her, the hen spread her wings and flew back to the eyrie, but the cock, gallant bird that he was, battled stupendously. That bough would be too heavy for him to lift, once it fell to the ground; but he wanted it — it was just what his architect's eye desired. If he could not lift it, at least he could steer it in the air. His talons dug into the wood, his great wings whistled, his tail was spread with every feather splayed, and laboriously, an inch at a time, now rising, now losing, churning the air and hissing, he landed the coveted beam upon the platform. He pulled it into position. He pried it and levered it where he wanted it. He changed its place and tried another, working it about until his exacting requirements were satisfied. All was well.

The birds built on that. They laced other sticks around it and added another large bough, not so heavy as the first, on the other side of the platform to balance it. Little by little the nest was raised another foot, and as they built they worked in any rubbish that suited her lady's fancy. When the job was finished, the ground beneath was littered with sticks that had been discarded, and the eyrie stood complete in the face of the rising sun.

But while they were building they must feed. The hen rarely went out of sight of the nest, and great was the destruction she wrought among carney lizards and other small game in the neighborhood. Always she took her prey to the platform to devour it. There she carved it, using her hacking bill as a hatchet. Whitened skeletons,

the remnants of many feasts, lay strewn about her. If they fell to the ground, she did not trouble to pick them up. If they remained on the platform, neither did she bother to push them over the edge. It was all one to her what happened to the débris after her hunger was satisfied.

The cock foraged afar. He ate at his kill, and returned with a share for his mate. But always he filled himself first. And then, after the hen had finished with what he had brought her, he took another snack of anything that might be left. But when the two great eggs of dirty white, speckled and streaked with brown, were laid, then the cock grew wary of alighting on the platform. He dropped his offerings to his mate as he flew over, and touched nothing she might leave.

All the crevices between the sticks of the eagles' nest were filled with the tiny homes of waxbill finches. These atoms, beneath the dignity of an eagle to attack, littered the lower stories of the eyrie with their collections of straw and grass. With one grip of his talons the eagle could have crushed a dozen of them to twitching heaps of flesh and feathers; with one buffet of his wing he could have smashed a score; but to his kingly eye they were little better than grasshoppers, and ten times harder to catch. They were n't worth the trouble. He left them alone. So the little finches lived in peace, safe from the attack of other birds, under the shadow of the king.

But some birds were not so insignificant as the finches. The eagles, kings of the air though they were, had often to defend their crown. Crows and magpies were big enough to be offensive, cheeky enough to be a nuisance, and fast enough to lead even an eagle a merry chase. Crows, of course, were merely a jeering rabble, but magpies were duelists to be avoided, and the eagles beat them by rising above them and ignoring them. Others were also annoying — blue martins, pewits, and willy-wagtails. These had bodies the size of a half-grown threepence, but their hearts were as big as a bass drum, with courage direct from Mars. They attacked on sight, and kept on attacking. They pestered the king, but he made light of it, even when an odd feather was lifted from his back by the darting strike of an impudent wagtail.

III

When the eggs were laid and the hatching period commenced, the hen rarely left the eyrie. Once a day she stretched her wings and went to water. During that time the cock circled on high. Slowly he swept about the tree in huge spirals, now a mere speck in the distance, now, with a great sob of torn air, rushing past and close to the ground. Nothing ever molested the nest. That huge structure was a warning in itself, and crows and other predatory birds gave it a wide berth in their passage. The little waxbills came and went as usual, their sibilant whispers forever stuttering in the air. Only a marauding goanna would have been foolish enough to attempt to ravage that stronghold.

With a harsh rustling of feathers the queen returned. She alighted on the edge of the platform and hopped to her eggs with the awkward motion which is a caste mark of the species. Her breast was wet from her bath, and as she shook her plumage a few tiny specks of water flew from her wings and sprayed about her.

The male, having to provide for his mate as well as himself, returned to his hunting. From five thousand feet aloft he had seen, ten miles away, a flock of ewes and lambs. With rigid

wings he dropped toward his prey on a long and hissing slant. He breasted up in the air a scant hundred feet above the sheep, and coolly encircled them to select his victim. At the tail of the flock, feeding as it went, was a ewe with a week-old lamb. She heard the 'fruffing' of mighty wings and leaped for safety as the whirlwind unleashed itself above her; in panic-stricken terror she raced for the protection of the flock. Twenty yards she fled, and then she turned in the face of death itself to look for her lamb.

The eagle had dropped on the little fellow's loins. Those talons had paralyzed it with their vise-like grip, and it had sunk to the ground. Feebly twitching, it made no effort to escape; and even as its mother watched, the lamb's life went out in a gurgling sob, and it lay still. Across the body a very demon clothed in feathers stood, wings half spread, beak agape, soulless pin points of eyes flashing like twin fires. And to that devilish horror the game little mother returned, stamping her feet and whistling her anger.

Almost with casual indifference the eagle ignored her. He lowered his head and drove his bill into the lamb's flank. With a ripping tear he opened it from flank to hip; then, slicing great slivers of flesh, he gulped them down. Twice he wiped his beak on the ground with the whetting action of his kind; four times he turned his head back to front; then he tightened his grip with his talons. He gave a slight hop, spread his huge wings, and as he took the air the points of his pinions swept the ground. Beating heavily, yet carrying his load with comparative ease, the eagle headed for home.

He flew lower than usual, and his line of flight took him across a creek where an old crow had her nest high in the limbs of a coolibah tree. Murderer, fiend, filthy eater, and scavenging pest the crow may be, but none may say she is a coward. When the king of the air passed over her, she did not hesitate. She left her nest and fledglings, called once to her mate the S O S of all crowdom, and recklessly hurtled to the attack. Her mate may not have heard her call, or he may have stayed to protect the nest while she was away. At any rate he did not come, but the single crow flew on in her single assault upon the eagle which had invaded her sanctuary.

In loud-called screams of hate and sweeping dives the crow attacked the eagle. Every time she swept for the pinion joint, which corresponds to the wrist in human beings. That was the eagle's weakest point. A smashing drive from her hammer of a beak would splinter that bone and cripple her adversary. It may only have been hate which drove her on, but perhaps the eagle's burden prompted her to greater fury. She rose and dived, rose and dived. And every time she missed that vital joint by the narrowest of margins. The crow was growing berserk with rage. In a very abandonment of fury she came hurtling to the attack again. The eagle seemed to falter in his flight as he churned the air, and from beneath his wing as it swept in a downward stroke a black bundle, sadly ruffled, tumbled and tossed and dropped toward the earth.

The eagle passed on. Behind him, after falling about fifty feet, the crow recovered herself, snapped herself together, and flew silently back to her nest. She had had enough. How the eagle had slipped her lead and smashed her she knew not. Perhaps it was only a fluke. The crow, in her cheeky self-confidence, no doubt thought so; but she was also wise, and not too old to learn. She added the incident to her store of knowledge, and thereafter viewed eagles with a new respect.

The eagle hovered for a second at the edge of the eyrie. He knew better than to attempt a landing. He dropped the limp body of his burden and flew to the bough of an adjacent tree, where he watched his mate peel the skin from the lamb almost as a man might peel a banana. He saw her strip the flesh from the bones in slicing cuts of her beak. Then he shook himself and stepped out into the air. What was a mere lamb to a full-grown eagle? He must look for more.

IV

He betook himself to the higher heavens, where he swept in regal circles, a black dot skimming the blue. Out on a little plain a string of kangaroos were hopping to the shade of a solitary tree. A bachelor buck led the way. Behind him two half-grown does gamboled as they followed. Next came two adult does, heavily laden with joeys in their pouches. After them came another doe with a youngster beside her. Last of all the lordly old man, master of the mob and sire of the youngsters, hopped in muscle-bound jumps indicative of his great strength. Battle-scarred was he, with bulging muscles and a tattered ear. As the others flung themselves in the dirt in the shade of the tree, the old man stood up, licked himself, and gazed about him. Then he too sought repose, first ousting the bachelor buck from a choice spot which he coveted for himself.

Hardly had the kangaroos settled themselves, throwing up clouds of dust with their hand-like paws to keep off the flies, when a rush of wind and a harsh rattle of coarse feathers proclaimed the arrival of the eagle, which, a few minutes before, had been five thousand feet in the air and four miles behind them. He had alighted on a bough of the tree under which they rested. The kangaroos watched him with grave unconcern and continued tossing up dirt to ward off the flies, but the does drew their joeys closer to them. The eagle turned his head first on one side, then on the other, and waited. Nothing happened. Occasionally one of the kangaroos shifted to a more comfortable position.

The eagle grew tired of waiting and decided to try other tactics. He took to his wings, turned, poised, and swept down upon the little band. The timorous youngsters crept nearer their mothers, and the old man drew himself erect to meet the challenge. It was nothing! According to the textbooks of kangaroodom, an eagle may be a slight nuisance to a grown-up, but it cannot be a real danger; an eagle is a threat only to wandering joeys. The mob lay at ease while the old man stood on guard.

But that pestilential eagle would not leave them alone. He flew back and forth above them, buffeting the joeys with his wings and crowding them closer to their mothers. In his presumption he even dared to slash the old man across the face with rigid wing tips. That was too much! The old man drew himself still higher; he smacked vainly at the shadow as it passed; he blinked his eyes and blew his nose. He would take his family to a safer retreat. Under the shelter of a thick mimosa tree they could rest in peace; there the eagle would not have room to spread his wings. Calling his mob to attention, the old man turned and led the way across the plain.

The bachelor buck and the immature does followed immediately. The mothers with young leaned forward and called to their joeys, who sprang, doubled themselves in the air, and dived into their mothers' pouches. There they were safe. Last came the

doe with the joey too big to take in her pouch. She hopped beside her baby, shepherding him, and she seemed reluctant to leave the shelter of the tree.

As the kangaroos left, the eagle swept about them. He encircled them, flying close to the ground, and as he passed behind the straggling column he swung in on the lone joey. But the doe saw that stroke coming. She too swung in, and intercepted the bird with her own body. Baffled, the eagle rose. The mob strung on, the doe and joey at the tail, and the eagle dropped again. The eagle struck at the young kangaroo while it was in the middle of a bound. The great bird paused for a mere flick of time on its shoulders, and, almost without losing the stroke of his wings, he rose again and rested in a tree. His work was done. He could afford to wait.

The young kangaroo hopped on. Slowly it swung in an aimless circle, gradually narrowing its orbit until it spun about on nerveless legs and fell in a quivering heap. The eagle, in one lightning probe, had pierced its spinal column. Now that his prey awaited him, the bird left his perch and flapped to the body lying on the ground. He straddled it, and with wings half spread awaited the doe, which was returning to investigate. On she came. Advancing on four paws, with that curiously wooden expression of a puzzled kangaroo, she approached her baby and the monster astride it. She advanced her twitching nose to smell her young and to lick it. Tap! Across her tender nostrils the eagle dealt her a blow with his wing tips. The doe bounded away, then turned and came again. Always those cutting wings smacked her, always that devil in feathers rebuffed her, and at last she gave up and followed the mob.

She went to the nearest tree, and stood there watching the scene of rapine. When at last the eagle soared away on heavy wings and faded in the distance, the mother went once more to her young. A mutilated carcass lay on the ground. The flank was ripped open, — always the mark of the eagle, — and from one thigh all the flesh was gone, leaving a white strip of glistening bone. Once she smelled her joey, and then as the dread scent of death came to her she bounded away in alarm, to return no more.

For the best part of a week the eagle feasted on the body of the young kangaroo. Crows and other carrion attended it, but when the king would dine lesser ones stood back. He came till nothing but bare bones remained.

V

The day arrived when the hen did not go to water for her drink and bath. The male eagle, circling on high, knew the reason. He was not perturbed. He had been there before. He recognized the symptoms. He dropped her meal on the platform, sheering off from her menacing beak, and sank to slumber on his favorite perch in a near-by tree. Next day, when the hen hopped awkwardly from her nest, she uncovered a fluffy ball of down. It had a bare belly and gaping beak, pink skin and two hideous black bruises which would later develop into eyes. The other egg lay discarded on one side. Not more than once in a thousand times does the eagle hatch two chicks from two eggs.

The king must celebrate the birth of his heir. He foraged wide, and from a high point in the heavens he saw some wild turkeys in flight. He plunged to their level and gave pursuit. He singled out one bird and marked it for his own. Like two great ships sailing under full canvas, those

huge birds tacked in the air, the turkey diving and careening, the eagle hotly following. Gripping the air with two pairs of strong pinions, swirling it behind them in eddies and miniature maelstroms, the two birds threw distance behind them. There was a life to sell, and a meal to gain. They engaged in none of the breath-snatching plunges and lightning doubles of smaller birds, none of the dazzling streaks and blasting swoops. These were ships of the line, requiring plenty of room for their manœuvres. Just the same, the turkey put a price on its life, and the eagle did not forget that he had two other mouths to feed besides his own.

In mid-air, with a flurry of beating wings and a whirlwind of feathers, the pirate and merchantman grappled. For one second there was a tangle of pinions interlocked, a heave and twist to break free; then, slowly, like a twirling leaf, both birds fell to the ground. Great as was his wing power, the eagle had been unable to sustain that double load. The turkey was dead; one steel-like talon had sunk through its breast to its heart, and its neck had been broken as the birds wrestled in the air.

Twice the eagle tried to lift his burden. Twice he failed. Standing athwart the limp body, he sank his beak and ripped open the breast of the turkey. Blood spurted from the wound and dabbled his cheek. The eagle turned his head, carefully wiped his cheek on the ground, and went about his feast. When he had fed himself, he tried again to lift the dead bird. Dust and pebbles rose in clouds about him, and his shrieking wings beat like flails as they tried to grip the air. It was too much. But if he could n't take the whole feast to his mate, at least he could take a part. First he carried a wing. He returned, fed again, and took a leg. In two days all that was left of the splendid turkey was a ring of feathers in the grass, and a few foraging ants still picked hopefully at dried morsels of flesh.

VI

After the hatching, the hen occasionally hunted. While she was away the male bird always hovered on high above the eyrie. Though she was the bigger and stronger bird, her hunting lacked the fire which marked the forays of her mate. She contented herself with carney lizards, goannas, and an occasional lamb. The country in which they nested contained no rabbits or kangaroo rats, else she would have added them to her bill of fare.

The hunting had been bad. The eaglet cried piteously for food, gluttonous little wretch that it was, and the hen was peevish. Across the plain a flock of sheep were stringing. One glance told the eagle that they were all grown wethers with not a lamb among them. Still, one must eat. He swung higher for a better view, and then he dropped on still wings toward the flock. Along the road that skirted the sheep's pasturage a car was speeding at the head of its rising ribbon of dust; at the wheel was that animate pinhead which the eagle knew for a man.

The great bird circled the sheep for a closer inspection. At the tail of the flock was a lame wether. It was strong and fat, but its bad leg made it labor to keep up with the others. Once the eagle flew around it, brushing it with his wings as he passed. The wether threw up its head and started running to rejoin the flock. But as it ran a weight descended upon it and a devil's clutch of steel took it across the loins.

The car stopped suddenly. The man got out and came running across

the downs, carrying a gun in his hands.

The wether blundered on, the eagle bobbing and balancing on its back with wings apart. The bird lifted himself into the air. He swung round the sheep, buffeting it with his wings and flustering it by his actions. As the wether strove to break past and catch up with its mates, the eagle descended on its loins again, and more surely than before his talons bit in — through wool and skin into shrinking flesh. The wether stumbled and fell to the ground, lying there with the passive resignation of its breed.

Afar, shouting and running, was the man. The eagle gave him one glance, measured the distance, and calmly sank his bill into the sheep's flank.

That was too much for the wether. It bounded to its feet and raced away. Three times again the eagle pursued it, rode it to the ground, and commenced on its flank. Each time the sheep arose and strove to shake off that horror that would not let it go. The fourth time it fell it lay resigned, with heaving sides and panting mouth, while in the distance the man came on at a steady run. The eagle fell to. In disgusting lengths the bird drew forth the sheep's entrails, dabbling his face with blood as he tore and gulped great chunks of quivering flesh.

The man came closer, gasping, swearing, and stumbling as he ran. Fifty yards away he paused to look at his gun. The eagle lifted his head and glanced back over his shoulder. His eyes flashed, his beak gaped, his wings half spread as he seemed to challenge the man who dared to interfere with his feast. Forty yards away the man hesitated to fire lest he kill the sheep, of whose fate he was still ignorant. Thirty yards, and the eagle paused in his attack on the carcass. Twenty yards, and he rose reluctantly from the meal to which he considered himself entitled.

As the bird took the air there came the flash of lightning, the report of thunder, and shot rattled on the eagle's plumage like hail smashing on a tin roof. 'Bang!' A second barrel echoed, and again from a distance of less than thirty yards the eagle was sprayed with number-three shot from the choke-bore. They salted his legs, they cut a ribbon of feathers from his hackle; the main charge shook him sideways and rocked him in the air. But his armor of feathers could defy a .22 bullet at eighty yards; number-three shot at thirty yards was to him only an inconvenience.

But the eagle wanted no more of it. He soared high and returned to his eyrie, neglecting a carney lizard on a bare claypan that he passed over on his way. He rested on his favorite perch, fluffed his feathers, and apparently sank to sleep, deaf to the pleadings of his hungry son.

VII

Next day the eagle returned to the wether on the plain. Eagles, unlike dingoes and some other Carnivora, always return to a kill. As he circled about it crows called jeeringly to him, and on the ground three kite hawks held high feast. The eagle dropped beside the body. One crow near him was frankly and disgustingly sick, and as the eagle came up the kites moved away on wobbly legs. One tried to fly, which alarmed the others, and with beating wings and sprawling bodies they flapped the earth in an effort to rise. The eagle ignored them. Hopping on his short stumps of legs, with exactly the same motions as those of a man walking on his knees, he approached the dead sheep. The body had been opened up so that all the more

tasty portions were exposed, and other birds had taken their cut. The eagle was not finicky. He proceeded to fill himself, as he always did before taking a portion home to his hen and chick.

Even as the eagle ate, a burning thirst seized him. He seemed to be afire inside. It is just possible, too, that he may have tasted an acrid bitterness in the flesh, but if he did he paid no attention to it. He gorged himself more greedily than ever, tearing great slivers of flesh and gulping them furiously before flying away to water. About him the three kite hawks which had tried to rise now lay dead, but the eagle did not notice them. He turned to leave the feast.

He hopped away from it, and his legs moved jerkily, out of control. All his nerves were quivering, his muscles twitching, and a fire raged within him. He must go to water. He tried to rise. His wings flapped feebly, jerking spasmodically. The eagle did not know the meaning of fear, but at this moment rage took possession of him. In fury he smashed his wings, flapping and churning clouds of dust and pebbles from beneath him. Then a new convulsion took him. He bounded wildly, turned half over, and fell on his back. There, with wings outstretched, his beak snapping fiercely, his talons vainly gripping the air, life passed from him and he lay still.

'That's one,' a man said, as he stooped beside the poisoned carcass and cut off the claws of the eagle. 'Half a crown. If I get his mate, it'll be five bob.'

VIII

The hen at the eyrie must have known the king was dead. Eagles mate for life. Only one thing prevents them from returning to the nest, and that is a thing which no living creature may overcome. For two days she foraged, always within sight of the eyrie and her young, and then the lack of food took her farther afield. She flew over the body of the wether. About it a ring of dead kite hawks was evidence of its potency. At a glance she may have recognized the mutilated body of her mate lying there, a giant among pygmies, but she passed on. It was not that death had any terrors for her — she was used to dealing in that mystery; the lure which drew her on was the scent of a fresher body wafted to her on the wind.

On the bank of a water hole lay a dead kangaroo. It had been opened appetizingly, and its freshness was enough to attract the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. The eagle hen dropped beside it. She surveyed it for a moment and then hopped toward her favorite place of attack — the flank.

As she hopped, the earth beneath her came suddenly to life and the steel jaws of a hidden trap snapped upon her leg. In this emergency the hen acted first and thought afterward — she sprang into the air. Rising a bare two feet, she was jerked back to earth. Again, again, and yet again she rose, each time to come crashing back with a thudding jar. She floundered along the ground, raising a flurry of dust and sweeping the earth bare about her. She lay and panted with beak agape. In exhaustion she spread her wings upon the ground, but the fire in her eyes dimmed not at all. With a snap like an electric spark she sprang to action again. In a whirling cloud of dust she fought until at last, her strength all spent, she lay where she fell.

At intervals all that long day she fought for freedom. Her spirit was strong, but the strain was too much for even her iron muscles. Each effort

was more feeble than the last. As night came on, the horror of being on the ground in the dark moved her to one more supreme effort, which left her with a pounding heart, with panting lungs that wheezed as she sucked air through a parched throat, and with feathers torn and crumpled. But she stood to face the night; she held her head high and her eyes still flashed.

About noon the next day a man rode to the water hole. At his approach the hen made one more valiant attempt to rise, and her beating wings made pebbles and stems of grass fly high in the air. Casually the man knocked her over the head, and as she lay in a heap, pathetic with closed eyes and draped wings, the man apostrophized her: —

'I set that-there trap for a dingo,' said he. 'I want that bloke what's killin' sheep in this paddock. He's a quid if I get him. You're only half a crown!'

IX

Up in an old boree tree, on the platform of an eyrie which had been used for years by the same pair of eagles, a fluffy chick with pin points of feathers showing through his down lay with his head stretched along the platform.

Above him circled jeering crows, calling to each other and looking for the owners of the nest. While the others kept watch, one of the crows dropped to the eyrie. He stabbed the chick with his pickaxe of a beak. The little fellow, too weak to stand, was the son of kings and as game as was befitting in one of his breed. He rallied himself and hissed.

Again the crow stabbed, and he cawed raucously as a signal to the rest. Swiftly a black blanket descended upon the eyrie, and the eaglet's life went out amid a babel of profane cries and scuffling feet.

GENIUS AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

I

HUDSON and Conrad I think of especially in connection with our house in Church Row. Hudson I had met many years before, at Mrs. Bontine's; but it was not until 1903 that we became intimate with him. His writings were now familiar. I associated them — why, I don't quite know — with Conrad's; perhaps because both writers were friends of Robert Cunninghame-Graham, who spoke of them constantly.

Hudson would walk in with his strange, rather crab-like walk; very tall he was, a little awkward as he sat himself down and disposed of his long limbs, folding his large, beautifully formed hands across his knees. He had haunting eyes, brown with yellow lights, eyes that scarcely moved in their orbits, but remained level, fixed on no particular point, held rather by memories of things past than by what was before them. His cheek bones were wide and prominent (once he said he had Indian blood in his veins), and his jaw seemed narrow by comparison, a narrowness emphasized by the shape of his beard. His fine, slightly narrowing brow was deeply furrowed, and his nose was that of a predatory bird. Yes, he put me in mind of those sad, caged eagles at the Zoo, whose motionless eyes look out beyond the bars of their cages as they sit, desolate prisoners, their wings unused and drooping, through the long dull days.

One could listen to Hudson for hours. He could describe, and make absorbingly interesting, things, people, animals; incidents he had observed, whether lately or long ago made no difference to the vividness of his account. The things he noticed were perhaps common things such as others pass by, though he would talk, too, of less usual adventures, especially when he spoke of his early days in the pampas. Once he told us, I remember, that he had known an old woman who as a girl had been carried off by Indians, with whom she had lived for many years as a squaw, at which Augustus John exclaimed: 'Lucky woman!'

I never tired of drawing Hudson. He was a willing sitter, though he disliked my drawings, thinking I made him look too old and worn. He could n't bear the idea of growing old, and concealed his age. He was very fond of Morley Roberts, Edward Thomas, Edward Garnett, and George Gissing. One day I got a letter from Hudson: —

> No doubt you have by now seen poor G. Gissing's death in your paper. At Xmas his brother wrote to me that he had better news of his health. Wells went to France to see him, and on Sunday wired to Morley Roberts to go at once. He went that night, but whether he was in time to see his friend alive or not, I have not yet heard. I was one of Gissing's half a dozen closest friends, and feel very badly about it.

Later Wells told me about Gissing's sad end; he died just as he had found

happiness with the woman who understood and loved him. This was like Wells, to go straightway to the South of France directly he heard Gissing was seriously ill. Sargent too, when Robert Brough, a young painter he admired, was terribly injured in a railway accident, went up to Scotland to comfort him. I had thought once that most men would act thus, but now I know this is not so.

I had drawn Gissing some six years before, and his brother Algernon now came to see me to say how much he valued my portrait. Sometimes too, when others have died, their relatives have said how they wished I had drawn them while there was still time. Yet how few have ever asked me to make drawings — not fifty, I should say, during forty years. It has nearly always been I who have asked people to sit.

Ford Madox Hueffer, coming in one day while I was drawing Hudson, suggested I should draw Conrad; and seeing Conrad shortly afterward, — for Conrad was living at The Pent, the farmhouse where Crane had stayed, which now belonged to Hueffer, — he spoke to him about sitting. Whereupon Conrad asked me down for a week-end. The Pent was a small farmhouse, with farm buildings round it. It provided modest quarters for Conrad, his wife and little boy, and a room where he could put up a friend. The walls were hung with drawings and cartoons by Madox Brown.

One sees more of a man by staying with him for a week-end than by meeting him a dozen times at London parties. Conrad had met few painters and was curious about the painter's outlook on life. With his piercing eyes and keen, deeply lined bearded face, in some ways he looked like the sea captain, but his nervous manner, his rapid, excited speech, his restlessness, his high shoulders, did n't suggest the sailor. I accepted him at once as an artist; never, I thought, had I met anyone with a quicker apprehension, with such warmth of intellectual sympathy, sympathy which came halfway to meet everything one said. This warmth, not uncommon between young artists, was rare in a man so much my senior as Conrad was; but as a practising artist I was, Conrad pointed out, *his* senior, for I had begun to paint before he had thought of writing.

On the Sunday, Wells, who was then living at Sandgate, was expected to lunch. We waited and waited, looking out across country; each time Conrad caught sight of a distant figure he would say, 'Le voilà!' But Wells never came. Well, I must meet him later, Conrad said, and must get to know his friend, Jack Galsworthy, too. 'Of course you could n't have heard of Jack. Our first meeting was when I ordered him out of the way; he was a passenger on my ship, you know. He is such a good friend; but insists on writing, poor fellow. Writing is a treadmill; he does n't know it yet. I shall be coming up next week to see Pinker. Pinker is my agent; he believes in me — wants to pull me out of my difficulties — an idealist, you understand. You must meet Pinker, too. And may I bring Jessie? She would like to meet your dear wife.' And before the visit was over we had become fast friends. We met again very soon. Conrad wrote me generously about the portrait I did of him during this visit.

PENT FARM
STANFORD, NEAR HYTHE, KENT
13*th Oct.* 1903

MY DEAR ROTHENSTEIN —

You are exceedingly kind. My wife is delighted with her Hudson both as to work and the inscription. You have got the man there in a striking way. We are impressed, for as it happens we have both seen him in

just that way; or, may be, the force of the rendering imposes your conception of the personality. Anyway it is triumphant.

Of myself in black and white (I mean without color) I do not speak. Hueffer prophesied to me how effective it would be — and it is.

I am so profoundly satisfied that I cannot help fearing you've flattered me — not in feature, *vous concevez*, but in the suggestion. At any rate I accept your vision of that head, eagerly. The contemplation of it *m'a remonté le moral:* for you must know I have been tormented by gout for three weeks and brought morally, intellectually, temperamentally to the lowest ebb.

P.S. Have you found that Pinker can be of any use to you? Or is he no good?

Through my painting, through my desire to wring all I could out of my subject, to aim at what was beyond me rather than to achieve an easier and more attractive result, I could sympathize with Conrad's difficulties. For Conrad wore himself out in his struggle for *le mot juste*, for words that should glow with a white heat; he would often despair, and one needed all one's energy to pump faith and hope into him. He was then writing *Nostromo*, and working himself into a fever. In addition, he suffered terribly from gout, and his wife, Jessie, had trouble with her knee. 'I can't get anything out of myself quickly,' he said; 'it takes me a year of agony to make something like a book — generally longer. And, my dear fellow, when it is done there are not more than twenty people who understand *pourquoi on se tue pour écrire quelques phrases pas trop mauvaises.*'

There was always an element of strain in Conrad, an excitability which may have been individual or may have been Polish — I cannot say. Perhaps something of each. But I sympathized with him acutely in his desire to impress the passion of life on to his pages. This sympathy was, I think, the basis of our friendship; for Conrad seemed to understand what I too was aiming at in my painting. It was a fascinating friendship; Conrad's charm, his mental energy, were inexhaustible. And Conrad understood everything; in him I had at last met a man of a passionate nature who yet understood that a sane view of life is not a matter of compromise, but as the *mot juste*, the phrase which shows neither weakness nor exaggeration, is the quest of the writer, so the sane opinion, the just action, are the signs of the enlightened man.

I leaned more toward radicalism than Conrad, and he often brought me up sharply with a contemptuous remark. He was, by nature and by choice, an aristocrat; he believed that the object of life was the perfection of individual conduct — the education of man's own spirit. For panaceas of human perfection he had neither patience nor respect. Social idealists, pacifists, and their like, roused his anger. Hence he could n't abide Bernard Shaw. Conrad knew that Cunninghame-Graham was more cynic than idealist, that he was by nature an aristocrat, whose socialism was a symbol of his contempt for a feeble aristocracy and a blatant plutocracy.

While Conrad was extremely courteous and understanding by nature, his nerves sometimes made him aggressive, almost violent; and, like most sensitive men, he was strongly affected, either favorably or disagreeably, by others. Poor Conrad was always in difficulties over money. His books brought him insufficient for his needs — needs which were perhaps not quite so simple as he believed them to be. There was an extravagant side to Conrad, characteristic, I thought, of his former profession. He was like a sailor between two voyages, ready to spend on land what he could n't aboard ship; and he had a wife in one port only, for

whom nothing was too good. His gallantry to his Jessie was a true sailor's chivalry. What others had, she should have, too.

II

Conrad's letters sometimes made painful reading, so harassed he was by expenses — worse still, by old debts. When I returned to town, I spoke to various friends, and Hugh Hammersley, Henry Newbolt, W. P. Ker, Gilbert Murray, and others helped to relieve him of some of his pressing difficulties. Later Henry Newbolt and Edmund Gosse approached Mr. Balfour — was there no fund for such a man as Conrad? Balfour went off to Scotland, taking with him half a dozen of Conrad's books, which so impressed him that he arranged for a substantial sum to be put at Conrad's disposal. He appointed Gosse as a kind of trustee for the money, an arrangement which Conrad found somewhat irksome.

Conrad, as often happens in like cases, had underestimated the sum needed to pay off his debts, and was not therefore relieved from worry, as I had hoped. Indeed, he was for long obsessed by thoughts of money, and feared lest he should die and leave his wife and two children penniless. He was then finishing *Nostromo*, and wrote from the Pent Farm: —

3rd. Sept. 1904

My dear Rothenstein —

The book is finished; it has been finished for a couple of days now, but I have been too tired, too flat to write to you at once. The last month I worked practically night and day; going to bed at three and sitting down again at nine. All the time at it, with the tenacity of despair.

What the book is like I don't know. I don't suppose it'll damage me; but I know that it is open to much intelligent criticism. For the other sort I don't care. Personally I am not satisfied. It is something — but not *the* thing I tried for. There is no exultation, none of that temporary sense of achievement which is so soothing. Even the mere feeling of relief, at having done with it, is wanting. The strain has been too great; has lasted too long.

But I am ready for more. I don't feel empty, exhausted. I am simply joyless — like most men of little faith. To see you would do me good. I count the days. I must take Jessie to London to see Watson Hood. I am sorry to say that her heart seems to be troubling her again of late. She is very cheery, however. Your dear wife's letter has brightened her up.

Plans of work with ideas of getting away for the winter jostle in my head. I won't say anything more now. Only our dear love to you four people with the hope of meeting soon for a day or so.

Ever yours

J. Conrad

Hudson, too, was very poor, but he spent much time wandering about the countryside, and needed little. It was some time before we discovered that he was married. One day he spoke of his wife. 'Married!' said my wife. 'And you never told us! How long have you been married?' 'As long as I can remember,' was Hudson's answer, the gloomiest verdict on married life I have ever heard. He had met, early in life, a singer, a friend of Adelina Patti, with a great career before her; in love with her and her voice, he induced her to marry him. Then something happened; she lost her voice, and was never to sing again, a tragedy for both of them.

Mrs. Hudson owned a large, dreary house at Westbourne Grove, of which she and Hudson occupied two floors; the rest of the house they let to lodgers. Poor Hudson, so fastidious as a writer, lived with the most forbidding furniture, the commonest pictures and china, the ugliest lace curtains and antimacassars. No wonder he chose such poor illustrations for his books! It irked me to see a man of a nature so elemental living in this lodging-house atmos-

phere. His peculiar, mysterious charm was indescribable; something about him tore at one's heart, so lovable he was. Yet he never invited affection; he was a lonely man, with something of the animal about him, walking away and returning with the nonchalance of an animal, and then disappearing again.

I had from the first admired Hudson's writings. His *Naturalist in La Plata* and *Idle Days in Patagonia* I thought wonderful; then came *El Ombú*, and, a little later, *Green Mansions*. I talked of these books, of the last especially, wherever I went. Many of my friends laughed at *Green Mansions*, but a few cared for it as I did. Hudson affected to disdain his own writing. He was really absorbed in literature, and cared for good books and liked to discuss them; but he would affect a contempt for the writer's trade. Once, when I asked him to write on a friend, he answered: —

It grieves me not to be able to do what you want; but I can't tell lies, and what you want is an appreciation, with books and *not the man* as the thing to be appreciated. And I dislike all books — excepting purely informative ones like Kelly's Directory and the Almanac. Most of all my own. I do like them for as long as they remain unwritten, but the liking declines when I am writing them, and no sooner are they finished, printed, and published than my only feeling about them is a desire to kick them out of the house and forget all about them. Of course you will refuse to believe that; but I don't mind, since no one who speaks the truth can expect to be believed. Nevertheless, it is the literal truth that I love my friends in spite of the books they write. Imagine, then, what my feelings are at this time when I have been compelled (in fulfillment of an old contract) to revise the proofs of a book — my first book on birds of S. America, first published *thirty years ago!*

I painted Hudson at Church Row, and drew him often. Wells also came to sit; and when, not being satisfied with what I did, I wanted to draw him again, he wrote: —

SPADE HOUSE, SANDGATE
9. XI. 04

MY DEAR ROTHENSTEIN

There's no need for you to be hardened this time. We both like the portrait enormously. You have penetrated the mere superficialities of my personal appearance and shown me how I should like to look. And my wife, who displays that very human resentment of wives when the camera with its facty emphasis brings home to them, with all the indisputableness and wrongness of statistics, what it is they have really centred their poor dear lives upon — my wife, I say, approves of it too.

Here, at any rate, it's a success, and it will go far to efface the painful memories of Max Beerbohm's little joke.

Yours ever
H. G. WELLS

I found Wells difficult to draw; his features were round and rather commonplace, I thought, and did n't show his genius. But once when Shaw and Granville Barker came to fetch me to a meeting in the Hampstead Town Hall, and took me with them on to the platform, I caught sight of Wells in the body of the hall and noticed, for the first time, how striking were his eyes. I remember that meeting for another reason: Barker was to speak, while Shaw took the chair; but Shaw spoke so long and so brilliantly that he took the wind out of Barker's sails. I thought this selfish, and unworthy of Shaw.

Wells had lately published *Ann Veronica*, closely followed by *The New Machiavelli*, and was not very popular in consequence. He had something on his mind that made him resentful at times, and he complained of old friends who had turned against him. But this was a passing mood only. He could always be gayly vituperative, but he was rarely bitter. There was something frank and unashamed in Wells, a

vigorous enjoyment of life that disarmed criticism. He was perhaps a little greedy in his zest for life, I thought, as some are greedy over the pleasures of the table. Yes, Wells was greedy, but how much better appetite is than apathy! It was this lusty appetite for every phase of life, for work and for play as well, which I liked so much in him. And when he played, he played to win. Badminton was a favorite game of both of us, and Wells had tricky little strokes: he could n't resist them — he could n't bear not to win. Yet he was quite aware of his weakness, for in one of his books, I remember, he commented on this kind of play.

III

I had, one day, a letter from Henry Newbolt. He wanted my opinion on a book he was sending me. Why, he would tell me later. The book was called *Henry Brocken*, and in it the author had imagined the later lives of certain characters from fiction. A charming book; its author had obviously a beautiful nature. He was a young man, in the Standard Oil Company, Newbolt told me later, who could n't bear office life. He had come to Newbolt for advice. Newbolt thought the work of high promise, but had hesitated to advise his friend to risk earning his living by his pen alone. Now he hesitated no longer, and the young writer decided to take the risk, to throw up his job, to devote himself to literature. For long he supported himself by reviewing, chiefly for the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Times Literary Supplement*, for poetry brings little pelf, though it brought steady recognition to Walter de la Mare.

De la Mare was endowed by the gods with such natural goodness and charm that all who knew him loved him. What matter the world's goods when a man has personal magic? Natural charm is like radiant beauty — to him or to her that hath shall be given more. There is no more enviable quality. To Max Beerbohm this was given, and to Walter Sickert; Oscar Wilde had it, but wasted it. Max Beerbohm, Sickert, and Walter de la Mare have preserved their charm, and draw men and women to them with this potent magnet.

A strange thing is personality; there is also a counter-charm, a touch of aggressiveness, equally mysterious, which, be the heart never so kind and the altruism never so ready, antagonizes certain persons. Hudson, too, fascinated people; but, while no one could be more charming than Conrad when he wished, Conrad had an aggressive side, which his friends overlooked because of his obvious genius. Yet Conrad was nervous and sensitive, and he could be very irritable. For example, he was prejudiced against Masefield's work; he was still more hostile to Shaw; and once when I told him that Max did n't like Proust he burst out against Max, yet another time I heard him judge Proust harshly. But when he liked people he would admit no faults; indeed, he was inclined to flatter — perhaps this was a Polish trait — both in speaking and in writing.

Poor Conrad; he suffered much from gout, which racked his nerves and depressed his spirits. At times it took all one's energy to pump life and hope into him; for he was cheered by his friends' faith in his work. Not that he lacked faith in himself; measuring himself against his contemporaries, he knew his own power. But he strained after an unattainable standard of perfection, and the effort to reach it often exhausted him.

His letters show his anxiety regarding his future, and how much he had to struggle against ill health.

17 *Dec.* 1909 ALDINGTON, NR. HYTHE KENT

DEAREST WILL

Don't you think that if I could possibly spare the time I would n't rather take a day and come and see you and yours to whom my heart goes out many times a week? Here I've been two years writing a novel which is not yet finished. Two years! of which surely one half has been illness complicated by a terrible moral stress. Imagine yourself painting with the Devil jogging your elbow *all the time*. But you who are one of the most intelligent men I know, or know of, and a stylist also (because you are — I've been looking at your Goya only the other day), you will know what a torture that sort of thing is when the effort and hindrance are mental. It is to make you realize how really unfit I am for what I call casual intercourse of mankind. And the truth also is, my dear Will, that we live here now in such conditions — crowded into four tiny rooms in half of a cottage — that I really don't like to receive strangers, even the most admiring and the best disposed. You must not charge me with littleness of mind; we must take the world as it is; and indeed there is some concern for the dignity of letters in my reluctance.

I speak to you here as to a second self and thus I cannot conceive you taking it ill. Perhaps I am unreasonable. But to-day in the second week of my fifty-second year, a failure from the worldly point of view and knowing well that there can be no change — that this must go on *usque ad finem* — I may perhaps be allowed a little unreason. — Well, no more just now. I will only mention that I have n't seen you for more than a year, Galsworthy for nine months, that I have been in town for about six hours in March last and not since. *Voilà*. And if you think that I am indulging in a capricious savagery of disposition you are mistaken. Our dear love to you all.

Yours ever
J. CONRAD

ALDINGTON, HYTHE, KENT
20 *May.* '10

DEAREST WILL —

I can just, just hobble over fifty yards or so of smooth ground, but am too tottery and generally shaky to venture on the pavements of Babylon. Also one wrist is dead lame.

The mind is not much better. Can't concentrate for more than a half hour at a time. How to write long and short stories under this disability I don't know. But they must be written and shall be. It'll be, no doubt, very delightful.

I can't go and see your pictures. It's exasperating. I am keeping a tight hand on myself for fear my nerves go to pieces. I suppose I *have* been as ill as they tell me. At the time I was rather skeptical; now I begin to believe it.

To get away from this hole here is my ardent wish. We have found a house in the woods within 4½ miles. It is picturesque and roomy. I *must* have space and silence — silence! I shall get that last there if anywhere outside the grave — which has no space.

You must come and see and approve, as soon as we get in. I mean you two — for your approbation without your dear wife's would be worth nearly nothing.

Our dear love to all your house.

Ever yours
J. CONRAD

Hudson never worried about his work; he usually spoke with contempt of his own writing and for the writer's craft. Yet no one cared for good literature or respected good writing more. It pleased Hudson to assume indifference, while he really loved to talk of books and writers. And he was fastidious about his own prose. But after a few months in London he longed for open spaces; and he would go off to Hampshire, Devonshire, or Cornwall, or to the East Coast.

We still spent our summers in France, and usually at Vaucottes, where the Chownes and Frank Darwin and his daughter would join us. We would walk down from the inn to bathe, the children rushing into the sea without any clothes on, greatly to the disgust of the French ladies sitting on the beach, who thought it shocking that little girls

but three and four years old should bathe thus. How much more conventional the French people are in fact than ourselves! Who in England would be shocked at seeing little girls without bathing dresses? More than once we tried unsuccessfully to get Hudson to join us. He wrote: —

Many thanks for your kind letter and the invitation. It must be a fascinating place and the green grasshoppers are a luxury one can't get anywhere. I wish I could go and visit you, but 't is impossible. We were at Deal awhile, and one day at Dover. I tried to drag Mrs. Hudson to Calais, but she would not. I've never been in France and am quite sure I never shall now. The only place out of England I wish to go to (and hope to go before long) is New England — Maine and New Hampshire and Vermont where my mother's relations are. I've never seen any of them, nor her native place, and have a wish and desire — a kind of pious or superstitious feeling — to pay it a visit. It is the red man's feeling and I am a red man, or at all events a wild man of the woods. We are glad to know you are in such a delightful place and are all so well. Mrs. Hudson is highly amused at your idea of being a strict vegetarian with rabbit and chicken on the table every day.

Yesterday I was at the Mont Blanc to lunch and Hammond and some of the staff were there, all with a slight shadow on them, for alas, the *Speaker* is now about to change hands and we shall know it no more. The new people are going to 'make it pay' — perhaps that means that it will cease to be an intellectual paper and be something different — God knows what. We were astonished at your news about the Conrads. No, I have not seen him nor heard anything about him. I met C. Graham in the park a while ago and he says his wife is still very ill. Our united love to you all.

'I am a red man.' This explains Hudson's forlorn feeling when he had to remain in London. He and his wife were at home on Wednesday afternoons, where we would meet the faithful — the Ranee of Sarawak, Edward Thomas, Edward Garnett, Cunninghame-Graham, and sometimes Mrs. G. R. Green, but Hudson did n't get on very well with Mrs. Green. 'I think Mrs. Green was not too well pleased with me for what I said about her wings, aigret, and bird of paradise plumes, but I say what I think and shall do so till I die, even if it results in alienating the last friend I have on earth.' But what Hudson said alienated nobody; no man had more devoted friends.

Though an excellent host, Hudson felt out of place in London. 'My outings since I last heard from you have been within the British Isles, no further away than Derbyshire, the Peak, and the West of England. My object in life is to look after birds.' Watching birds was, of course, Hudson's passion, but he cared deeply for the English villages, and his letters are full of his wanderings in Cornwall, Norfolk, and Derbyshire. It seemed he always chose villages with beautiful names. He wrote from the Lamb Inn, Hindon, near Salisbury: —

This is a nice village, and there are others better near here — Fonthill Bishop, East Knoyle, especially. I wonder if you will nurse the project of getting a place in the country? I'm inquiring here all the time, and yet I don't like the idea of settling down anywhere in the shadows of these gigantic human beech trees that kill anything under them, the Fonthill Abbey and Clouds and Longleat magnates. They kill the souls of the people and therefore my soul abhors them and I curse them in a book in a proper way. Oddly enough, one likes these people well enough when you know them. It is not they but the system in which they were cradled. But why do I inflict all this on you? I wish I could see you instead of sending a wretched scrawl; however, I may be going up soon if I get round.

He would often write thus bitterly, but when he met some relations of the 'Longleat magnates' at our house he

liked them. Indeed, he would say worse things about Bernard Shaw, and the socialists, whom he disliked, than about 'magnates.' There was a strange Spanish pride in Hudson, who was attracted by people of principle and character, whatever their birth, and sensitive to fine breeding. Were not Sir Edward Grey, Cunninghame-Graham, and the Ranee of Sarawak his chosen friends?

Again, he wrote from Silchester: —

I found your letter at the Winchester post office yesterday morning and am very grateful to you for writing as you do. I wish I deserved the praise you give my work. I am doing some work here and will finish in a very few days, so shall most probably return to London at the end of this week. I hope to see you at Hampstead one day very soon. I had not made the acquaintance of some of the most interesting spots in Hampshire before, and yesterday from Winchester went to one — Cheriton, a small old-world spot, a village that calls itself a town, but is composed of a very few old cottages and houses and an ancient church. Another still more interesting spot is Brandean, a village near — the battle of Cheriton in Cromwell's wars was fought close to this village. One of its chief glories is Woodcot House, a very beautiful Elizabethan manor house in a park. Here lives Sir Seymour Haden, the veteran etcher; he is, I believe, getting near ninety, and does no art work now, but is occupied in collecting all his original work he can get hold of. The house is full of it. He took me all over the place and could manage to get up and down the stairs very well in spite of his years.

You have not (I hope) a copy of the *Naturalist in La Plata*, as I have one to take you when I go to see you. Dent has made a rather nice-looking book of it.

IV

Among Hudson's closest friends were Edward Thomas and Edward Garnett. Thomas was shy and sensitive, but had a beautiful nature which made him loved by all who knew him; Hudson I know regarded him with deep affection. Garnett was the most selfless of men, and was among the first to recognize the genius of Conrad and Hudson. There was nothing he would not do for them, or for any man whom he admired. On this account he was unfairly treated, for he thought and did so much for others that his own claim to recognition as a discerning critic was overlooked. I think, too, that those who first befriend men who later become famous feel as did the servants in the parable — that the late comers in friendship get as much, nay, often more than those who give help and sympathy when they are most needed.

Galsworthy, too, was devoted to Hudson; indeed, Hudson came next after Conrad, I think, in his esteem. Galsworthy was becoming a figure in the literary world. Conrad had at first spoken of his writing rather apologetically, as though it were the man who was most worthy of our acquaintance. But, as often happens, it was not the master but the pupil to whom the greater success came. Not that Galsworthy was in fact a pupil of Conrad; but he regarded Conrad as a master, and was modest about his own gifts. Through his epic picture of upper middle class life he became a favorite with the public, both in England and abroad, before Conrad did. Tall, austere-looking, with a Roman profile and tightly closed lips, always correctly dressed, Galsworthy would not have looked out of place in Downing Street. His manners were as severely correct as his dress. Yet his calm patrician appearance was deceptive; he was by no means a friend to aristocrats. If there was a lame dog to be helped over a stile, one went straight to Galsworthy. 'Jack' was the name

one heard most often during illness in the Conrad household. But fame was coming to Conrad, too. The little Pent Farm was given up for a pleasant place near Bedford; then a larger establishment was set up.

On Tuesdays Hudson often lunched at a little French restaurant in Frith Street, the Mont Blanc, where he would meet, besides the faithful Edward Garnett, Hilaire Belloc, H. W. Nevinson, Conrad, J. L. Hammond, and others who dropped in. Hammond was now, together with his wife, exploring the less known tracks of social history — little known to me, at least, for their first book, *The Village Labourer*, gave me a new insight into village life. I sent a copy to Thomas Hardy, thinking it would have a special interest for him, as indeed it had. He replied from Max Gate: —

I have read with much interest a good deal of the book you kindly sent me. With details of the last peasant revolt I have, of course, been familiar from childhood, though it occurred earlier than my actual recollection carries me. My father knew a man who was hanged for saying to a farmer, 'It will be a light night' (his ricks being set fire to before the morning). As a child I personally knew a boy who was starved to death in 'the hungry forties' during my absence in London with my mother. He used to keep sheep near our house. However, those times are happily over, and things are a little the other way now, for the farm laborers are very comfortable, and better off than the London poor.

Whether Hardy spoke of Hudson's books I do not remember; but Hudson admired Hardy's, especially his *Return of the Native*. Hardy himself cherished *The Well-Beloved*, perhaps because it was less read than his other stories. Something I said made him refer to this book, and he spoke at length of the psychology of this unusual attraction of mother and daughter and granddaughter for the same man. How unassuming Hardy was! He had much in common with painters like John Crome; indeed, Egdon Heath put me in mind of a landscape by Crome, and Hardy himself retained something of local quality and character about his person, a quality which some would consider provincial, but which I prefer to call true 'county.'

There was one man who did n't admire Hudson; this was Edmund Gosse, who was seldom well disposed to writers whose merits he had not been among the first to recognize. Gosse was nervously anxious to be sympathetic to young people, but I was rarely at my ease with him. I went sometimes, in the nineties, to his Sunday afternoons, when he would look round and pick out guests whom he retained for supper. Sometimes, if there were no great guns present, he would include me, and, being vain, I somewhat resented being weighed in the balance. I would often meet Gosse at the Savile Club, but the slight discomfort of his bright, singsong manner remained. Later, I found myself more at my ease in his society, enjoying his wit, and his passion for literature; and we had in common a friendship for Conrad. I was amused, too, at Gosse's pernickety ways. When, at the Leicester Gallery, I showed a drawing I had made of him and sent him a private view card, there came an indignant letter: —

Dear W. Rothenstein,

I am told that your Exhibition is open, but I do not know where. I think you might have remembered your promise to send me a card of invitation to the Private View, or at least some intimation of the event.

I am much obliged to you for the interesting print of your portrait of Swinburne. You will forgive me if I say that I think the aspect of him which presented itself to you a very painful one. But of course it has a great interest.

If you had asked me to see your show, I should probably have wished to possess the portrait of Conrad. But most likely you have already parted with it to someone else.

Believe me, Very faithfully yours,

EDMUND GOSSE

This was followed, the day after, by another letter: —

MY DEAR W. ROTHENSTEIN,

The mystery is explained. Messrs. Brown and P's card of invitation was delivered at my house last night! The envelope had an address so ingeniously and complicatedly false that the wonder is it ever reached me at all.

However, I went round to the Leicester Galleries yesterday, and was fortunate enough to secure the 'Joseph Conrad.' It is a most magnificent drawing, and will be a great joy to me to possess. If I outlive Conrad, it is my intention to bequeath it to the National Portrait Gallery. I went through the exhibition very carefully. You will not resent my saying that I think you experience the universal fate of portraitists — that is to say, you do not always succeed. But your successes far outnumber your comparative failures. Unquestionable successes, and of a very high order, are two (at least) of the Hardys, Newbolt, Stopford Brooke, Conrad, myself, 'A.E.,' and A. E. Housman. All these are superlatively good. I do not mean that these alone, or nearly alone, are good, but these excel.

I feel it a great compliment to be included in your gallery, and the 'Conrad' will be one of my treasures.

Very sincerely yours,

EDMUND GOSSE

'Very faithfully,' 'very sincerely' — how like Gosse! And how quickly his natural generosity reasserts itself!

Later, my relations with Gosse became cordial; if a man has the talent to live beyond threescore and ten years, his other talents seem to mature, to acquire bouquet. Gosse's nature ripened like a peach on a sunny wall, and during the last year of his life I saw much of him and enjoyed the generous affection he extended to me. He was pleased with my praise of his daughter's painting, for at one time the modernity of her work had alarmed him. For Gosse, who responded so quickly to the work of young writers, remained a Pre-Raphaelite in his attitude toward painting.

Hence he was always delighted at my interest in the pictures on his walls; and, since I had known Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, he unburdened himself of some of his feeling toward them. Believing that Watts-Dunton had poisoned Swinburne's mind against him, it was the pre-Pines poet for whom he reserved his enthusiasm. He was interested in what I had heard from Major Charvot, in the old Rat Mort days, about Maupassant's meeting with Swinburne at Étretat; and a fantastic story of a monkey, incredible to me, had some meaning for Gosse, who had heard a more accurate account from others.

What credence should be given to tales one hears at second hand? Rodin once told me how, as a youth, he had known the old painter Gigoux. Gigoux, who in his day had been a great buck, and had associated freely with the great men of the thirties, told Rodin strange stories of his exploits. Had he ever known Balzac? Rodin asked him. Not known him exactly, and the old man sniggered; but he had seen him once — from behind a curtain in Madame de Hanska's bedroom. If there is any truth in this story, the mysterious shadow across Balzac's late marriage, hinted at in his letters, becomes plainer. Rodin told me, too, that on going to Victor Hugo for an early morning sitting he stumbled against someone lying outside the poet's door — it was the faithful Juliette Drouet. Such stories strike the imagination, containing elements of something more dramatic than mere gossip.

LATIN AMERICA DISLIKES US

BY EUGENE STEIN

I

On my recent voyage from Argentina, where I had lived over twenty years, I made the acquaintance of most of the American passengers on shipboard. Some of them had lived in Argentina, others were returning home after a short visit to that country.

'Why are we Americans unpopular in South America?' was a question sooner or later put to me. Evidently, when a great part of a continent gravitates directly toward the United States and no part of it can claim to be quite outside the pale of American influence, the reaction of the people subjected to its effects cannot but be of the deepest concern to any American who has at heart the interests and prestige of his country. Although my opinion on the subject is based chiefly on my knowledge of Argentine matters, I venture to say that to a great extent it may be applied as well to the rest of the Latin American world, so closely homogeneous in its origins, language, religion, and temperament.

To begin with, I shall try to back my assertion of American ascendancy in Latin America at large by a few facts not quite so universally known as the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, or the proposition that the Latin American nations have received from America the impulse to their emancipation and the pattern of their political institutions.

American scientists, undergoing hardships untold, have discovered the means of stamping out malaria, and time and again have offered in this cause their disinterested services to Latin American nations. American capital has frequently been lent to national, provincial, and municipal governments on exceptionally liberal terms. We cannot, in all justice, omit mentioning the mission of Professor Kemmerer, of Princeton University, which restored the shaken finances of Chile and Peru; and the painstaking work of arbitration accomplished by the United States for the settlement of most of the disputes which have endangered peace between the South American countries. Do many Americans know of the existence all over South America of American cultural institutions, schools, hospitals, branches of the Y. M. C. A., and of the International Correspondence School of Scranton, Pennsylvania?

Numbers of young men from every South American country go yearly to the universities and colleges of the United States; and of those I have met I do not know one who has not spoken in the most appreciative terms of the treatment he received. A prominent lawyer in Buenos Aires, who in his youth studied in the United States, spends part of what is left of his busy hours in promoting the welfare of American institutions in the Argentine capital; he raises the banner for

America's cause whenever it is wantonly attacked by local jingoists, and from time to time publishes in one of Argentina's leading papers reminiscences of his happy days in the States.

I have had the advantage of knowing, sometimes intimately, most of Argentina's ambassadors to the United States, and have found that all of them remember their stay at Washington with feelings of pleasure and gratitude for the hospitality shown them, not only by society, but everywhere and by everyone during their travels through the States. One of these ambassadors was eventually called upon to occupy an important administrative post in his country, and on more than one occasion provoked acid comments in the Congress and the press of his country by his insistence on having improved American methods applied to Argentine agricultural life. 'What a colossal country!' was the favorite expression of that ambassador when speaking of the United States.

And yet in the last fourteen years two Argentine administrations have shown themselves frigid toward America. Any move of the United States for the promotion or protection of our most legitimate interests in a Latin American country has faced an outburst of suspicion even among the balanced elements of its society and press. Americans resident or traveling in Latin America carry away with them the unsavory impression that, most undeservedly, America is not popular there.

If this is so, it would be puerile to try to attribute it, as is often done, exclusively or even chiefly to a sense of petty jealousy on the part of Latin America toward its great Northern neighbor. There are, manifestly, more substantial causes at work. Some of these, as far as my personal experience goes, I will now endeavor to make clear.

II

I shall begin with the one which, being of an accidental character, can be quickly disposed of. In the course of the Great War, when every European plant was mobilized for war purposes and thus disabled for foreign trade, South America had to look to the United States for the replenishment of her stock in trade in manufactured goods. Now it seems to be beyond doubt that by so doing South America exposed herself to a most grievous disappointment. During the progress of the war, and for quite a long time after its end, I heard innumerable stories and complaints of unfair dealings on the part of American producers. The chief grievance was that when samples of American goods had been approved, and a corresponding order placed and paid for, the goods, in quite a number of cases, proved to be of a very inferior quality, or even consisted of things never asked for. The widespread belief that many a time sand and rubbish were found in cases or bales may be an exaggeration, a distorted offspring of anger and disappointment, but none the less this belief persists and is detrimental to American prestige.

A personal experience may illustrate the feeling prevalent at that time toward trade with America. I had become acquainted with a rather important wholesale dealer in jewelry in Buenos Aires, a man of the highest reputation. Some time after the Armistice, in November 1918, I dropped into his office and we commented on the portentous event. As he spoke to me of the effects the war had had upon his own trade, he said: 'For my own sake, too, I am glad this war is over. I will now give myself the satisfaction of putting up a poster at the door of my office, with the inscription, "No

American goods bought or sold."' Which, of course, he never did.

I will pass now to the second, far less objectionable obstacle to American popularity in South America, but one which is, to my mind, less easy to overcome, being traceable to a basic difference in Latin American and Anglo-American temperaments. The maxim 'Time is money' does not mean much, in the best of cases, to the Southerner. Punctuality is, with him, a questionable virtue. Like the famous 'My home is your home,' the motto *Sea breve* — 'Be brief' — ought not to be taken too literally. In government and private offices plenty of time is given to periodical libations of coffee, — the excellent, cozy Brazilian *cafezinho*, — which is to a business conversation what oil is to a motor. And plenty of it, too, has to be applied. Few things are more distasteful to a South American than a dry, matter-of-fact opening in business. In the Southern Continent infinitely more is obtained by personality than by the most convincing arguments. When in sympathy with you, a South American will pat you affectionately on the shoulder; and when you have wound up to the point of patting him back, you may begin to take an optimistic view of the course your affair is taking.

Then, the Latin American is greatly addicted to form. Faulty spelling and grammar may, as often as not, be couched on the most expensive vellum adorned with beautifully engraved letterheads. The most preposterous proposition will not be scornfully rejected, but, for form's sake, promised careful consideration. The average American seems quite to overlook these characteristics; nor does he seem inclined to humor them even when he is aware of them. 'Well, we just offer you an excellent thing on the most excellent terms; so what is the use of beating around the bush? Let's make it short.'

Nor is this tendency to subject form to matter less resented when applied to things in which America alone has a word to say. For instance: some time after the enactment of the present American customs tariff, a prominent Argentine statesman gave a public lecture on the economic situation of his country, laying particular stress on the unfavorable effects of that measure on Argentine affairs; later, in discussing this lecture with some Argentine friends, I heard less recrimination against the tariff itself, since, after all, it was a measure dictated by American necessity, than against the lack of any manifestation of sympathy or consideration toward the countries who were to suffer from its effects. Clearly a simple show of such consideration would have been as welcome to these countries as is, to a patient, the capsule which helps him to swallow a bitter medicine.

III

I have said that any move of the United States in a Latin American country for the promotion or protection of its interests is likely to be regarded in the Southern Continent as smacking of intervention, and to be followed by an outburst of passion. Of this I am absolutely positive. I remember most vividly the repercussion in Argentina of the incidents at Tampico, Mexico, and the more recent affair with Nicaragua.

I have purposely used the word 'passion.' Nothing short of emotionalism could have given rise to the mass of wild opinions I have read on those occasions even in serious papers and have heard from educated and otherwise dispassionate men. The source of this emotion is a double one. First, a deep-seated consciousness of Latin

America as opposed to Anglo-America. Second, a no less firmly rooted conviction that in the course of time the present ascendancy of the United States over Cuba, Panama, Haiti, and the little republics of Central America will appear in the light of a mere preliminary stage of further encroachments; that sooner or later Mexico will have to follow suit, and next the northern republics of the Southern Continent. Passion does not go far enough to fear that the rest of South America will eventually be merged into the United States; distance is considered too great an obstacle. Nevertheless the belief is rampant that by hook or by crook America will bring about at least an economic subjugation of these countries. This is an axiom, a creed — and, as such, impervious to argument. It is based on the simple assumption that such is the policy of the United States. Few seem to realize that Latin America, being a complex of nations, can by no means be the object of a single policy on the part of the United States.

It is self-evident that the ownership and control by America of a canal through the Republic of Panama must produce relations of a very special character between the two countries. The case of Nicaragua is, and will be to an increasing degree, a similar one. It stands to reason that, whatever the degree of gravitation by the small Central American republics toward the United States, it is of necessity of a very different kind than the attraction exercised by its Northern neighbor upon so bulky a body as Mexico. Of still another character is the influence which the United States exercises upon Colombia, Ecuador, and Venezuela, because of their proximity to the Panama Canal; and of another kind, again, as I have endeavored to show, is America's attitude toward the countries farther south. If, however, we were to agree with the Latin Americans that the United States observes a single policy toward them all, then the American point of view could hardly be more clearly expressed than in the late President Roosevelt's Message to Congress on December 6, 1904. 'It is not true that the United States feel any land hunger or entertain any projects as regards the other nations of the Western Hemisphere save such as are for their welfare. . . . If a nation knows how to act with reasonable efficiency in social and political matters, if it keeps or pays its obligations, it need fear no intervention from the United States.' But chronic wrongdoing or impotence 'may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power.'

IV

Unless the American people flatly disclaim such a policy, one would think that they would back it up for the purpose of discountenancing the manifestations of Latin America's preconceived distrust. Yet what actually happens is this. Let us suppose that the United States decides upon a certain course in accordance with the above policy. Very soon America's sinister designs are denounced all over South America by press, orators, and proclamations pasted on walls. Eventually everyone gets used to this state of affairs, then tired of it, and peace is again about to reign supreme.

But, while the storm is raging, doctrine has been at work in America and now steps forward. A philippic against unqualified aggression will, in all probability, be hurled at the administration, in the name of universal peace, by some prominent American citizen. Societies, leagues, and unions, whose very names

disclose their incompetence in foreign matters, denounce, in defense of self-determination, the administration's encroachments. Labor heaps abuse on its head for treading down weak nations in order to help the capitalists fleece them. Most welcome arguments, all of them, for America's detractors.

Eventually this second storm, too, will blow itself out if left alone. But this is not to be. For now the administration itself steps into the arena with an explanatory statement. No sooner published than it is seized upon, dissected, refuted, derided, and another storm of anti-American feeling rages in Latin America. When at last it definitely subsides from sheer exhaustion, the result is that, far from moving the United States an inch from a policy dictated by a categorical imperative, it has only stirred up ill feeling everywhere.

The late Mr. Page, America's ambassador to England during the war, used to deplore the absence of an articulate American international conscience. If he had lived, he would now, in all probability, have reversed his judgment. America's international conscience is asserting itself with an ever-increasing precision in European affairs. Conscience being a state of mind, one and indivisible, it is bound to manifest itself in the whole gamut of phenomena within the range of its perception. If American international conscience were to limit itself to a continent or a group of nations, because immediately interested in them, this would not be conscience, but opportunism. International conscience is universal by definition. In its manifestation toward Latin America this should mean, to a great extent, a more conscious respect for form, so dear to the Latin American mind, and in fact scarcely inferior to substance in the field of international dealings. All sincere friends of both Americas would acclaim such a departure as conducive to a better and eventually a lasting understanding between their Northern and Southern parts.

'SELLING THE UNITED STATES SHORT'

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

I

THE late J. P. Morgan is said to have remarked that anyone would lose a lot of money who sold the United States short. For the past two years, however, bear operators on the New York Stock Exchange have, in effect, sold the United States short and thereby gained a lot of money. They have gained, in addition, the official praise and gratitude of the New York Stock Exchange.

Mr. Richard Whitney, President of the Exchange, in his recent addresses at Hartford and at Syracuse, said that short sellers are beneficent influences; that they 'prevent the market from becoming demoralized'; and that they are absolutely indispensable, since 'no securities market could long continue in business if short selling were forbidden.' Furthermore, Mr. Whitney contended, the fact that the prices of certain bonds and unlisted stocks, in which short selling is all but impossible, have shown wider fluctuations than the average of listed stocks 'completely shatters the contention that it is the short seller who has forced prices down.' Mr. Whitney undoubtedly expresses his sincere convictions. Since, however, thousands of equally sincere men hold diametrically opposite convictions, it seems improbable that the case against short selling can be 'completely shattered' as easily as that.

Mr. Whitney says that his own statements are 'on the basis of cold fact,' but that uninformed criticism of short selling, 'based on nothing but conjecture' and sweeping generalities, has seriously disturbed many of our citizens. He reassures the members of the Exchange, however, by telling them that three quarters of a million copies of his Hartford speech have been distributed. This may be enough to prevent Congress from undertaking to regulate the New York Stock Exchange. But Mr. Whitney is not satisfied. 'It is necessary,' he says, 'to continue the work of education.'

Toward that end, we shall here sum up his defense of short selling and comment upon it. But first it may be well to explain exactly what Mr. Whitney is defending. A short sale on the New York Stock Exchange is the sale of shares of stock by a man who does not own the stock, and who hopes that the price of the stock will go down before he is obliged to buy stock to 'cover' his sale. The contract is for delivery of the stock on the next business day. It is only when the day of delivery arrives that a short sale differs from a long sale. The man who has not in his possession the stock which he has ordered his broker to sell must obtain it in order to carry out his contract. This is done, in the usual course of business, by the short seller borrowing the stock from persons who possess it. The short seller borrows

the stock and delivers it, and the short sale is then complete.

It must be admitted that short selling, as here defined, is legal. The only Supreme Court case which Mr. Whitney cites, to be sure, has to do with short selling in commodity markets; and commodity markets differ, in certain essentials, from security markets. Still, there are several cases at law which do establish the legality of the short selling of shares of stock.

An act which is perfectly legal, however, may become, by excesses and abuses, a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment. Certainly the operations of the New York Stock Exchange widely and cogently affect the public welfare, and, if there are excesses and abuses, may properly be subject to Federal regulation.

Mr. Whitney declares, however, that he has sought in vain for evidence of excesses and abuses. He says, positively and without qualification, that short selling, as it has been carried on during this prolonged recession of business, has been salutary and indispensable. This is the official and carefully considered reply of the New York Stock Exchange to its host of adverse critics. If reform is needed, evidently it must come from outside.

II

Is reform needed? It certainly is needed if short selling is a substantial cause of the desperate straits in which business and banking generally, and millions of jobless human beings, now find themselves. The main issue is not whether short selling is *the* cause. In his repeated contention that short selling 'has not been *the* cause of declining security prices,' Mr. Whitney is refuting an argument which has never been advanced. Everybody knows that the causes are numerous and complex, and that they are constantly changing in number and in relative importance. The only question is whether short selling is *one of the substantial causes*. The official stand now taken by the New York Stock Exchange is indefensible if short selling has had anything substantial to do with the sustained weakness of the market and the resultant anguish and despair of millions of men and women. That is the main issue and the only one.

Mr. Whitney befogs this issue with his discussion of insignificant matters. He contends that there are 'other and equally necessary reasons' besides 'restraining inflation and cushioning sharp declines' for continuing to permit short selling. One of these equally necessary reasons, he says, is that short selling enables persons who hold securities at considerable distances from New York City to liquidate them speedily. 'Were short selling to be prohibited, it would mean that no one more than twenty-four hours' mailing distance from New York could freely sell in our market the stocks which he owns.'

This argument appears to border on nonsense. Any real owner of stocks has his choice among a hundred New York concerns which are prepared to hold his certificates, with power of attorney to endorse them, and to deliver them immediately to a buyer upon order of the owner. Furthermore, the rules of the Exchange already provide for delayed delivery in certain cases. If short selling were abolished, the rules concerning the time of delivery of certificates could be changed to make further allowance for mailing distances from New York; or branch offices of the Exchange could be established in various cities. In saying that this reason for permitting short selling is just as important as stabilizing price fluctuations, Mr. Whitney virtually says that *no* reason is important.

Mr. Whitney further befogs the question by contending that the abolition of short selling would paralyze the 'odd lot' business, as we know it to-day. He says that it would compel the charging of a huge, instead of a small, price differential between 100-share lots and 'odd lots' — that is to say, lots of fewer than 100 shares. The obvious answer to this argument is that the 'odd lot' business is wholly subject to the rules of the Exchange. If short selling were abolished, the Exchange could make whatever regulation seemed necessary for the fair treatment of holders of odd lots. Let us stick to the main issue. The price differential would be insignificant, in any case, compared with the losses which holders of odd lots actually have suffered through the fall in stock prices. The only question of large importance to them is to what extent, if any, short selling actually has caused the fall in stock prices.

III

Here, as throughout his argument, Mr. Whitney assumes a world in which short selling is the regular order of business, and in which, therefore, certain conditions exist. It does not seem to occur to him that, but for short selling, the conditions in question would not exist. Thus, in order to show the predicaments we should get into if there were no such thing as short selling, he recounts what happened when, on September 21, after England had dropped the gold standard, the Stock Exchange forbade short selling: —

> The ban immediately created a new problem. Within two hours after short selling was forbidden, the Governing Committee found there was real danger of technical corners and of crazy and dangerous price advances. At one time there were accumulated orders to buy approximately 8000 shares of General Motors stock at the market. . . . Something had to be done immediately, or otherwise the buyers would have bid frantically for the stock and a rapid and entirely unwarranted advance would have taken place. An example of what I mean occurred in Reading Company stock.

One might infer from these remarks that the abandonment of the gold standard by England created such enthusiasm that investors rushed into the market, in wild competition with each other for a limited supply of stock. Nothing of the kind happened. A few investors may have placed orders; a few other buyers may have come into the market solely to support certain stocks. But such buyers are not responsible for corners or for frantic bidding. The 'new problem' was created mainly by frightened shorts. As far as Reading is concerned, it is perfectly well known that the shorts were in a measure cornered, and had to bid up the stock. Thus it is evident that Mr. Whitney's cold facts show merely what happens when, having allowed a huge short interest to develop, the Stock Exchange suddenly forbids short selling. The 'new problem' was itself the result of short selling. Everybody knows that to cut off the supply of opium, suddenly and completely, from a man who has long depended on opium creates a new problem; but this does not prove that opium is permanently beneficial, nor does it prove that no man could long continue to exist without it.

Further commenting on the events of September 21, Mr. Whitney says that 'the real point' of that crisis was that 'further liquidation of securities was inevitable.' In other words, real owners of stock were certain to increase their selling and thus depress prices. To meet this situation, the Governing Committee decided to suspend short selling. 'In the opinion of the Com-

mittee, a sudden ban on short selling would be likely to force covering by those who were short.'

Here is reasoning as curious as that of the Mad Hatter; it will find a place, no doubt, in the new book which is developing out of current economic discussions, called *Alice in Blunderland*. Mr. Whitney's first premise is that liquidation, not short selling, is the cause of declining stock prices. He then declares that further liquidation is inevitable. He concludes that a ban on short selling 'would be likely to force covering by those who were short.'

What kind of logic is this? Why should anyone who has sold what he does not own, in the hope of buying it later on at a lower price, be forced to cover, if further liquidation is inevitable? Why not simply wait for the inevitable liquidation to take place, and then reap an inevitable profit by buying at the resultant lower price?

Mr. Whitney's conclusion does not follow from his premises. In order to make his argument sound, he must discard his first premise in favor of this one: 'Short selling, not liquidation, is the cause of the decline.' But to make that logically necessary substitution would be to admit that he is wrong on the main issue of the controversy.

IV

The main issue, as we said above, is whether short selling has been a substantial cause of the fall in the stock market. The orthodox argument on that question has been well stated by Henry C. Emery, an accepted authority on the subject. 'It is the much-maligned short seller,' says Professor Emery, 'who keeps prices down by his short sales, and then keeps them strong by his covering purchases. This is especially true in the case of inflation followed by panic. If it were not for strong short selling when the market becomes inflated, prices might rise to almost any extent before the final crash. Now the rise tends to be checked by the efforts of shrewd operators to take advantage of the inflation. On the other hand, when prices begin to tumble, they are kept from going as low as they otherwise would by the purchases which the shorts have to make to cover their contracts.'

It is upon this orthodox theory, both in his Hartford speech and in his Syracuse speech, that Mr. Whitney mainly rests his case, while insisting that he is relying solely on cold facts. According to this theory, short sellers operate as sellers when prices are 'too high,' thus restraining inflation; but when prices are 'too low,' they operate as buyers, thus restraining deflation. Any way you look at it, they are salutary influences, always doing the right thing. As prices rise rapidly, they increase the volume of their short sales; as prices decline, they decrease the volume. Thus they stabilize price fluctuations. This is what they do according to theory.

According to fact, short sellers on the New York Stock Exchange, over the swings of a major business cycle, do precisely the opposite; and that is precisely what we should expect them to do. They are not engaged in the altruistic mission of stabilizing prices; they are engaged in the acquisitive business of making money out of declining prices. The faster prices decline, the greater the chance of making money by selling short. The darker the outlook for business, the brighter the outlook for short sellers. The more harm they can do by their selling, the greater is the incentive to increase their selling. The more fears they can create, the more money they can make.

On the other hand, the faster prices

rise, the greater is the chance of losing money by selling short. Therefore, the shorts curtail their selling precisely when, if ever, short selling is needed. In the feverish speculation of a bull market, the bears have every incentive to become bulls. For their own profit they increase their depressing activities when the market is already demoralized, and decrease these activities when the market most needs them.

It is clear from Mr. Whitney's own admissions that the corrective influence of short selling in a rapidly rising market is negligible. With all his insistence on facts and figures, he gives none whatever to show that short selling 'restrained inflation' from 1926 to 1929, when the average price of active stocks rose about 150 per cent. This half of his argument he leaves in the realm of conjecture, except for a few facts which damage his own case. Referring to the improvement in the market which followed the news of the international debt moratorium, Mr. Whitney says, 'The short interest dropped still further, as the excited but temporary rise in prices ensued.' As a matter of fact, the short interest was reduced 641,440 shares in a single day. If short selling were a dependable corrective influence, it would have increased, presumably, at that time. But it is not dependable. Another case in point is the sharp rally in the market early in October, when the short interest, instead of curbing the rise, fell 424,089 shares in a single day. The short seller is an opportunist. He is not intentionally constructive even in a negative way. He lacks the courage to sell against the trend when prices are advancing sharply.

At such times a corrective influence is furnished by the liquidation of long holdings; and reinvestment of the proceeds on a declining market provides the cushion which Mr. Whitney appears to believe can be furnished only by the covering of shorts. Unfortunately this process of reinvestment is retarded partly because investors fear that still further declines may result from unrestrained short selling. A further corrective feature which Mr. Whitney ignores is the constant stream of new investment capital which comes into the market through insurance companies of all types, and the reinvestment of interest and dividends.

If all this is nothing but conjecture, it is conjecture which fully accords with common sense; and the man in the street rightly suspects any statistics which are inconsistent with what he regards as self-evident truths.

V

In the matter of statistics, the Stock Exchange has always kept its critics at a disadvantage. It is a private club, responsible to nobody. It gives out information concerning its activities only when, and to what extent, and in such form as it sees fit. Prior to last December, the Stock Exchange did not publish sufficient data concerning short selling to enable anyone to discuss intelligently, on a statistical basis, the question to what extent short sales had been a cause of long bread lines. The statistics which the public had been permitted to see did not compare short sales with total sales; nor did the statistics reveal the short sales of individual issues, or the short sales which were executed and covered on the same day.

On a given day, for example, extensive short selling in the morning, breaking the market, might force selling on the part of real owners who did not wish to sell, and before the market closed for the day the shorts might cover at the lower prices. The slump in prices might be brought about al-

most entirely by this short selling; yet, up to last September, such selling did not appear in the statistics, for the short interest on such a day is the same at the end as at the beginning. Furthermore, even though short sales, on any given day, may be small compared with total sales, prices may drop sharply throughout the list, as a result of the concentrated attack on pivotal issues. Intelligent study of a single day's operations, therefore, requires more information than the public is permitted to have.

VI

The statistics which Mr. Whitney does present, in support of his contention that short selling has not caused the recent decline in security prices, seem to prove, as far as they prove anything, precisely the opposite contention. On May 25, 1931, the short interest reached a *peak* of 5,589,700 shares; but during that month the market value of 240 issues of common stocks *declined* nearly four billion dollars. Thereafter, Mr. Whitney says, the short interest 'fell considerably,' until June 22, 'when the short interest *dropped* still further'; but in June, as a matter of fact, the *rise* in the market values of these stocks was over three billion dollars.

That is not all. In March, April, and May, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, the market value of all listed stocks fell over fourteen billion dollars, while the short interest *rose* to its May 25 peak. In June, on the contrary, while the short interest *declined*, the market value of all stocks *rose* nearly five billion dollars. Then came another huge slump. In September, when, according to Mr. Whitney's figures, the short interest *rose* to the second peak, the market value of all listed stocks *fell* over twelve billion dollars. Between October 9 and November 30, the increase in the short interest was over one and a half million shares, and the decrease in market prices was heavy. The fact that stock values go down, as a rule, when the volume of short selling goes up is shown in the chart which appears in the *New York Stock Exchange Bulletin* for October 1931; and that is the correlation we should expect to find if short selling is, in fact, a substantial cause of a decline in security prices.

That short selling is not a cause, however, is clearly proved, Mr. Whitney thinks, by the security market itself. Certain bonds and certain unlisted securities, which cannot be sold short, show price fluctuations which are far greater than the average of listed securities which *can* be sold short. This fact, he says, 'completely shatters the contention that it is the short seller who has forced prices down.' This sweeping deduction is valid only on the assumption that the absence of short selling is the *only* difference between his selected bonds and stocks and the listed stocks. That assumption, as everybody knows, is contrary to fact. Any one of forty other causes may account for the price changes in question. Using Mr. Whitney's own process of reasoning, it would be easy to select various commodities, in which no short selling is carried on, which have fluctuated far *less* in price than listed stocks, and to conclude that this fact completely shatters *Mr. Whitney's* contention. But complete shattering is not so simple a matter.

Mr. Whitney says, in his Syracuse address, that the fifteen issues which have had the largest short interest since May 25 have had the steadiest market. On the other hand, he says, the fifteen issues which have had the greatest decline in value have had no sizable short interest at any time.

These facts, he concludes, prove that short selling does not reduce prices. But these facts warrant no such conclusion. If we were permitted to know the names of the fifteen stocks which have declined most in value, we should discover, no doubt, special reasons for the weakness in those stocks which have nothing to do with the relative strength of other stocks. We get nowhere by comparing certain stocks with totally different stocks. The question at issue is whether the price of a *given stock* is lower than it would have been if *that stock* had been immune from the attacks of short sellers. None of Mr. Whitney's facts or reasons bear on that issue.

He seeks to minimize the effects of short selling by pointing out the fact that, on a given day, the short sales of United States Steel were only 24 per cent of the total sales, and of Consolidated Gas only 10 per cent, and that since May 25 short sales of all issues have been less than 5 per cent of total sales. But everybody who knows marketing knows that a 5 per cent increase in supply at a given price is often enough to break the price. Such an offering is especially likely to demoralize the market when it is *chosen* and *timed* by a shrewd operator.

Mr. Whitney's statistics, though they tend to discredit his own argument, do not overthrow it. Professor Emery, at the close of his own careful studies of this subject, rightly concludes that statistics do not furnish either proof or disproof of the effect of speculation. 'Any general opinion on this subject,' he says, 'must rest rather upon its own reasonableness than upon statistical verification.' The question cannot be decided by comparing price changes with changes in the volume of short selling, for there are so many factors which influence prices that it is not possible to measure the effect of any one of them. Professor Charles O. Hardy, in his notable study of *Risk and Risk Bearing*, comes to the same conclusion. The contention that short selling reduces the fluctuation of prices, he says, 'rests entirely upon theoretical reasoning.'

VII

Let us continue the argument, then, 'upon its own reasonableness.' It is said that the short seller cannot be a cause of falling prices, because his operations cancel out. He buys exactly as many shares as he sells. If he appears on the supply side of the market, offering a thousand shares of Reading stock, he appears presently on the demand side, requiring a thousand shares. Mr. Whitney gives the impression that this is all there is to it. He ignores the fact that the market goes up or down not because of the number of shares offered, but because of the number of dollars offered; and as long as short sellers are achieving their purpose, as they have been most of the time for the past two years, they offer fewer dollars than they receive. On the dollar account, their operations do not cancel out.

Far more important, however, is another cold fact which Mr. Whitney overlooks. The short seller affects the market not merely by the number of shares or the number of dollars in his own account, but also by his influence on other buyers and sellers. Indeed, he cannot make a profit unless real owners of the stock which he sells are frightened or forced into selling at a price lower than his own selling price. The real owners have no means of knowing how much, if any, of the selling is short selling. All they know is that the price is falling. Statistics on this phase of the subject may be scarce, but everyone in Wall Street

knows that the shorts are constantly trying to 'shake out the weak holders.' They are always trying to force prices down to a point where the depressing influence of their own sales will be reenforced by sales on 'stop-loss orders.' They are always trying to find vulnerable places and to concentrate the attack on those places, one at a time.

If, for example, it is known — and there are various ways of finding out, some of them honorable — that certain men have bought large blocks of General Motors stock for investment, but cannot hold the stock if the price goes below 24, the short sellers do their best to drive the price below 24. And if, by selling a thousand shares of General Motors short, they force or frighten real owners into selling a thousand shares, it is missing the whole point to say that they cannot thereby depress prices since, sooner or later, they must buy a thousand shares. This is the main weakness of the orthodox defense of short sellers. It ignores what happens to other sellers between the time when the shorts sell and the time when they cover.

The *timing* of selling transactions may be more important than the volume, particularly during periods of demoralized public sentiment. We might assume, from the praise of the shorts, that upon receipt of bad news, when holders of stocks desire to liquidate or are forced to do so, the shorts manfully step in and support the market by covering their previous commitments. In this way, we are told, they 'prevent the market from becoming demoralized.' If, as a matter of fact, they have done any such thing during the past two years, it has not been evident. The general impression has been, and the market has appeared to indicate, that the shorts have added to the demoralization by freely offering stocks exactly when they could thereby accelerate the downward course of the market. Whatever the volume of their operations has been, psychologically their unrestrained activities have been extremely harmful. The cumulative effect of the selling which their operations have induced has caused the risk involved in any attempt to support the market to be too great to be faced by those on the constructive side.

VIII

It may be said that this applies only in times of panic and pessimism; that at other times short sellers actually are 'sources of great stability to the market,' and actually do 'prevent the market from becoming demoralized.' This seems to mean that short sellers, like the Republican Party, are responsible for everything when everything goes right, but are responsible for nothing when everything goes wrong. If the stock market has not 'become demoralized' during the very period covered by Mr. Whitney's figures, then we are all in need of an Einstein theory to explain why nothing is what it seems to be. And if it be true that short sellers cease to be stabilizing influences when we most need them, the only important argument in their defense falls to the ground.

No doubt there are days, even in a business depression, when a decline in security prices is curbed by the covering of shorts; but this does not necessarily mean anything more than that a decline, started chiefly by short selling, is stopped chiefly by short covering. In any event, the millions of investors who do not wish to speculate with their savings, and the tens of millions of wage earners who do not wish to speculate with their jobs, are not interested in what the shorts do to the stock market on any particular day. They are profoundly concerned over

the cumulative influence which shorts exert on the state of mind of business men and bankers during a prolonged era of fear.

Most stocks enjoy more or less sponsorship by men who are prepared to support or at least to steady the market from time to time; but these constructive forces are rendered impotent when they are most needed. Often speculators, anticipating the amount of liquidation which will come into the market, begin to sell short. Those on the constructive side of the market retreat in an orderly fashion, taking the stock as it is offered. Then comes the forced selling which represents actual liquidation. When this appears, in many cases accentuated by further short selling, the constructive forces are obliged to bear the combined burden of short selling and actual liquidation. The decline in market price induces or compels further liquidation. Those on the constructive side may themselves be forced to liquidate. When the short sellers eventually step in and relieve them of the double burden, they relieve them simultaneously, in times like these, of part of their capital.

It is difficult to understand how, at such times, an excess of sellers can be reduced by adding more sellers. Yet that seems to be Mr. Whitney's remedy. Speaking of the period in September during which short selling was banned, he says: —

> Obviously this rapid exhaustion of the final available and dependable buying power in the market could not continue. Buyers of securities were still unwilling to purchase as much as outright and margin sellers were offering. The inevitable liquidation had been steadied, but it had not been halted. . . . Furthermore, the Governing Committee was constantly concerned by the rapid exhaustion of the short interest, and, for all these reasons, the restriction on short selling was removed.

That is to say, the market was weak because there were too many sellers; so, in order to strengthen the market, the Governing Committee opened the door to more sellers.

The officers of the Stock Exchange say that they can find no evidence of 'bear raiding' on the floor of the Exchange. Perhaps that is not the place to look. Mr. Whitney says that we must base our opinions on facts. Does he question the fact that rumors of all kinds, based upon the flimsiest of conjectures, or upon nothing but the desire to shake confidence, have been circulated throughout the course of the bear market since September 1929, interrupted only during periods of rising prices? Surely *investors* would not circulate such rumors, whether they intended to hold their securities or to liquidate them. The man in the street concludes, with the garden variety of logic which he uses in such matters, that false rumors are probably circulated by those who have everything to gain thereby, rather than by those who have everything to lose thereby. Not one person out of ten thousand in the United States wants the stock market to go down. The shorts are the only ones who profit by disaster. They alone make pessimism a paying business.

It is hardly necessary to assume, moreover, that a bear raid, even as reflected on the floor of the Stock Exchange, would necessarily express itself in the short sale of large blocks of any particular stock. The strategic unloading of substantial amounts of long stocks may well serve as an opportunity for a number of short sales in several other stocks, and the cumulative effect on the market may permit of the repurchase, at a lower level, of all the stocks. This is admittedly conjecture, but it is at least reasonable. Mr. Whitney says — and everyone

will accept his statement without question — that of some fifty or sixty cases of sales of stocks in big blocks only one represented a short sale, and this was on a scale up. He does not go further and give the assurance that none of these sales could be associated in any way with a short-selling campaign.

IX

The Stock Exchange seems to think that the gigantic losses which have been suffered by millions of bona fide investors are 'inevitable liquidation,' and nothing can be done about it. But speculators who sell what they do not own must be protected. Mr. Whitney speaks with evident pride of the promptness of the Stock Exchange in coming to the rescue of the shorts when they were caught in a so-called 'corner' in the latter part of September. If the shorts have ever been caught in a corner created in any other way than by their own overselling, there is no public record of the event. Yet the Stock Exchange feels duty-bound to protect them from the consequences of their own acts. Virtually all the time, for the past two years, the shorts have had things their own way. They have hammered at the market since the early summer of 1930, when total stock values were 75 billions, until the present winter, when values fell below 31 billions. Thereby they have made millions at the expense of investors. Yet when they overplayed their game last September, and found that they could not cover their commitments in certain stocks at their convenience because investors refused to sell the stocks, the Exchange took immediate action to relieve their distress.

This brings us to a place in Mr. Whitney's Hartford address where he does not present all the important facts. In speaking of short selling, he says that delivery is made 'by the short seller borrowing the stock from other persons who possess it.' Mr. Whitney no doubt uses the word 'possess' advisedly. He does not use the more specific word 'own,' because that would be inaccurate. Those who *own* the stock may have no idea that the stock is being lent. It is generally understood that brokers lend a large volume of stock which they are carrying for real owners. Now a short seller cannot sell to a greater extent than he can borrow. There is, therefore, no justice in permitting owners of the stock to lead him into a trap and then spring the trap. The iniquity is much greater when the lender of the stock is not the owner, but merely a broker who 'possesses' it. The Stock Exchange feels obliged to do something about it. The result is this curious situation: a speculator can sell something which he neither owns nor possesses, without incurring an unlimited liability. He can operate boldly, knowing that he will be spared any unnecessarily harsh results by the prompt intervention of the Stock Exchange.

Under the regulations for the listing of stock, the Exchange frequently imposes conditions which lead to the setting of such a trap. In cases in which a substantial proportion of the outstanding stock is owned by a single group, the Stock Exchange exacts from the members of the group a promise to make stock available for lending purposes. Under these circumstances, if short selling occurs in the face of a determination to hold stock on the part of the minority holders, the shorts are enabled to make delivery by borrowing stock from the majority holders, who also have no intention of liquidating. When the day of reckoning comes, the shorts find themselves

in a trap fashioned for them by the Stock Exchange, which then dictates the terms upon which the *real owners* of the property which the shorts have sold shall be required to settle.

Whatever may be the ethics of this procedure, it is going to be very hard to convince the public that it is perfectly all right for a broker to lend stock which he does not own to a speculator who has previously sold stock which *he* does not own, in order that the speculator, by beating down the price of that very stock, may make a profit at the expense of the real owner of the stock.

Mr. Whitney says that 'no assertion in defense of short selling should be made which cannot be substantiated by facts and figures.' Yet he makes the assertion that 'no securities market could long continue in business if short selling were forbidden.' This is as sweeping a generalization as it is possible to make. It is necessarily mere conjecture, for there is no experience on which to base it. It cannot be supported by facts and figures, for there are no facts and figures.

X

There is every reason to believe that short selling has been a substantial cause — not the chief cause, by any means, but a substantial cause — of the depth and duration of the present business depression. The Stock Exchange officially denies it. If short selling is to be abolished, — or regulated in the interests of investors, business, and the public, — the movement for reform must come from outside.

The first step should be an investigation of short selling in all its phases. Mr. Whitney can hardly object to this. 'I should like to ask,' he says, 'what proof there is — not blind prejudice, not vague assertions, but actual proof and evidence — that bear raiding has taken place in the stock market.' The public would like to ask that question, too, and many others; but it is useless to ask these questions of a private organization which has closed its mind on the main issue, and which, in any event, apparently intends to furnish only such information as it thinks will serve its own purposes. The investigation should be conducted under authority of the Federal Government.

Among the questions which the investigators might well consider are these: Is short selling absolutely indispensable, as assumed by the Stock Exchange, or is this assumption unsupported either by logic or by experience? If short selling is to be permitted at all, how should it be regulated? Is it of sufficient public importance to be regulated by the Federal Government as a part of interstate commerce? If so, should the government at all times furnish the public with full, definite, and prompt information concerning short sales? If it is desirable to curb short selling, would it be helpful to bring brokers under our banking laws, so that they will have no more right to lend stock which they do not own than banks now have to lend stock which they hold as collateral? Finally, now that increased taxation seems to be the order of the day, should short selling be restrained by an additional income tax on profits realized in connection with short sales, thus increasing the taxes, during business depressions, of those who gain by depressions? That does not seem much to ask of those who make huge profits, at the expense of all the rest of us, by selling the United States short.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A Duffer on Skis

The duffer on skis is a more ridiculous figure than the duffer armed with a bat or a racket. No sport more truly demands expertness. Yet may it not be possible that the duffer sometimes loves a sport more than the master, that his distant imaginations of what it would be like to excel in all the fine points of the craft are more ardent and worshipful than the actual performances of the expert? Certain it is that every sport lives by its duffers. It is they who dote upon and applaud the master stroke, it is in their mouths that the fame of the great performer is trumpeted and kept alive. Without them no game could survive for a decade. Perhaps the breach between the duffer and the expert is wider in skiing than in other sports. None the less, anyone who is man enough to strap eight feet of good ash to his boots and trust himself to the laws of motion on an inclined plane may experience some of the pleasures of skiing, however crude may be his methods.

His first ventures are likely to be painful — both painfully awkward and profuse in bruises. The first steps in skiing are a complete surrender of the will to malign supernatural powers. Personal independence is resigned, and all charge over one's body is committed to those vast universal forces that have stars and atoms alike in their keeping. They twitch the strings with crude humor, here drawing out a leg, there displacing a foot, now bringing a rump to the ground with a tremendous jar, now spreading a whole frame headlong in the deepest and coldest drift. The duffer on skis learns how fine the mills of gravitation grind. They deceive the innocent victim with an illusion of balance and buoy him up with false confidence only to bring him down in the end with disaster so complete that he wonders grimly how he has survived. And at the moment of profoundest chagrin, when he is stretched helpless in fine swathes of snow, all his members heaped in confusion like a pile of jackstraws, always at this moment some careless stripling, lithe with Italian grace and ease, comes floating airily by, makes a difficult turn as naturally as a sea gull rides the air, and gives him a sidelong glance of scorn.

The duffer's troubles at his first setting out are all but universal. When his skis begin to move over the snow, he finds to his surprise that his body does not always go along with them, and he is brought violently to earth by pure inertia. Sometimes when he is merely standing still a change of balance will cause one ski to rise perilously in the air so that he hovers awkwardly and dangerously on one foot like a pelican. Once under way, he is plunged into acute suffering by two opposite tendencies of his feet: one to spread apart until it seems as though his frame would split asunder, one to swerve together and cross each other with fatal entanglement. The leverage of a rotating ski is tremendous, and it is a new experience to learn how the human frame can be twisted without actually tearing apart. I can recall lying on the ground for minutes and simply studying my situation to discover how I could begin untying the strange knot of arms, legs, and skis into which I had been tied.

Yet it is not difficult, after a season of discouragement, to learn to slide down a straight slope upright. A man feels a distinct gradation of achievement when he finds it possible to turn a corner, and in learning to make an intentional full stop without burying his face in the snow he arrives at true glory. But great is the moment of excitement when, hurtling over a steep bank or a modest jump heaped up in the drifts, he first feels his skis win clear of the ground, and descends on them with-

out a fall. It must be a comparable moment in the life of the prospective aviator when, after long training on the ground, he first springs into the air and pulls his wheels up after him.

Until he has reached this point, the duffer is hardly prepared to enjoy even those external aspects of skiing which would be obvious to a detached observer: the startling blue of the winter sky, irradiated from beneath by the bright but powerless sun; dark clumps of cedars on the dazzling hill, and brown oak woods in the distance; forms of men and women climbing and descending in bright-colored fabrics, scarfs, berets, tam-o'-shanters. Like all athletic motions, the grace and skill of a fine performer on skis are an exhilarating sight, and skiing admirably displays the natural attitudes of the body in balance and in rapid motion. The costumes which women wear for skiing are particularly attractive. They bring to winter such colors as the sumach and the beech tree bring to autumn. The texture of woolens and corduroys, moreover, is becoming to a woman out of doors. A hillside white with fresh snow where young people are skiing is a buoyant sight. Pleasant even is the young girl whose buxomness fills her swathes of scarfs, sweaters, and leggings with abundant curves, and who, when she makes an ingenuous tumble, strikes the earth with a rich corporeal thump.

When he has learned to maintain himself in the face of earth, sky, and onlookers, what pleasure even a duffer may derive from skiing! It brings him into touch with those primal realities for which our senses are so often starved: velocity, for example. Ten times as much speed mechanically bought in a motor car is not worth half his intimate acquaintance with it as he plunges down what seems an insanely steep slope. Then he feels motion in its elemental reality gathering under his feet and beating at his temples. He is alone with the goddess of speed, no artificial mechanism thrust between them. Peril comes and salutes him in her own person, threatening him with a good primitive tumble; and sweet is that danger! A dozen times in his whizzing descent he gives up all for lost as balance takes wing and flies away; and a dozen times he recovers and finds himself still miraculously on his feet. And if, finally, he manages a turn and brings himself to a well-calculated halt, he has won kingdoms and conquered provinces!

Presently the duffer must expect to be invited by an attractive hostess to bring his skis along on a week-end party; and then let him beware. She seems, perhaps, an unassuming, guileless, friendly young woman, obviously soft and fragile in figure; it is impossible to picture her roughing it on skis. She disclaims all ability, and declares that she expects to profit much by the example and teaching of her guests.

And so, on a dazzlingly bright afternoon early in the new year, the duffer finds himself trudging through a foot of new snow in company with a dozen gayly clad figures who seem alarmingly expert. And he notices that his hostess, although her figure is as soft and shrinking as ever, moves with enviable litheness and speed through the wood lot and toward the open pasture that drops like a cliff to another wood lot below. Her costume particularly detains his eye: it is as bright and jaunty as she is herself. He wonders if there is a glint of amusement in her gaze as she looks about and sees him shuffling along in the rear of the party.

At last they all reach the top of the hill. It looks staggeringly long and steep, and it stops abruptly at a stone wall at the bottom. No room to come comfortably to a halt by the simple means of running down like a clock. Like a flock of bright birds the members of the party begin to float down the slope. He sees his hostess perform a particularly difficult turn in mid-flight with a grace which is nothing less than sinful. There is nothing to do but follow. It is no time to show the white feather. He is off. Below — far, far below — his eye discerns with horrid fixity a neat pile of cordwood directly in his path. How murderously steep is the hill! What speed! Faces, pale behind a fine blowing spray of snow, gaze at him in some astonishment as he hurtles past. The woodpile expands with the speed of an approaching meteor. He sees with preternatural acuteness of vision the fine tracery of wormholes where the bark has peeled from the logs. Something must be done on the instant to avert the breaking

of every bone in his body. Something — but what? He tries to think of just how it was that he extended one foot and threw his weight on it to make a beautifully successful turn and stop. But he is moving at much too fast a clip even to contemplate such reckless experiments now.

Then suddenly it is all over. He need not have worried. The forces that have so often brought him unexpectedly to earth intend to reserve him for further sport. They will not lightly allow his neck to be broken. His right ski strikes a spot swept bare by the wind, and slows abruptly; his left ski seems to shoot ahead with redoubled speed. For an instant earth, sky, woods, and snowy pasture whirl together in a maelstrom which annihilates every reality except pure speed. Then he is deep, fathoms deep, in a cold white sea that pierces every crevice of his clothing and springs ingeniously into his ears, eyes, and hair. But this is normal; this is expected. It may be embarrassing, but he can endure it. He has put up with it many times before; it is just being a duffer on skis.

THEODORE MORRISON

AMERICA'S FIRST SOCIAL CLUB

NEITHER New York City, nor Albany, nor Philadelphia, nor yet Boston, can claim the distinction of having started the first social club in North America. At least there is no record of its having done so. The honor goes to Samuel de Champlain, captain in ordinary for King Henry IV of France, and the Father of New France.

Champlain and Sieur de Monts were real lovers of adventure, and on one of their voyages in 1604 sailed into the Bay of Fundy and through what is now known as Digby Gut into the Annapolis Basin. There, opposite the mouth of the Annapolis River, they erected a fort. The situation, however, proved unsatisfactory, and in 1605 they crossed the Basin and built a fort six miles up the Annapolis River, naming it Port Royal. Around it grew the first European settlement in America north of the Gulf of Mexico.

De Monts soon returned to France, but Champlain stayed on at Port Royal for a while, and he it was who, in the winter of 1606–7, instituted and kept going the 'Order of Good Cheer,' the first social club in North America. Champlain, in an account of his explorations, writes: —

'We spent this winter very pleasantly, and had good fare by means of the Order of Good Cheer which I established, and which everybody found beneficial to his health, and more profitable than all sorts of medicine we might have used. This order consisted of a chain which we used to place with certain ceremonies about the neck of one of our people, commissioning him for that day to go hunting. The next day it was conferred upon another, and so in order. All vied with each other to see who could do the best, and bring back the finest game. We did not come off badly, nor did the Indians who were with us.'

In Champlain's company was one Marc Lescarbot, a poet and historian, and to him we are indebted for a charming description of the Order of Good Cheer: —

'I shall relate how, in order to keep our table joyous and well provided, an Order was established, which was called the Order of Good Cheer, originally proposed by Champlain. To this order each man of the said table was appointed Chief Steward in his turn, which came around once a fortnight. Now this person had the duty of taking care that we were all well and honorably provided for. This was so well carried out that, though the epicures of Paris often tell us that we had no Rue aux Ours (street of the *rôtisseurs*, or sellers of cooked meat, in Paris) over there, as a rule we made as good cheer as we could have in this same Rue aux Ours and at less cost. For there was no one who, two days before his turn came, failed to go hunting or fishing, and to bring back some delicacy in addition to our ordinary fare. So well was this carried on that never at breakfast did we lack some savory meat or fish, and still less at our midday or evening meals; for that was our chief banquet, at which the ruler of the feast or chief butler, whom the savages call Atoctegic, having had everything prepared by the cook, marched in, napkin on shoulder, wand of office in hand, and around his neck the collar of the Order, which was worth more than four crowns; after him all the members of

the Order, carrying each a dish. The same was repeated at dessert, though not always with so much pomp. And at night, before giving thanks to God, he handed over to his successor in charge the collar of the Order, with a cup of wine, and they drank to each other.'

A truly marvelous man, Champlain, who in that lonely, far-away log fort, surrounded by Indians, could lead his companions in fun and gayety, thus helping them to pass the long hard winter.

EDWARD K. PARKINSON

SISTER WATER

'PRAISED be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean,' I quoted Saint Francis as I dipped one bare foot into the Gulf. The water was blue, blue, perfect! The sky also was blue — pluperfect! But it was February, and I withdrew my foot rather hastily. '*O-u-u-h!* Sister Water is cold!' I thought. Perhaps it was better for a space just to lie upon her beach, praising her, while Brother Sun, who is 'fair, and shineth with a very great splendor,' — especially here in Florida, — warmed my back.

At the edge of Sister Water, in and out of her, with sharp little piping cries to one another, ran small long-legged birds; in and out of her, too, jumping up toward the sky, then falling back again, winked little Brother Mullet — whole grammar schools of him! Saint Anthony of Padua — I think it was Saint Anthony — once preached to the fishes, which is not as well known, perhaps, as that Saint Francis preached to the birds. But the fishes liked it. They came up gladly out of the sea to hear him. I too would have heard him gladly. Why have I no word now for Brother Mullet and little Sister Sandpiper? Easy enough to answer — because I am no saint! But perhaps they have a word for me. At any rate I will listen for a while here on Bimini Island in the Gulf. I imagine the reason the saints could preach to the fishes and birds was because they had often listened first to *their* sermons, considering them, no doubt, as one is bidden to consider the lilies.

Well, they preach to me now of Sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble — so humble, indeed, that we take all her precious serviceableness for granted, and only a Saint Francis would pause to give thanks for her. But I am thankful now for her — oh, immeasurably so! Thankful for the infinite wide stretches of her drifting away and away to Mexico, where perhaps some dark-skinned woman dips a foot into her at this moment as I dip mine here, Sister Water laving us both, alien as we are. Oh, praised be my Lord for Sister Water when she is salt, and goeth around the world uniting its people!

I am thankful for her in all her aspects over the earth, but especially so for her here in Florida, where she seems to me more precious and clean than I have ever seen her. Here her sharp white sands have so filtered her that on her beaches she is clothed in beauty, and in her marvelous springs lovely beyond compare. In these last — said, perhaps with truth, to be the largest springs in the world — her waters are so transparent one may look down and down through her translucency, past deep long-stemmed water grass, green and waving; past the stare of strange goggling fish, and even a green turtle or so; down a hundred feet below, where, boiling out of the ground, she tosses up the white sands in cloudy vapors like great silver breaths in frosty air.

Beautiful and legendary are these springs. It was to one of these, they say, that the Indians directed Ponce de Leon when he came, poor weary traveler from an old and tired world, seeking the Fountain of Youth. Had he come to it, and looked upon its waters with the clear and ecstatic eye of a Saint Francis, he might have found something there more refreshing to the spirit, and perhaps even to the body, than mere physical youth. So precious was Sister Water at this spot to the Indians that many gave up their lives to save her from the Spaniards — but lost her in the end, as they lost everything else. But she was worth dying for, and no doubt when they reached their happy hunting grounds they found a great reward awaiting them for their sacrifice.

There is another spring, the Weeki-

wachee, — Winding Water, — whose name I mention, but will not give the place of her abode, not wishing her to be found too easily. Her beauty is so melting to the heart that here, it is said, — no doubt by those who know, — no maiden can refuse her lover. And there is still another, the waters of which, springing up through a river, sing for very joy, making a curious melody all their own. I have not been there, so I have never heard Sister Water sing in this strange manner, but I have heard her voice unexpectedly, at another time and in another place. I thought my deaf ears had lost the sound of spring freshets, as they long ago lost the whisper of rain upon the roof; but once I paused for a moment upon a high driveway overhanging a river in flood, and there suddenly, unexpectedly, the full fresh roar of water rushing to the sea came back to me! It was so unhoped for, and beautiful, and so moving to have it back again when I thought it gone forever, that two tears sprang out in my eyes to meet and salute this return of joy. Oh, yes! Praised be my Lord for our Sister Water when she speaks from a river in flood!

And in rain — how beautiful are both the sound and the sight of her in summer rain! Sweeping along green mountains, drowning from sight ridge after ridge, driving her flocks and herds of innumerable racing drops down the hollows, across the valley, across the meadows, and up the lawn, until at last the hurry of all their little rushing feet is in the garden, is on the doorstep, is gusty upon the window-pane.

Lovely, too, is Sister Water at play in a January thaw, running and dripping from the cornices in silver wind-tossed chains of fluent beads. And in dew — but who may speak of her in a drop of dew? Frosted dew on the trefoil of a clover, on a stem of grass, on the azure of a larkspur or the rosy mouth of a foxglove? I cannot. There are no words of mine either great enough or small enough to speak of our Sister Water in a drop of dew. Nor of her in a snow crystal, or when she patterns herself in frost. And if I should speak of her at all when she arches her bow across the sky, it could only be, as it were, obliquely, and in the words of another: —

> Bring me my Bow of burning gold,
> Bring me my Arrows of desire;
> Bring me my Sword: O clouds unfold!
> Bring me my Chariot of fire!

But the Spaniards knew how to speak of Sister Water. Again and again in the New World they paid homage to her with the greatest name they had to offer. When they came to what is now Tampa Bay, on Pentecost Sunday, 1537, they christened it Bahía del Espíritu Santo. For them, too, the Mississippi was the Río del Espíritu Santo, and not far from me now are springs that still wear the name of the Holy Spirit.

Of all these things, and many others, did the fishes and little sand birds preach to me that blue afternoon there on an island in the Gulf, but at the end I thought I saw a plump and important mullet leaping toward me with an empty shell in his mouth — the collection plate! I jumped up, for what coin of any realm had I worthy of our Sister Water? What could I give her save my very self?

I stepped toward her. She sent a little wave to meet me. She was cold to the ankle, to the knee, to the waist, cold indeed to the last plunge, and then cold no more, for I was out in her arms, lying upon her bosom rising and falling slowly with her long deep breathings; around and about me were only her infinite stretches; above, nothing but the wide bending blue of the skies; and if El Espíritu Santo were there also, — as I do not doubt, for does He not clothe himself in all the garments of life? — then I am glad He chose to approach softly in the gracious habiliments of our Sister Water, who is so very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE